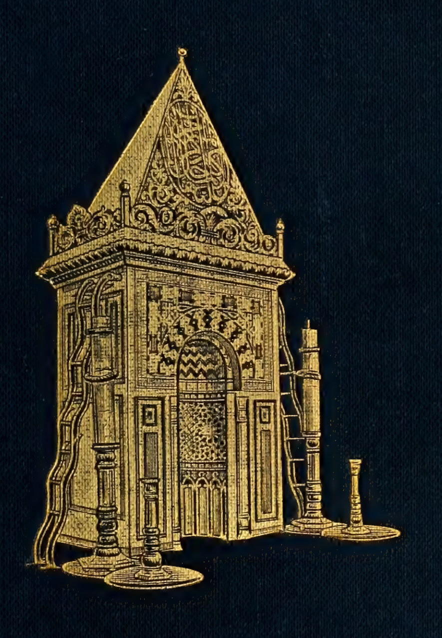
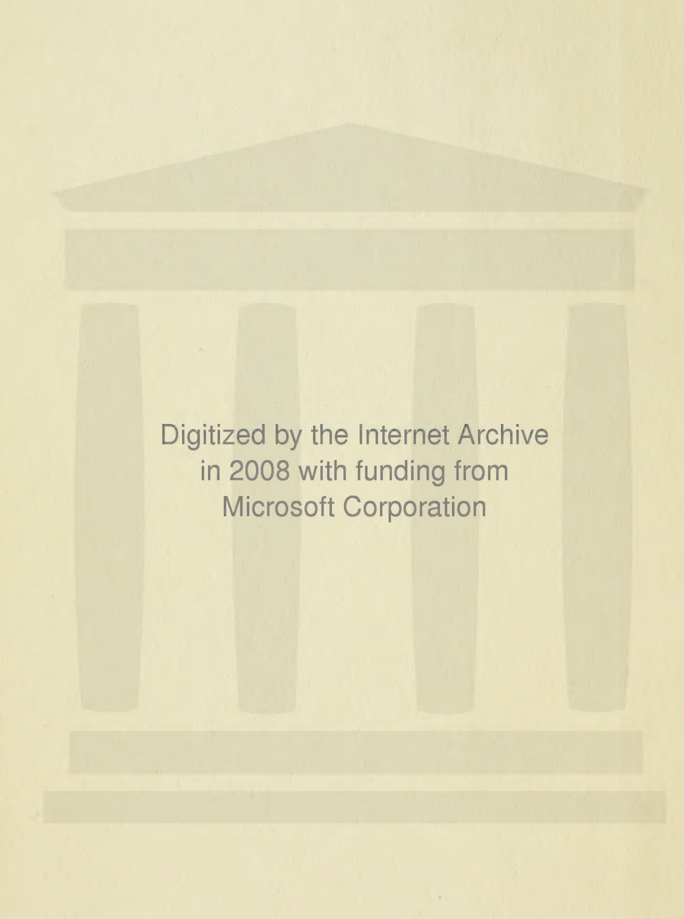


CHRISTIANS AT MECCA



AUGUSTUS RALLI





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PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE MOSQUE AT MEDINA.

From a photograph by Gervais-Courtellemont in "L'Illustration," October 3, 1908.

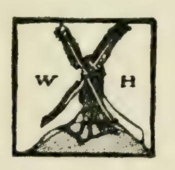
CHRISTIANS AT MECCA

BY

AUGUSTUS RALLI

ILLUSTRATED

"*At this day, those who know that any European has tried to reach Mecca, for the most part believe that Burton alone succeeded.*"—D. G. HOGARTH.



LONDON
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PREFACE

My object in the following pages has been to give a narrative of each pilgrim's adventures, and a summary of his observations of the people of Mecca and the condition of the city. These are the things that change from age to age. What do not change are the rites of the Pilgrimage and the appearance of the Great Mosque. Having, therefore, described these in the opening chapters, I have omitted, in the case of each individual traveller, all but personal and characteristic touches.

As I write for the general reader I have not adopted the ultra correct method of spelling Arabic names. For words such as *Badawi*, *Aarab*, *Ullah* will be found the more familiar *Bedouin*, *Arabs*, *Allah*.

CONTENTS

b

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHRISTIANS AT MECCA

I

MECCA

It would be of interest to know how far Macaulay's schoolboy was acquainted with Mecca. That it is the centre of the Mohammedan faith and the object of a Pilgrimage, seems to exhaust popular knowledge. I once expressed to a friend my opinion that a visit to Mecca would be of incomparable interest; in reply he advised me not to make that visit during the Pilgrimage. When I rejoined that no Christian might look on the holy city of Islam and live, he asked in astonishment if the prohibition extended even to Cook's tourists!

Mohammed was born at Mecca about A.D. 570. In his fortieth year he became conscious of his divine mission. The reforms which he proposed to initiate were ill pleasing to the ruling tribe, known as the Koreysh. Persecuted, and his life in danger, he fled to Medina. From the year of his flight, A.D. 622, dates the Hegira or Moslem era. Well received by the people of Medina, and surrounded by his friends, he proceeded to

propagate his doctrines by the sword. In A.D. 629 he returned triumphant to his native city; and that year saw the decree that no Unbeliever should thenceforth set foot in Mecca.

If we except the story of the Englishman discovered by the authorities and expelled as an idiot, no infraction of this decree, once brought to light, has had other than tragic consequences. Doughty, on the testimony of two troopers who rode with the Damascus caravan, informs us that scarcely a Pilgrimage takes place without some persons being put to death as intruded Christians. These troopers had lately seen two strangers taken at Muna who had been detected writing in pocket-books. On examination they were found to be Christians, and executed. But the existence of a prohibition, with its attendant dangers, has acted like a magnet on adventurous spirits. It is possible to glean from the centuries a few examples of fearless Europeans, who, taking their lives in their hands, disguised in Mohammedan dress and outwardly conforming to Mohammedan customs, surmounting the difficulties of language and ritual, herding with strange companions, undergoing hardships by sea or on land journeys in torrid climates, have come scatheless with their hard-won knowledge out of the "lions' den of Islam."

The Hejaz or holy territory is situated in the central part of Arabia known as Arabia Deserta. Mecca lies in a low and winding desert valley, one mile and a half in length, and one third of a mile in breadth, closed in by two arid and



VIEW OF MECCA.

From a photograph by C. Snouck Hurgronje in "Bilder aus Mekka."

sharp-peaked chains of rock mountains. Its position is so secluded that not until the traveller is treading its streets does he know that he has arrived. The houses are substantially built of stone, several storeys high. The main street traverses the entire length of the city, and most of the smaller streets converge upon it. In the centre, which is the broadest and lowest part of the valley, stands the Great Mosque. Situated as it is in the depth of the hollow, houses rise in tiers all round it till they straggle up the sides and buttresses of the mountains. Its position makes it the receptacle of the violent rains that at times devastate Mecca. The streams flowing down the mountains unite in a torrent that sweeps through the city and even destroys houses. For this reason there is no building older than four centuries. At other times the climate is so dry that, on the authority of a pilgrim, bread left uncovered on a shelf for a few hours seems to have undergone a second baking and gives a metallic ring from hardness.

Mecca depends wholly on foreign countries for its food supplies. Owing to its barrenness, even such daily necessities as rice and flour are imported. Were it not for the Pilgrimage, it would cease to exist. The inhabitants live in the same state of permanent demoralisation as the hotel- and shop-keepers of European gambling resorts. The necessity of providing food and lodging for thousands of strangers, easily duped and ignorant of the country, has sapped their moral sense. Provisions rise to famine prices.

Householders let off rooms at extortionate profits: they charge for the few days of the Pilgrimage enough to pay the rent of the house for the year. The Meccan gilded youth raise money on the chance of catching and fleecing a rich pilgrim. The servants of the Mosque, the guides to the ceremonies, the numerous beggars, vie with one another in preying upon credulity and superstition.

The port of Jeddah on the Red Sea is at a distance from Mecca of 45 miles. At Jeddah there are European consuls, but the presence of the infidel is grudgingly tolerated by the Arab: after death his bones may not rest in holy territory, but are buried on one of the small islands of the harbour. Jeddah is surrounded by a wall, and in olden days, if a European passed the eastern or Mecca gate, he was called upon to abjure his faith. Those who refused were hung to hooks in the wall—and the holes are still shown. As late as 1829 an English officer who passed this gate was pelted by the Bedouin.

II

THE GREAT MOSQUE

THE Great Mosque is also called the Beyt Allah (House of God), or Haram (Inviolable). Situated, according to Arab tradition, at the centre of the world, the ground within its precincts is part of heaven on earth, and will return to heaven on the last day. It consists of an immense open court extending over an area of eight and a quarter acres. The court is surrounded by a quadruple row of slender columns, united by pointed arches, like cloisters, flat-roofed, and surmounted by white domes. Houses form the external walls of the cloisters, and it is a coveted distinction, only within reach of the richest pilgrims, to lodge in one of these and overlook the Temple Court. There are seven minarets to the Mosque, and seventeen gates. These have arches or divisions without doors, so that access is possible at all times of the day or night.

Nearly in the centre of the square, and in a hollow, stands the famous Kaabah. Whereas the colonnade is of comparatively recent date, having been added by the Caliph Omar, one of Mohammed's immediate successors, the Kaabah is the ancient shrine of the idolatrous Arabs. Its origin is lost in the darkness of prehistoric times.

The revised monotheistic tradition of Mohammed ordained that it had been built by Adam, destroyed in the flood, rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael, and temporarily perverted to idol worship. The present building dates from the middle of the seventeenth century; its reconstruction was due to damage inflicted by the heavy rains.

In form the Kaabah is massive, cube-shaped, and flat-roofed, 38 feet by 30 square, and 40 feet high. It is built of grey stone, but concealed by a black covering made of silk and wool, whereon an inscription from the Koran is worked in a silver band. This covering is the *Kiswah* or Sacred Carpet, the yearly gift of the Sultan of Turkey. Made in Cairo by a hereditary family, it is conveyed to Mecca at the time of the Pilgrimage by the Egyptian caravan. The old covering is then removed, cut up, and sold at high prices to pilgrims. A waistcoat of it would make the wearer invulnerable; a strip is a favourite mark for the Koran. The Kaabah has no windows, and one door seven feet from the ground and plated with silver. Access is permitted thrice in the year, and the fees charged to pilgrims are exceedingly heavy. Entrance is effected by means of steps wheeled to the door. The flat ceiling and marble walls of the interior are covered with red damask flowered with gold, tucked up about six feet from the ground. The floor also is of marble. Three columns overlaid with carved wood support the roof. They are strengthened by crossbeams, from which hang golden lamps. Only a minority of pilgrims enter

the holy of holies. Besides the cost, stringent regulations thenceforth govern their lives. Among other things, they must never again walk barefooted, take up fire with the fingers, or tell lies. And, in the words of Burton, "most really conscientious men cannot afford the luxuries of slippers, tongs, and truth."

Without the Kaabah, sunk in one of the sharp angles of the wall, is the Black Stone, disclosed by an opening in the cloth. It is said to have been given to Abraham by the Angel Gabriel, but in reality is the most venerated of the 360 idols that were once worshipped in the Kaabah. It is deeply set in a massive silver boss, so that the face of the pilgrim who kisses it is almost hidden. Its rough surface has become worn by kisses and touches. All agree that it is of volcanic nature.

Immediately round the Kaabah is an oval space paved with marble, polished by the feet of the Faithful, and encircled by slender bronze poles, between which rows of glass lamps hang on chains. Beyond this space, at the elevation of a few inches, several small buildings are disposed round the Kaabah. The most notable is that of the well of Zem Zem: the identical well, in Moslem tradition, revealed to Hagar in the wilderness. The building consists of two chambers, in one of which is the mouth of the well, in the other vessels in which water is distributed. It is surmounted by a white cupola. A subterranean rivulet supplies the water in such abundance that, in spite of unceasing demands during the Pil-

grimage, its level never sinks. For all its sacred associations, strangers never drink of Zem Zem without making a wry face, and it frequently causes boils to break out on the body. Other buildings are the graves of Hagar and Ishmael, —that in which is kept the stone upon which Abraham stood when he built the Kaabah,—the pulpit,—the pavilions of the four orthodox Mohammedan sects,—and a single arch called the Arch of Salvation, through which pilgrims pass on their first visit to the Kaabah. Beyond this circle, at the elevation of a few more inches, stone pathways lead across the gravelled square to the cloisters. The pavement of these is again a few inches below the level of the street. It will thus be understood that the depression in which the Kaabah stands is the lowest point of the valley of Mecca.

The Kaabah is the most sacred object in Islam, and the bourne of the Pilgrimage. It is ever in the thoughts of the True Believer. Towards it are directed five times a day, at the hours of prayer, from every point of the compass, among the countries between Tangier and Japan, between Tombouctu and Samarcand, the eyes of the one hundred and eighty million human beings who profess the Mohammedan faith.



THE MOSQUE AND KAABAH.

From a photograph by C. Snouck Hurgronje in "Bilder aus Mekka."

III

THE PILGRIMAGE (Haj).

The Pilgrimage to Mecca was an institution of the heathen Arabs ages before the birth of Mohammed. The objects adored were the idols within the Kaabah; and to the annual fair held during the religious ceremonies the city owed its commercial prosperity. The main reason why the Koreysh opposed the monotheistic doctrines of Mohammed was fear lest the Pilgrimage, with its accompanying material advantages, should cease. But Mohammed was too deeply versed in human nature to root up ancient customs. He destroyed the idols, but preserved the Pilgrimage, with the difference that its pagan rites were fitted with Biblical explanations.

The fundamental observances of Mohammedanism are prayer, fasting, and alms. To these the Prophet added a fourth: that all who had the means and leisure should once in their lives visit the central shrine of their faith. In the days of the idols the pilgrimage took place at a fixed date in the autumn. Mohammed decreed that the year should be made up of twelve lunar months. The time of the Pilgrimage, therefore, recedes annually thirteen days; and in the space

of thirty-three years every season has been included.

The actual ceremonies occupy only the first twelve days of the last month of the Moslem year (Doulhaja). Of the great overland caravans that are directed upon Mecca, the most important is the Syrian. Starting from Constantinople, it collects pilgrims on the way to Damascus. It thence sets out on its thirty days' journey across the desert to Medina, accompanied by the Pasha of Damascus and armed forces as a protection against the Bedouin tribes. In Burckhardt's day, the pilgrims, including soldiers and servants, totalled 5000, and the camels thrice that number,—there being riding camels; those that carried water and provisions—of which a double quantity was needful, so that half might be deposited in *kellas* (fortified towers) on the route for the return journey; and extra camels to replace any that died. The Bedouin who contracted for transport were careful that their beasts were not overloaded. The would-be pilgrim makes an agreement with an official known as a *Mekowem*, who for a stated sum furnishes camels, food, &c., and does all the packing and loading. Between 3 P.M. and an hour after sunrise is the marching time. At night the interminable files move over the sand by the light of torches. Or, when Doughty rode with this caravan, "cressets of iron cages set upon poles were borne to light the way, upon serving men's shoulders, in all the companies."

Both the Syrian and Egyptian caravans are

headed by a *Mahmil* or sacred camel, bearing an ornamental structure which contains a copy of the Koran. The Egyptian caravan also carries the new covering for the Kaabah. Its present route is by rail to Suez, and thence by ship to Jeddah. Formerly it crossed the Sinaitic Peninsula, and thence followed the road along the Red Sea coast. There are also the Persian caravan from Baghdad; the Moorish by way of Tunis, Tripoli, and Cairo; caravans from Bassorah and Mascat, and from Yemen and Hadramaut in South Arabia. The Nejd caravan consists of the unorthodox Wahhabis, the Hail of Bedouin, and the Chaldæan of mixed Arabs and Persians. The Indians who reach Yemen by sea, either join the caravan or sail with the trade-winds to Jeddah.

The Hejaz Railway will profoundly modify these conditions of travel. It is naturally looked upon with disfavour by the Bedouin, who provide camel transport, or receive subsidies from the Turkish and Egyptian Governments for allowing the caravans to pass unmolested through their territories.

Besides Arabs, Turks, Persians, Syrians, Egyptians, &c., the Mohammedan religion numbers among its votaries Indians, Malays, Javanese, Negroes, Parthians, Tartars, Bokharans, Chinese. For weeks or months preceding the Pilgrimage, ships are putting off from distant ports. Scarcely a sea is untraversed by the keel of the True Believer; and day by day, with the arrival of the caravans, flotillas of pilgrims converge upon Jeddah. The

conditions of sea transport until late years were a scandal to humanity. Government action has now been taken against the overcrowding due to the cupidity of ship-owners.

Considerable sums were formerly spent by governments in repatriating those who attempted the journey with insufficient means. The Moslem while on Pilgrimage is bound to exercise charity; the poor pilgrim, therefore, starts with the assumption that he will be able to beg his way. The French Government has been especially active in combating this. Its Algerian subjects must prove themselves to be in possession of 1000 francs before they are allowed to undertake the journey.

Another sphere of government action is the prevention of cholera. The pilgrims arrive in the Hejaz weakened from the hardships of a long journey, and are peculiarly prone to infection. On leaving Mecca, they radiate to all parts of the world, spreading disease in their track. The great epidemic of 1865 accounted for 60,000 victims in Egypt alone. The returning pilgrims carried it as far as New York and Guadeloupe, and it was not checked till 1874. In 1893 the streets of Mecca presented an appalling spectacle. Persons who walked them gazed straight ahead to avoid the sight of piles of corpses to right and left. The majority of pilgrims took flight for Jeddah. Many died in the desert, others fell sick on reaching the port. They were herded in sheds; food and water were refused to those whose means were exhausted; and the few who yet



VIEW OF MECCA.

From a photograph by C. Snouck Hurgronje in "Bilder aus Mekka."

retained a little money were mercilessly exploited by the guardians. As the Pilgrimage may thus be a danger to the world, European powers with Mohammedan subjects, like England and France, knowing they cannot prevent it, attempt at least to regulate it. Improved conditions of sea transport and stringent quarantine observances have, through their agency, come into being. The quarantine establishment at Tor, for Egyptian pilgrims, is the best equipped of its kind in the world. Despite this, in 1902 the epidemic was spread by some jars of Zem Zem water imported by an Arab woman.

The first duty of the pilgrim is, at a certain distance from Mecca, to cast off his clothes and assume the *Ihram* or pilgrim garb. It consists of two cloths, of calico, linen, or any unornamented material without seam. Rich pilgrims have been known to wear cachemire shawls from which the fringes have been removed. One is worn round the body and the other over the left shoulder and under the right arm. The head is bare, but it is not forbidden to use an umbrella as a protection against the sun. Sandals also may be worn, or shoes that leave the instep uncovered. The wearer of the Ihram binds himself not to shave his head, not to quarrel, to refrain from all sensual indulgence, and not to kill anything, even an insect. To assume this garb is incumbent upon all who enter Mecca, whether or not at the time of the Pilgrimage, and no matter what their purpose. Even the residents of the holy city who have been absent

forty days must conform to this law. Exemption may only be purchased by the sacrifice of a sheep.

On arriving at Mecca the pilgrim must select his guide (*Metouaj*). This functionary instructs him in prayers and prostrations, and arranges for his board and lodging. The pilgrim at once proceeds to the Mosque, which he enters by the Gate of Salvation on the eastern side. Crossing the court by one of the stone pathways, and passing under the Arch of Salvation, he finds himself in the oval space beneath the shadow of the Kaabah. He then performs the ceremony of walking round the Kaabah seven times, called *Tawaf*. After the Tawaf he kisses the Black Stone, drinks of Zem Zem water, and receives a shower bath of it, at which his sins fall away like dust. Then follows the *Sai*, or running seven times from one end of a street to the other, between the sacred hills of Safa and Marwah, in commemoration of Hagar's agonised search for water.

The central event of the Pilgrimage is the sermon at Arafat. The pilgrims who have been present at this sermon may assume the coveted title of *Haj*. The mountain of Arafat is twelve miles east of Mecca on the Taif road. It is a rough granite hill about two hundred feet high, situated at the foot of a higher hill. Steps are cut up one side to the summit, and it is surrounded by a wall. The word *Arafat* means *recognition*. Here, legend says, Adam and Eve met and recognised each other after the hundred

years of separation and wandering that followed their expulsion from Eden. On the eighth day of the month Doulhaja there is a universal exodus from Mecca. The night is passed upon the plain of Arafat. Next day, about 3 P.M., tents are struck and loaded upon camels, and the vast audience gathers round the mountain. On the summit is stationed the Iman, mounted upon a camel: it was thus that Mohammed addressed his followers. The sermon lasts until sunset. Its termination marks the dangerous moment of the Pilgrimage. A rush is made for the valley that leads to the village of Muzdalifah. The scene is one of indescribable confusion. Many have been crushed to death as the human torrents contract from the plain and pour into the narrow gorge.

The pilgrims sleep the night at Muzdalifah, where they collect a quantity of small pebbles which they bind in the Ihram. Muna, their destination of next day, is midway between Mecca and Arafat. Situated in a rugged valley, it consists of a single street of immense length. On one sides extends a wall where at intervals stand three buttresses known as the Devil's Pillars. Here the Devil appeared to Abraham, who, at the suggestion of the Angel Gabriel, drove him back with stones. Daily, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th Doulhaja, that the pilgrims spend at Muna, they throw seven stones at each of the three pillars. In no other rite is the Biblical mask of the Pilgrimage worn so thinly over its pagan features. Or rather the custom seems to be

latent in all humanity, to spring from the gambling instinct. Rousseau, when in spiritual doubt, threw stones at the trunk of a tree, and, according as he hit or missed, was elated with hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

It was also at Muna that Abraham was about to offer up not Isaac but Ishmael. To commemorate this, the slaughter of a sheep follows the ceremony of stoning the Devil. Victims are brought for the purpose from Central Arabia and Yemen. The pilgrim purchases one for a few dollars, turns its face towards the Kaabah, and cuts its throat. It is then lawful to remove the Ihram and have the head shaved. Many barbers are present at Muna for this purpose.

A propitious time for entering the Kaabah is after the return from Muna. It is then decked in its new covering. The final rite is the *Omrah* or Little Pilgrimage: a visit to a mosque about three miles from the city.

Although the length of the Pilgrimage season is three months, the great caravans time their arrival a few days before the sermon at Arafat, and their departure a few days after. But pilgrims remain independently for longer or shorter spaces; and it is seldom that the holy city is entirely denuded of them. Before the loiterers of the last Pilgrimage depart, the advanced guard of the next arrive. As the Moslem's chance of Paradise grows in proportion to the number of times he performs the Tawaf, the oval space round the Kaabah is never deserted. Night or day revolving figures may be seen.

Some have been known to remain for months in the Temple Court on the chance of being left to perform the rite alone, and so win great rewards in the next world. Of Zem Zem water the pilgrim can never have enough. He procures a shroud, which he dips in the sacred spring and reserves for his burial. He also carries home to his family and friends bottles or jars containing the precious liquid.

The Pilgrimage was never without its commercial side. In the days of the idols a fair was held at Mecca. It is now, for the aforesaid three months, the greatest market in the Mussulman world. Many persons resort there entirely for commercial purposes. The main street is converted into a bazaar, and the products of every country in the East are offered for sale. There may be seen red and yellow goat-skins from Morocco and the fez from Tunis. The European Turk displays broidered stuffs ; his Anatolian brother, silk carpets. The eye may wander from Angora shawls and the finely worked Afghan shawl, to handkerchiefs of silk and Persian cachemire. The Indian unrolls gorgeous stuffs, and tempts the Bedouin with chased and inlaid weapons. There are rows upon rows of amber mouthpieces, preserves, and sweetmeats. The Yemen Arab brings leather objects and pipe-snakes. Negroes from the Soudan contribute their humbler cotton goods and baskets. Pearls, spices, cloth, and silk made up, in Bartema's words, "a famous mart of many rich things."

Lastly, Mecca is the head of the slave trade, and it owes this position to the Pilgrimage. An elaborate system of kidnapping exists, and the market is held within a stone's throw of the Kaabah.

IV

MEDINA

It was to Medina that Mohammed fled from his enemies of the Koreysh, having previously ascertained that the city was favourably disposed towards him. He thence conducted his successful wars and achieved the conquest of Mecca. At Medina he established the Caliphate of Islam, and there he died and was buried.

There are four roads from Mecca to Medina, varying in length from 300 to 500 miles. The appearance of Medina is a contrast to that of Mecca. One-third the size, oval in shape, and surrounded by a white wall, it lies in the hollow of an immense plain. On two of its sides are suburbs greater in extent than the city, and beyond them stretch fields and date plantations. Its fertility is due to abundance of running water.

In the eastern quarter, visible from far off, rise five minarets and the Green Dome, surmounted by a golden globe and crescent, under which the remains of the Prophet are said to rest. There are not wanting sectaries who claim for Medina pre-eminence in sanctity over Mecca, but the general consensus of Islam is in favour of the Kaabah. However, Medina alone has witnessed those extreme instances of fanaticism, where pil-

grims, after beholding the Tomb, have destroyed their eyesight by gazing intently at a red-hot brick.

The chief street of Medina leads from the Cairo gate to the Mosque. It is also called the *Haram*, and is of similar shape to the Temple at Mecca, but of smaller dimensions. The colonnade that surrounds the open square is less regular: the rows of columns vary from three to ten. The court which they enclose is covered with sand, and likewise the floor of the cloisters on the north side. Those on the east and west are paved with coarse stone; but on the south, where the columns are clustered thickest, the light slants through tall windows of painted glass, set in the outer wall of the Mosque, on pavement of rich marble and mosaic. For towards the south-east corner is the Prophet's Tomb.

An independent structure, known as the *Hujra* or Chamber, in shape an irregular square, two-thirds the height of the columns and open at the top, it stands at a distance of twenty-five feet from the south wall and fifteen from the east. An iron railing, painted green and made to resemble filigree, encloses it. The railing is compacted by bronze and silver inscriptions, so that the interior can only be viewed through one of the small windows in the south side. All that meets the eye is a curtain, and no European has seen beyond. It is said to cover a square stone building which contains the graves of Mohammed and Abu Bakr and Omar,—his two successors in



COURT OF MOSQUE AT MEDINA.

From a photograph by Gervais-Courtellemont in "L'Illustration," October 3, 1908.

the Caliphate. There is also a vacant sepulchre awaiting Isa-bin-Maryam (Jesus son of Mary) on his next coming. Under a separate curtain lies the body of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. There are four gates to the outer railing, and a narrow passage runs between it and the curtain which conceals Mohammed's grave.

Second in interest is the "Garden." The Prophet had once said, "Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise." A portion of the southern cloisters has therefore, by a species of fantastic decoration, been made like a garden. The columns are cased in green tiles to the height of five or six feet, and painted with flowers and arabesques. Rich Turkey carpets cover the floor. The pilgrim, who enters the Mosque by the Gate of Safety at its south-west angle, advances along a corridor formed by the southern wall and a wooden partition which screens the Tomb and Garden from view.

The Mosque was originally built over the spot where Mohammed's camel couched on his first coming to Medina. It has been five times rebuilt, and the present structure dates from the fifteenth century.

The Pilgrimage to Medina is not enjoined in the Koran, nor is it obligatory. It is simply a meritorious action known as a Visitation. No pilgrim garb is assumed, but it is usual to wear white clothes. There is no kissing or touching, but simply prayers and prostrations. The

whole ceremony may be completed in twenty minutes.

Medina is at a distance of 132 miles from its port of Yambu. It is therefore more secluded than Mecca, and greater risk is run by the intruding Christian.

V

LUDOVICO BARTEMA, 1503

THE first European to visit Mecca and record his impressions was Ludovico Bartema, "a gentleman of the city of Rome." "Ardent desire of knowledge" was the motive of his voyage. Nothing could pacify his unquiet mind until he had seen with his eyes the truth of the marvels travellers spoke of in the East. He will leave stellar investigations to others, and only, "creeping upon the earth, behold the situation of land and regions, with the manners and customs of men." In his pursuit of knowledge he has endured "hunger, thirst, cold, heat, wars, captivity, terrors."

In 1503 he left Venice for Alexandria. He visited Babylon of Egypt, Berynto, Tripoli, Antioch, and Damascus. At Damascus he foregathered with "a certain Captain Mameluke," and formed the design of visiting Mecca as a Mameluke renegado. At great cost, and with many gifts, he procured a good horse and apparel.

On April 11th he left Damascus, one among sixty Mamelukes allotted a place in the great caravan. It is probably an exaggeration, but he estimates its numbers to be 40,000 men and 35,000 camels. The journey to Mecca was forty

days, allowing for a few days' halt at Medina. Fighting took place with the Bedouin, who demanded payment for water. The men in the caravan concentrated upon a hill, with the camels as bulwarks and the merchants in the centre, and repulsed the enemy, who were unarmed and naked, without much difficulty. The Arabians were of "despicable and little stature and of colour between yellow and black." On reaching Medina, Bartema assured himself of the falseness of the tradition that Mohammed's coffin swung in mid air by the attractive force of a loadstone. He gives a graphic account of the desert between Medina and Mecca: a great broad plain covered with white sand in manner as small as flour. A contrary wind overwhelmed them with sand, and even a prosperous wind involved them so that they could scarcely see each other ten paces off. Corpses were found dried to such an extent that they resembled mummies.

Bartema must have worn his zeal for knowledge like armour of proof against the many disagreeable impressions that assailed him. The word most often on his lips is "filthy." The black Bedouin tents are "rough and filthy." At Medina the library in the Mosque contains the "filthy traditions and life of Mohammed and his fellows." There are many sects and dissensions and discord "among this kind of filthy men." They leave Medina "satisfied, or rather wearied, with the filthiness and loathsomeness of the trumperies, deceits, trifles, and hypocrisies of the religion of Mohammed."

He reached Mecca on May 18th, and declared that the barren aspect of the city proved it to be greatly cursed of God. Its 6000 houses were "as well builded as ours." Never had he seen before such an "abundance and frequentation" of people. Water was at a premium: twelve pence would not buy enough to satisfy your thirst in a day. The Temple in the midst of the city was like the Colossus (*sic*) at Rome, the Amphitheatrum; not of marble or hewn stones, but burnt brick. At the entrance the gilded walls shone on every side with incomparable splendour. Under the vaulted places a great multitude of men, between five and six thousand, were trafficking in sweet ointments and odoriferous powders used for embalming. Thence all manner of sweet savours were carried into distant Mohammedan countries. It passed belief to think of their exceeding fragrance, "far surmounting the shops of the apothecaries."

A "Turret" occupied the centre of the square, "involved or hanged with cloth or tapestry of silk." "They enter into the Turret by a gate of silver, and it is on every side beset with vessels full of balm."

The water of Zem Zem was infected with saltpetre or saltnitre. Eight men were appointed to draw it, and they poured the buckets of the water on the heads of those who stood about, and "washed them all wet from the head to the foot, although they be apparelled with silk. Then the doting fools dream that they are clean from all their sins, and that their sins are forgiven them."

Bartema would have us believe that the 20,000 beggars whom he saw in Mecca were attracted by the chance of eating cucumbers. A great number of these vegetables were brought from Arabia Felix for the rich; and the poor fought for the parings. Quite incidentally he remarks that they were also allowed to feed on the sheep slaughtered at Muna. He adds that he saw unicorns in the Temple, one like a horse, of "weasel colour." The horn of the first was three cubits long, and of the second, four handfuls.

The Damascus caravan remained twenty days in Mecca, to allow for the celebration of the rites of the Pilgrimage. At the foot of Mount Arafat, Bartema remarked two cisterns, reserved for the Damascus and Egyptian caravans. Muna is "a despicable wall, of the breadth of four cubits." At the conclusion of the twenty days, the leader of the caravan issued a proclamation of death to all who refused to return with it to Syria. But it was no part of Bartema's scheme to re-travel the same road. He lay hid in the house of a certain Mameluke whose friendship he had gained, and was helped by his wife to reach Jeddah, whence he sailed for Persia.

In one of his walks about Mecca, a Mameluke had accosted Bartema and accused him of being a Christian. This he denied: but the Mameluke persisted, speaking in Italian, and saying that he himself had been in Genoa and Venice. Then Bartema confessed his nationality, but maintained that he was a convert to Mohammedanism. The other rejoiced greatly.

A friendship arose between them. Bartema obtained permission from the captain of the caravan that, under his name, the Mameluke might lead fifteen camels laden with spices from the city, without paying duty. In return the Mameluke connived at his escape to Jeddah.

Bartema arrived safely at Aden ; but there the people took away the mast, sails, and other tacklings of the ship until the required fees were paid. While walking about, the words, "Christian dog" were shouted at him in the street. Upon this he was taken before the Sultan, who ordered him to make a profession of faith. He refused to do so : "Which words I could never well pronounce, either that it pleased not God, or that for fear and scruple of conscience I durst not." He was now cast into a dungeon with irons of eighteen pounds weight on his feet. He owed his deliverance to a chance of the same happy kind that had favoured his escape from Mecca. A woman had helped him in the first instance. A woman, and a wife of the Sultan, helped him now—Arab women being at that time "greatly in love with white men." The prisoners were allowed to walk daily in a cloister overlooked by the palace. There the Sultan's wife singled him out, contrived to speak with him, and advised him, as a means of obtaining greater liberty, to counterfeit madness ; mad people in the East being considered holy or inspired. Bartema followed her advice with conspicuous success. He converted "a great fat sheep" to Mohammedanism, and killed a donkey

for refusing to be a proselyte. But he found madness more tiring than any labour, as crowds followed him in the streets, and boys pelted him with stones. Hermits also were summoned to judge whether he was mad or holy. At last he contrived to enter into a secret agreement with the captain of a ship that touched at Aden, and effected his escape from Arabia. He travelled in Persia, India, Ethiopia, round the Cape of Good Hope, and returned safely to Rome.

VI

VINCENT LE BLANC, 1568

Le Blanc was born at Marseilles in 1554. His father had been a merchant in the Levant, and was then joint partner in a ship that traded with the East. As a child Le Blanc had the desire to travel. It was kindled by life in the great French port, where he watched the arrival of strange ships manned by foreign sailors, or the departure of others for those Eastern cities whose very names breathed mystery and enchantment. The spell of the East was strong upon him, and at the age of fourteen he left his home and embarked secretly upon his father's ship bound for Alexandria. His mother knew of his intentions, but recognised the futility of opposition.

Le Blanc reached Alexandria, visited Cairo, and started on the homeward voyage. There was a delay in Candia, and the crew utilised it to spend their money in pleasures. To obtain more money they sold the merchandise on the ship at a loss. On leaving port they were beset by fear of creditors, and conceived the desperate design of wrecking the ship. Le Blanc escaped from the catastrophe, and returned to Candia in a small

boat. Now occurred the chance that determined his future. A ship arrived from Venice bound for Jerusalem. On board was a man named Cassis, whom Le Blanc had known at Marseilles. He suggested that Le Blanc should accompany him in his travels. The offer was accepted, and the French Consul gave help with a sum of money.

The two friends travelled over Tripoli, reached Damascus, and took up their abode in the Turkish quarter of a town called Macharib, three days' journey from Damascus. There they met Morat, the brother of Cassis, and a renegade. It was he who broached the idea of a visit to Mecca, not from religious motives, but that he might sell his merchandise at a profit and recoup himself for recent losses. Cassis demurred, alleging his promise to take Le Blanc to Jerusalem. The renegade replied that they would first visit Mecca and then return to Jerusalem.

Le Blanc overheard this conversation, and was filled with dismay. He dreaded the perilous voyage, but he also dreaded that the two brothers might abandon or sell him if he protested, or even exchange him for one of the rare barrels of wine that were sold by druggists at a high price. As soon as the plan was laid before him, he had no choice but to accept.

The three joined the main caravan of 20,000 camels, loaded with all kinds of merchandise and spread over two miles of country. Le Blanc speaks of phantoms in the desert that decoy men from the caravan, in the guise of friends,

and leave them to die of thirst. The supply of water ran short; and he went with a party of sixty in search of a well, and found one hidden in the sand and covered with a camel skin. At Medina he alludes to the "false prophet." Forty to fifty thousand pilgrims were there, and caravans from Aleppo and Cairo. Mecca, he says, was reached two days later; but this, of course, is impossible. It was as large as Rouen or twice Marseilles, and surrounded by great tall mountains like walls that made it inaccessible.

Le Blanc was entirely preoccupied by the commercial side of the Pilgrimage. Mecca appeared to him the resort of the riches of the Indies. Merchants sold drugs, perfumes, and precious stones in the very cloisters of the Mosque. Between Mecca and Jeddah there was an unending procession of camels laden with goods, either for Syria, Egypt, or Europe.

On the road an agreement had been made that the brothers should separate at Mecca, and that Cassis with Le Blanc should proceed to Jeddah with six camels. The originator of the plan was Cassis. He announced that some ships from India had arrived at Jeddah, and goods might be sold there at a greater profit. When the parting had taken place and the two were on the road to Jeddah, Cassis disclosed his real intentions: they were to embark for Persia. His brother, he said, had sinned in denying Christ; therefore he was acting rightly in despoiling him

of his merchandise. Whatever conscientious scruples may have been felt by Le Blanc were once more silenced by necessity.

The plan was carried out. Cassis and Le Blanc took ship for Aden and thence for Ormus. Having sold their goods at great profit in Persia and Babylonia, they journeyed as far north as Samarcand. They subsequently returned to Aden, travelled up the east coast of Arabia, visited India, and many other countries in Asia and Africa. In 1578, after an absence of ten years, Le Blanc returned to Marseilles. His parents did not recognise him. Five years before they had celebrated his funeral obsequies.

Le Blanc's travels were not over. In 1583 he started for Brazil. Chance led him to disembark at Havre, and there he married "one of the most terrible women in the world." He now had a yet more powerful incentive to travel. He visited Spain, Italy, Malta, Guinea, the West Indies. It was not till 1602 that he finally settled in his native country.

In 1619, Peiresc, the Mæcenas of his age, asked to see Le Blanc's manuscript. It had been his habit to write in a note-book all that he saw or heard. But his education had been of the slightest, and he was credulous. Many absurdities were found in his pages, and before they saw the light they were subjected to careful editing and numerous excisions. The book was not published till after its author's death, in 1640, at the age of eighty-six.

"Life," wrote Le Blanc, "is a perpetual voyage without rest or fixed habitation."

Note.—Le Blanc's statements should be accepted with reserve. Many are inclined to dismiss the account of his journey to Mecca as fictitious.

VII

JOHANN WILD, 1607

Wild was born at Nuremburg about the year 1585. After completing his apprenticeship to a trade, he made a journey to Hungary. He was there seized by the fancy for a military life, and enlisted in the Imperial army, then engaged in war against the Turks. He was in his nineteenth year. Shortly after, he was taken prisoner by the Hungarians, allied with the Turks, and sold as a slave. His master, a sutler attached to the Turkish army, took him to Buda. It was in the month of December; the winter was exceptionally severe; and the crossing of the Danube on the ice occasioned much suffering to the German prisoners, among whom were many women and children. Wild's next experience was the Turkish bath. It was a contrast to his late sensations, but he found it equally disagreeable—like the transference from one circle of the Inferno to another. It was his first acquaintance with a hot bath. He was now sold to a captain of Janissaries, dressed in Turkish clothes, and employed as a valet. He speaks with contempt of the Christian slaves who voluntarily accepted Islam, saying that the Turks despised them more than those who held

out. Yet, from the sequel, it would appear that he did likewise. In a few months his master was killed at the siege of Gran; he was again sold, and within a year and a half changed hands five times. The master whom he accompanied to Mecca was a Persian, and Wild speaks of him in terms of strong reprobation. He was severe and a miser. Wild was his man-of-all-work; he did the cooking and washing, sweeping, cleaning and marketing.

Wild and his master travelled to Mecca in the Egyptian caravan. The leader (Emir Haj) encamped in a garden two miles from Cairo, a week in advance, and the pilgrims flocked there by degrees. Trumpets sounded for the start; the pilgrims were marshalled in the order to be observed during the journey; the camels were tied one behind the other in files; and a hundred Mamelukes with six cannon formed the escort. There were thirty camels bearing empty baskets, in which those who fell sick might be laid. Every man carried a tarred leather sack filled with water to last three days. There would be no chance of replenishing it before reaching Suez, and nothing was considered more precious than water. It was a common sight to see poor pilgrims going round the camp begging; and if offered food they would lay it down and say, "Oh my lord! I do not want to eat, but for God's sake only a spoonful of water." After Suez they crossed the Sinaitic Peninsula, and a whole day was spent in threading the terrific pass of the Akaba chain: a high range of mountains with rocky

cliffs, unlike any Wild had ever seen. The camels were led by the halter, and the pilgrims advanced on foot. They remained two days at the town of Akaba, in the valley, where there were wells of sweet rain water guarded by Mamelukes against the Bedouin.

The numbers of the caravan were 20,000 men and 100,000 camels. Yambu, the half-way stage, was reached in nineteen or twenty days, and the deaths had been 1500 men and 900 camels. After Yambu they were much harassed by Bedouin while crossing the mountains. "My master," says Wild, "was wounded with an arrow, but the devil would not carry him off altogether, though I would gladly have seen it. He was an unmerciful dog; he did nothing but beat and ill-treat me, and call me names whenever he opened his mouth." When, at the distance of three days' march from Mecca, the Ihram was assumed, he suffered much from the scorching heat of the sun by day as he sat on his camel, and from cold by night. He had to bear the pangs of hunger and thirst besides, and "would often have kissed a man's feet for the sake of a spoonful of water." The pilgrims kept up an unceasing cry: "Ah, thou dear House of God!"

At last they climbed a high hill by a narrow road hewn in the rock, where only two camels might walk abreast; and there, a stone's throw below them, was Mecca. There follows a somewhat colourless account of the preliminary religious functions. A remark of the hated Persian master is more worthy of record. "Seest thou

how many Turks there are who would gladly travel to Mecca, and are not so favoured that they can arrive there?" Wild concluded that his master expected gratitude for bringing him into such a holy place.

The procession to Arafat impressed him. "One ought to have seen in how stately a way the inhabitants of Mecca marched to the mountain, with their camels all hung with carpets. The women on the camels sang all the way along the road, and also the drivers who walked beside the camels." He imputed the confusion after the close of the sermon to fear that the Bedouin were about to descend from the mountains and steal camels. He himself had charge of the beasts, and as his master was not with him, he became alarmed. "I did not even know where I was to take them," he says, "so that I feared greatly lest a camel might be taken from me and driven into the mountains; for it was already dark." After an hour his master joined him, cursing because he had not waited, yet he seemed relieved that the camels were safe. The ceremony of Devil-stoning followed, the legend of which he relates with many inaccuracies. "I will not believe that Abraham ever came to Mecca," is his concluding remark.

During the twenty days that he remained in Mecca, between the return from Muna and the departure of the caravan, Wild found leisure for a few observations. He was shocked by the flagrant immorality, and inquired of his master if this was the pilgrims' thanks to God for the

forgiveness of their sins. The master replied: "Why dost thou ask about these things? If they do not right, God will surely find them out." His mention of booths all round the Temple, where perfumes are sold, recalls Bartema. A Jew or a Christian, he says, found within the city would be burnt alive.

There is little worthy to record of Wild's visit to Medina. "A large grated room," is his description of Mohammed's tomb. As at Mecca, all food is imported from Cairo except dates; and these are cheaper and better than at Cairo.

Wild's master was a merchant, and he now returned to Mecca, and thence set out for Jeddah, that he might sail upon a trading journey in the Red Sea. He made large purchases of goods in Abyssinia, whence he set sail for Suez, and returned overland to Cairo.

He subsequently took Wild on a journey to Jerusalem. They visited the Mosque of Omar and also the Holy Sepulchre. Monks and Christians accompanied them to the Holy Sepulchre, to see that the Turks did no damage. Wild became acquainted with a Greek at Jerusalem who introduced him to the Patriarch, unknown to his master. The Patriarch received him kindly, listened to his story, and gave him a certificate of having visited the Holy Sepulchre. After his return to Cairo, a Greek who had known him at Jerusalem bought some goods of his master. Wild acted as salesman, and asked for a commission. The Greek took offence, and told his master of the visit to the Patriarch. Wild was

searched, and the certificate, being found on him, was destroyed. It is not known whether possession of it was regarded as evidence of intent to escape, and unwilling adherence to Islam; but probably it was this which enraged his master. Wild was therefore sent to the slave market with a broker, and again sold. Not any one benefited more than himself by this transaction. His new master was a rich and benevolent old Turk, who gave him his freedom after a year; and he soon saved enough money to insure his return to Europe. He arrived in Nuremburg in the autumn of 1611.

VIII

JOSEPH PITTS, 1680

"I QUESTION whether there be a man now in England that has ever been at Mecca," wrote Joseph Pitts, the first Englishman to set eyes upon the holy city. Born at Exeter in 1663, he became a sailor from love of travel at the age of fifteen. After some short voyages, he accomplished one to Newfoundland; but on his return his ship was captured by an Algerine pirate off the coast of Spain. The pirate captain was a Dutch renegade who spoke English; but to Pitts the enemy appeared like "monstrous ravenous creatures," and he feared they would kill and eat him. Three more English ships were taken, and the captives fed on olives, oil and vinegar, black biscuit, and a pint of water a day.

At Algiers Pitts was sold as a slave. His first "patroon" made no attempt to convert him; but his second, a man of savage and relentless cruelty, employed the bastinado for this purpose. A great cudgel, applied with vindictive ferocity to his bare feet, broke down his determination. He made the profession of faith, holding up, as customary, the forefinger of the right hand. He had submitted through terror,

but he tells us that he secretly hated his new religion, and "ate heartily in private of hog." The patroon doubted the genuineness of the conversion, and treated him worse than before.

Pitts found means to correspond with his family, at long intervals, and in secret. On the subject of his conversion touching letters passed between them. His father enjoined him, no matter what cruelties were practised upon him, never to renounce his blessed Saviour. This letter did not arrive till after the fateful words were spoken. Had it done so, Pitts might yet have held out. He replied in heart-broken strain, wishing that he had died as a child, that he might not have been the bringer of his parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the ground. Again, after many months, his father wrote that he had consulted many ministers, and all concurred that he had not sinned the unpardonable sin. "Remember," he added, "that Peter had not so many temptations to deny his Lord and Master as thou hast had; and yet he obtained mercy, and so may'st thou."

The longest interval in this correspondence was fourteen months, during which, in 1680, Pitts made his journey to Mecca with his third patroon—"an ancient and corpulent man," of mild nature, who treated him with great kindness. They journeyed by sea to Alexandria, thence down the Nile to Cairo, across the desert to Suez, and took ship to Jeddah. He assumed the Ihram, and remarked the skin burnt off the pilgrims' backs by the scorching sun. He

considered his fellow pilgrims blind and idolatrous, but could scarce forbear shedding tears at their zeal. They kissed the camels that bore the Sacred Carpet ; and spoke of the rain water which flowed off the flat roof of the Kaabah, through a spout, as the dew of heaven. There was a rush to get under it, to drink it, or even to collect and sell it. Pitts found the taste of Zem Zem water brackish, and that it caused pimples to break out on the body. "And this," he says, "they call the purging of their spiritual corruptions."

Pitts was at Mecca in the month of Ramadan. If any one touches food except between sunset and sunrise, during the month of fasting, he must expiate his sin by the sacrifice of a sheep. If, however, it is done accidentally, then it is no sin, but "a great favour of God," or "God's treat." It chanced that the patroon's water-carrier brought him some rain water from the Kaabah. Pitts drank of the sacred dew, and then, calling to mind that he had broken his fast, partook likewise of solid nutriment. He was reproached by a friend, to whom he told his story, in these words : "What dignity was put upon your head! God was about to treat you in a more than ordinary way, even with heavenly water which came off from His own house, neither would it have marred your fast ; but now, through your ignorance, you have missed of so great an advantage."

There were four caravans in his day, that "jump all into Mecca together." The Egyptian caravan,

with the Sacred Carpet; that from Tartary, through Turkey, Anatolia, and Damascus; from the East Indies, with many rich and choice goods; and from Morocco, by land to Egypt. This last caravan halted at every town to collect pilgrims. It was received with acclamations of joy, with a display of flags and sounding of kettle-drums. Women viewed the procession from the house-tops, striking their four fingers softly on their lips. People wondered how "such a little ragged town as Mecca" could contain so many. But the inhabitants "straightened themselves very much in order to make their market." Those who came last camped without the city.

Mecca itself made a dismal impression upon Pitts. It was in a barren place in the midst of many little hills, stony and blackish, and all of equal height. He climbed one, and could see for miles round, but not to the end of the hills. The buildings were mean and ordinary, with nothing of beauty; the inhabitants, a poor sort, very thin, lean, and swarthy. The country afforded little or nothing of "comfortable provision." Such was the climate, that, although he slept on the house-top, covered with a linen cloth which he dipped in water and then wrung out, he would wake two or three times in the night to find it dry.

Pitts remained four months in Mecca with his patroon. He entered the Kaabah twice. "I profess I found nothing worth seeing in it," was his remark. While in the Temple Court he was once rebuked by a Turk for lying with his feet towards

the Kaabah. He met with an Irish renegade who had passed thirty years in the galleys of France and Spain. This man described his former slavery as "hell upon earth," and Mecca as "heaven upon earth." He had now forgotten his own language.

Of Arafat, Pitts wrote: "It is a sight indeed able to pierce one's heart, to behold so many thousands in their garments of humility and mortification, with their naked heads and cheeks watered with tears, and to hear their grievous sighs and sobs, begging earnestly for the remission of their sins, promising newness of life."

The return journey to Cairo was accomplished by land. It occupied forty days, and no green thing was seen—only sand and stones. They halted three days at Medina to visit the Prophet's Tomb. The pilgrims thrust in their hands at the windows, and petitioned the "dead juggler" with a wonderful deal of reverence, affection, and zeal. The patroon, while in this devout attitude, was robbed of his silk handkerchief.

When they reached Alexandria, an English ship was in the harbour, and on board of it a man named John Cleak, of Lymson, who not only was an old schoolmate of Pitts, but had seen his father shortly before leaving England. Their intercourse was restricted by Pitts's fears lest suspicion should arise in the Mohammedan company. He would neither drink with his friend nor accompany him to the coffee-house. He contrived to

send a letter by him to his family, and with it a Turkish pipe for his father, and a green silk purse for his mother. He added that he hoped God would find out some way for his escape.

Plague was raging at Alexandria, and Pitts fell a victim. His attack was a slight one, and he recovered, thanks to the remedy suggested by a Spaniard, of applying to the tumour a piece of roasted onion dipped in oil.

He continued to live with his patroon at Algiers, although, according to use, he had received from him at Mecca a letter of freedom. The patroon was of advanced age, and Pitts had expectations. Also, though no longer a slave, the freedom of renegades was restricted, and had he been caught in the attempt to escape from Algiers, he would have been put to death with torture as an example. At last, an acquaintance with an English merchant led to an introduction to the British Consul, Mr. Baker, and the question of ransom was mooted. But the Consul was unable to raise the hundred pounds demanded. Pitts burst into tears, but for the present no more could be done. After a lengthy period an opportunity of escape occurred. Some Algerine ships were despatched to Smyrna to assist the Turks, and Pitts was on one of them. He bore with him a letter from Mr. Baker to the British Consul at Smyrna. Its contents somewhat alarmed the Consul, and but for his friend Mr. Baker, he would not have meddled in such a dangerous attempt. Pitts was also distracted

by the certainty, if he did escape, of losing eight months' pay, and the expectations from his patroon. However, it was but a temporary weakness, and, after waiting vainly for an English ship, he embarked, in European dress, on a French one. The ship safely reached Leghorn, and Pitts prostrated himself and kissed the earth.

His homeward route lay through Germany. A last trial awaited him in England. On the night of his arrival he was impressed into the navy. But he was rescued from this strait by Sir William Falkener, a Turkey merchant, whom he had known in the East. To the great joy of his friends and relations, who had buried him in their thoughts long before, he returned to Exeter. His father still lived, but his mother had died the previous year. Not wishing to come suddenly upon his father, he sent tidings of his return through a third person. "Art thou my son Joseph?" said the old man, when at last they came face to face. Then, leading him home, he shut the door on the group of inquisitive persons, and gave thanks to God on his knees.

Pitts had been absent six months before he was captured and sold as a slave. Fifteen years he spent in Algiers, and one on his homeward journey. He reached Exeter in 1693. The date of his death is uncertain, but it is believed to have taken place in 1735. There is ample assurance that in 1731 he was still living in his native town. It is pleasant to think that the storms of his youth were succeeded by so long a period of fair weather. He must often in late

years have retold the story of his hardships and captivity, the cruelty of his second patroon, and his ever memorable journey to Mecca. What greater contrast than the deserts of Arabia and England's fairest county!

IX

BADIA Y LEBLICH, 1807

(ALI BEY EL ABBASSI)

WITH Pitts terminates the band of skirmishers in the Christian invasion of Mecca. More than a century elapses before the Moslem belief that the earth would open and swallow an infidel, is again put to the test. The motive forces become changed. For compulsion is substituted love of adventure, or ardent desire of a fuller knowledge than Bartema's. At the head of the advancing main body moves the majestic figure of Badia—no humble slave or renegade, but the friend of Pashas and Sultans.

Badia is better known by his assumed title of Ali Bey El Abbassi. He was born at Biscay in 1766, and the accident of birth gave him an advantage over Burton. His native tongue facilitated the correct accentuation of Arabic, and, above all, of those guttural sounds that baffled the master of twenty-eight languages. The name El Abbassi implied descent from the Abbassides, one of the several dynasties of Caliphs who succeeded Mohammed. In the reign of Aboulabbas, first of the Abbassides and uncle of the Prophet, the expansion of Islam had been unparalleled.

Badia received a liberal education, and subsequently perfected his knowledge, and studied medicine, astronomy, and mineralogy. In 1801 he visited Paris and London, returning to Spain in Mussulman dress two years later. On June 29th he left for Tangier on a secret mission. A certain degree of mystery surrounds Badia. By some he is said to have been an agent either of Napoleon—who still cherished dreams of an empire in the East—or the King of Spain. By others he is credited with the wish to found a European colony between Morocco and Algeria, to diffuse civilisation. The sources of his great wealth are unknown. At Tangier his brilliant equipage and costly presents to the authorities attracted general attention. He became an important character, and received from the Emperor of Morocco, in sign of brotherhood, the singular present of two black loaves.

A close friendship sprang up between Badia and this exalted personage. He was summoned to the royal presence at Mequinez, and while on the way, by Cape Spartel, saw in the distance forty ships of the line that afterwards fought at Trafalgar. The Emperor offered a little paternal advice: he desired that Badia should marry, as unmarried men were not respected. He even made him a present of two women from the royal harem. Badia replied that he had vowed not to marry till he had visited Mecca. This occasioned a slight hitch: the women had left the harem and might not return. The difficulty was finally smoothed away by "boarding them

out." For a reason that is unknown, the Emperor tried to dissuade Badia from the Mecca project, but, finding him obdurate, gave him a fine tent lined with red cloth and ornamented with silk fringes.

On 13th October he embarked for Tripoli, where he arrived on 11th November. He preserved his lordly character by giving away food and medicines, and excited the awe and wonder of the Arabs by compiling almanacs and predicting eclipses. On January 26th he left Tripoli in a Turkish ship, but did not reach Alexandria till May 12th. The delay was caused by the drunkenness and incompetence of the captain. Badia suffered agonies from sea-sickness, but when the ship was in difficulties he allowed himself to be carried up on deck to determine the latitude and longitude. As they approached Alexandria a fearful tempest was raging, and the captain came to him with tears in his eyes. But his conduct had been of so unworthy a nature that the only answer Badia vouchsafed was, "Ah Captain!"

At Alexandria Badia met Chateaubriand. Some slight disagreement seems to have taken place; but Chateaubriand pronounced him a worthy descendant of the great Saladin, and the most learned and polite Turk in the world. At Cairo he came into contact with all the distinguished people, including Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. While in the mosque of the Sultan Calaoun, he saw tailors working at the new covering of the Kaabah.

Of Mohammed Ali, Badia wrote that he had

much practical good sense, but wanted culture,—with the result that he became at times embarrassed in conversation. There was also a look of mistrust in his eyes. He owed his present position to his Albanian corps, and was consequently unable to check their excesses and their tyranny over the civilian population.

On 15th December 1806, Badia joined the caravan for Mecca. He had with him fourteen camels and two horses. The 5000 camels that made up the caravan moved but slowly. He would therefore ride to the head of it, accompanied by his two servants, who placed a carpet and cushions for him by the road-side, and recline at his ease for three-quarters of an hour while the procession filed past. As soon as the last camel was clear of him, he remounted and repeated the manœuvre.

At Suez, as afterwards at Jeddah and Mecca, he secured the accommodation which his numerous and powerful friends had negotiated for him in advance. But Badia was ever unlucky at sea. He embarked in a dhow, which he compares to an ancient Trojan galley, on account of its immense projections from stern and bow. Four or five men were stationed on the look-out to warn the helmsman of rocks ahead. But so painful was the business of manipulating the coarse and heavy cotton sail, by means of ropes made from palm fibre, against wind and current, that navigation in the Red Sea became a series of hairbreadth escapes. One night, in the midst of a storm, the ship struck on a rock. Cries of

despair arose, and the captain sobbed like a child. Badia ordered out the boat, and sprang into it with a handful of men. For an hour they tossed about in darkness. Now the boat shaved a rock, and the blood in their veins became ice ; now it shivered from the stroke of a wave and began to fill with water. Rain and hail fell in torrents. At last a ray of moonlight struggled through the clouds. It enabled Badia to take his bearings, and he forthwith seized the rudder and turned the boat in the direction of land. But his crew were novices at the oar ; he was forced to sing to make them row in time ; and at the same moment he was attacked by sea-sickness. After three hours of agony, as dawn was breaking, they touched land. It was not the coast of Arabia, but an island a few miles distant. This wild adventure ended somewhat tamely. They were picked up by the ship which they thought lost. It had survived the catastrophe, and another ship had taken it in tow. The crew welcomed Badia and his friends with tears.

At Jeddah friction with the Governor occurred. Before going to the Mosque, Badia sent his servants to place his praying carpet near the Iman. But the Governor, disappointed of a saddle which he had expected as a gift from Badia, caused his own carpet to be placed in such a way that it overlapped. A servant then touched Badia on the shoulder and ordered him to move. To avoid a scandal he complied : whereupon the Governor usurped his carpet.

Badia, however, made a telling rejoinder: he presented the carpet to the Iman, saying he could never use it again.

It was at Jeddah then he drank his first draughts of Zem Zem water. Alluding to the numerous offerings of the liquid brought to him, he says, "I drank and payed."

On 22nd January 1807, at 5.30 P.M., he left Jeddah, riding in a litter. Fever had reduced him to such a state of weakness that he could not endure the movements of a camel. The air was serene, the moon shining, and the Arabs sang and danced round him. The caravan made its way across the great desert plain bounded by detached groups of stony mountains. At Haddah, that sandy valley closed in by dark red igneous rocks, they halted. Next day, at 3 P.M., they assumed the Ihram, and followed the way that led them among black volcanic mountains and deepening gorges to the outskirts of Mecca.

The law that pilgrims should enter on foot was relaxed in consideration of Badia's illness. As he made his way through the Gate of Salvation into the square of the Mosque, the guide signed to him to halt. Then pointing with his finger at the Kaabah, he exclaimed: "Look, look, the forbidden house of God!" Badia was impressed and awed. "The immense court of the Temple," he writes, "the House of God covered by black cloth from top to bottom and surrounded by a circle of lamps; the unusual hour and the silence of night; and our guide who spoke before us like one inspired;—all made a striking

picture that will never be effaced from my memory."

A house near the Mosque, and adjoining that of the Sherif of Mecca, had been prepared for him. After performing the usual rites, he visited the Kaabah, accompanied by an escort of Negroes. Having prayed in each corner, he left the building, his conductors using their fists to clear a passage through the crowd. The Sherif then summoned him to an audience. To the question of his native country, Badia replied that it was Aleppo. The Sherif appeared satisfied, conversed about the state of Europe, told him that he spoke Arabic like a native, and appointed a certain functionary to accompany the distinguished visitor in his wanderings about the city. Who this functionary was, Badia explains at length. He was the guardian of the well of Zem Zem and poisoner-in-chief to the Sherif. He would offer a poisoned cup from the holy spring to a suspected person; and it would be the height of impiety to refuse such a draught from the guardian of the well. As such crimes took place with impunity in the holy city, it frequently happened that Pashas or other eminent wrongdoers were sent there solely to be poisoned. Badia met his advances with the most winning frankness, but always carried with him a powerful antidote.

The unusual honour was reserved for him of helping to clean the Kaabah. He was among the crowd assembled without, when the Sherif, who himself performed the office, beckoned to



COURT OF MOSQUE SHOWING THE KAABAH.

From a photograph by C. Snouck Hurgronje in "Bilder aus Mekka."

him to advance. The crowd divided ; he mounted the steps, and assisted the Sherif in sweeping the marble pavement. The water and rose water used for the purification ran off by a hole under the door and was eagerly drunk by the crowd. Universal congratulations were bestowed upon Badia on the conclusion of the ceremony.

At this time a Wahhabi army entered Mecca. The Wahhabis are the Moslem Puritans. The sect was founded by Mohammed ibn Abd al-Wahhab at the beginning of the eighteenth century. They deny that anything has the right to interpose between the soul of man and God. They admit the greatness of Mohammed as a Prophet, but protest against the extraordinary honours paid him. They deny the inspiration of the Koran, and forbid the Medina pilgrimage. They had that year turned back the Damascus caravan conveying the new curtain for the Prophet's Tomb. Poetry and music were prohibited luxuries : those who enjoyed them in this world should not do so in the next. Even tobacco was an unlawful indulgence, and no less a person than the Sherif was reduced to smoking his pipe in corners.

Badia did not realise that the Wahhabis had already been masters of Mecca for three years, and that their present influx was for the sake of the Pilgrimage. Certainly their appearance was terrifying. The people fled at the approach of the torrent of wild-looking men in close array that surged through the street. They carried matchlocks and daggers, and were naked

save for a loin cloth. For "ostentatious simplicity of dress," they outdid Macaulay's Puritans.

The adoration of the Wahhabis was not less violent than their general demeanour. Swarming to kiss the Black Stone and circumambulate the Kaabah, they broke the circle of lamps with the guns which swung over their shoulders. They took the well of Zem Zem by storm, dispersing the guardians and breaking cords and buckets. Finally, they paid the servants of the Temple not in piastres and dollars, but in powder and lead, or at best coffee.

Badia did not share the general dislike in which the Wahhabis were held. He admits that his first impression was a sinister one, but on acquaintance he found good qualities and moderation in them. They never stole, they paid for all they took — in spite of an eccentric currency—and they blindly obeyed their chiefs. It seemed to him that under suitable guidance they would be amenable to civilisation. Yet natives and pilgrims trembled at their name, and his intercourse with various individuals of the sect was held in spite of the warnings of friends.

One of the many glowing pictures of the ceremony at Arafat comes from Badia's pen. There was an assembly of 83,000 pilgrims. "Only at Arafat," he says, "can one form a proper idea of the imposing spectacle presented by the Pilgrimage. A countless crowd of men of all nations and colours come from the ends of the earth, through a thousand dangers, and

fatigues without number, to worship together the same God. The inhabitant of the Caucasus gives a friendly hand to the Ethiopian or the Guinea Negro; the Indian and the Persian fraternise with the natives of Barbary and Morocco. All consider themselves members of one family. There is no intermediary between man and his God: all are equal before their Creator. "What a misfortune," he concludes in his Mussulman character, "that with so many advantages, we are no better than devotees of other religions." On the conclusion of the sermon, the human whirlwind swept towards the narrow passage leading to Muna. A cloud of dust arose, and in the midst of it a forest of spears, guns, and swords.

At Muna, Badia was struck by the malicious nature of the Devil, who set up his house in a road so narrow and encumbered with rocks. Great confusion reigned, and he discharged his fixed number of stones at the cost of two wounds in the left leg.

Badia was the first European to give to the world systematised knowledge of Mecca, in contrast to the desultory jottings of travellers like Bartema and Pitts. He determined its position by astronomical observations, and drew up a plan, with measurements, of the Mosque: this was revised by Burckhardt, who came after him. He described the fauna and flora, of which the latter were limited to four or five plants and a few thorn trees. He saw but a single flower. It was on the way to Arafat; but the servant

whom he sent to cut it was checked by some pilgrims, who maintained that it was a sin to do so at such a time. He made a discovery concerning Zem Zem that would have shocked the orthodox: namely, all the wells in and round Mecca had the same taste. He ascribed it to the mixture of earth and decomposing selenite. Yet, "praise be to God, they have not the same miraculous powers!" he adds like a good Moslem. He unfortunately lost the hair from his hygrometer, and could not replace it. Men's heads were all alike shaven; hairs of the beard unsuitable; and women, from superstitious motives, refused to supply his want.

Of Mecca itself he found little good to say. It appeared to him like a dying city. Its population was steadily diminishing. From 100,000 at the time of the great Caliphs, it had shrunk to 16,000 or 18,000. The streets were fine and the houses well built; but two-thirds of them were falling in ruins, and he did not see a single new building undertaken. The arts and sciences were utterly unknown. It was impossible to get made such trifling articles as a lock or key. The few armourers were so primitive in their methods that they used a hole in the ground as a forge. There were no regular schools or system of education. Some would-be professors sat in the cloisters of the Mosque, and read in a loud voice to attract auditors. The whole city dragged on a precarious existence dependent entirely on the religious zeal of the external Mohammedan world, and this was steadily

diminishing, like a sun burning itself out. Only during the Pilgrimage were there signs of life and activity in the Mecca streets. Then half the population became lodging-house keepers, porters, &c.; half, servants of the Temple. The Pilgrimage over, Mecca sank back into its nine months' lethargy.

Spectres, not human beings, peopled this city of the dead. The servants of the Temple were a collection of walking skeletons, clothed with parchment glued to the bones—with large sunken eyes, attenuated noses, cheeks hollow to the bone, withered legs and arms, starting veins and sinews. Better would they have served as models of anatomy or osteology. Alone among travellers in the Hejaz, Badia states that the irritability resulting from privations showed itself in harsh treatment of slaves.

This slow decay and disintegration is ascribed by him to the country's isolated position. Surrounded by sea on all sides but one, removed from the chief lines of communication, it remained ignorant of the new discoveries and achievements of men, of actions and revolutions. The tide of life had set westward, and to the great progressive nations Arabia was little more than the submerged island of Atlantis. The electric current of civilisation was stayed by its sand dunes and rock mountains. In the centre of this abandoned territory lay Mecca, muffled in its deserts like a sick man from the noises of the outer world. Once in the year the wild life of the Pilgrimage pulsated in its streets; but this, like the abnormal strength of

fever or delirium, was far removed from healthy energy.

Those inclined to discredit Badia's sombre picture of Mecca and its inhabitants must call to mind that he saw them under strange conditions. The Wahhabis were real, though not official, masters of the city. They forbade all mention of the Sultan of Turkey's name, but in appearance they respected the Sherif. The Sherif, while obeying them, maintained the semblance of his former power. The people of Mecca did not know who their real masters were: there was great confusion and maladministration of justice.

It was on 26th February that the Wahhabis formally proclaimed their power : pilgrims, Turkish soldiers, and the Sherif's bodyguard were ordered to leave the city. Among them, Badia set out for Jeddah.

At Jeddah two instances of tyranny and extortion came within his knowledge. An English ship arrived with a cargo of rice. The captain found the price too low, and resolved to go elsewhere; but the Sherif ordered him to pay duties as full as if he had sold his cargo. After an animated discussion, the captain forced his way out of port. A second English captain, who had been refused a pilot or anchorage, whose ship had struck upon a rock, and all of whose goods and papers had been seized—asked for a certificate of his disaster. This also was refused. Having vainly applied to successive authorities, it was to Badia that he came at last. And of Badia, the

distinguished and generous stranger, no man ever asked a favour in vain.

He embarked at Jeddah for Yambu, with the intention of proceeding to Medina. The journey was a perilous one, owing to the Wahhabis. Badia's caravan was intercepted; he was put to ransom, and various articles, including his watch, were taken from him. His astronomical instruments were fortunately not harmed, but, to avoid suspicion, he destroyed his box of insects, and threw away his plants and fossils. The Wahhabis had thrown down the ornaments in the Temple at Medina, and pillaged its treasures of pearls and precious stones, to the amount of 300,000 dollars. They even ascended the Green Dome to begin the work of demolishing the Prophet's sepulchre, but two of their number fell and were killed, and the remainder were deterred by superstition. The servants of the Temple were banished from Arabia; and Badia, on his return to Yambu, was made to join their caravan, having been officially forbidden to continue his journey to Medina.

Of his voyage to Cairo there is little to say, except that, ever unlucky at sea, he once more suffered shipwreck. At a short distance from Cairo he was met by the chief of the Sherifs, with an escort of Mamelukes and Albanians, and conducted through the streets in a triumphal procession.

Badia's journey to Jerusalem, undertaken not long after, was like a corollary to his Mecca experiences. He penetrated the Mosque of the Caliph Omar, built on the site of the Temple

of Solomon, and forbidden to Christians. Like the mosques at Mecca and Medina, it is called *El Haram*, and after them it is the holiest place in Islam. It contains a rock called *Sahhara Allah*, which, excepting only Mecca, is the most favoured place for prayer. Mohammed himself, miraculously conveyed to Jerusalem by the Angel Gabriel, is said to have prayed there. The print of his foot is shown upon the rock.

Badia returned to Europe by Damascus, Aleppo, and Constantinople. On reaching his native country, at the time of the French invasion, he declared himself a Bonapartist, and held office under Napoleon's brother, Joseph. When the French were expelled, he retreated to France, where he published the account of his travels. He retains in it the illusion that he is a Mussulman, and the opening paragraph is an invocation.

Once more his thoughts turned to the East. He nursed the project of exploring the interior of Africa. The servants who had attended him on his pilgrimage would accompany him now to prove that he was a Mussulman. With this object in view, he started for Damascus in 1818; but there he was attacked by dysentery, and died. The suspicion that he was murdered rests on insecure foundation. He was buried at the Castle of Balka, on the pilgrim road between Damascus and Mecca. Another story relates that a cross was found beneath his vest, and he was refused burial.

The interest of Badia's personality cannot be questioned. To the eulogy of Chateaubriand,

already quoted, must be added that of Victor Hugo. A meeting took place between them in Spain, and Victor Hugo characterised him as original and witty. He had great courage and coolness in danger, and remarkable scientific and linguistic acquirements. And yet, Burckhardt mentioned, in 1816, that his knowledge of Arabic was imperfect, and that he did not impose upon the natives, but they were assured of his being a Mussulman. He also described his mode of travelling as injudicious, and his power of making interesting observations limited by the pomp in which he moved. In spite of Burckhardt's great authority and unenvious character, rivalry may have dictated this verdict; especially as he adds that Badia's description of Mecca had forestalled his own, but he hoped to give additional information. Indeed, Badia to Burckhardt was like Christianity to Hume—the one thing capable of disturbing the equanimity of a good-natured man. Yet the fact is worth recalling that Badia, while riding among the mountains near Jerusalem, was stopped and abused as a Christian by an old man, to pacify whom he made the profession of faith. That he did endure hardships on his journey to Mecca has been shown. Wealth and rank could not save him from sea-sickness, shipwreck, and rough treatment by the Wahhabis. Yet Burckhardt's contention is not without its force; and for the very reason that he travelled like a rich man, with a retinue of servants, and had friends in high places, he strikes me, in his character of Christian at Mecca, as less interest-

ing than some of the pilgrims of humbler estate who are to come after him. We should, nevertheless, be grateful for a glimpse of what Walter Bagehot called one of the rarest of literary charms—magnanimous autobiography.

X

ULLRICH JASPER SEETZEN, 1809–10

(HAJ MOOSA)

SEETZEN was born at Sophiengroden in Jever in 1767. In 1793, when the principality passed to the Empress Catherine, he became a Russian subject. His father was a rich farmer, who gave all his sons a learned education; and Seetzen early showed a pronounced taste for mechanics, and medicine with its underlying sciences. He took his degree in medicine at the University of Göttingen, and during his travels over Germany and Holland he not only studied zoology, botany, and mineralogy, but mines, manufactures, and technical inventions.

With this superb mental equipment, he planned his first series of Oriental travels in 1802. He had succeeded in interesting many distinguished persons in his projects. Baron von Zach provided him with astronomical instruments; Prince Augustus of Gotha commissioned him to acquire specimens for the museum he was establishing; even the Emperor Alexander contributed financial support. Yet, despite the bias of his mind toward the practical application of the sciences, Seetzen's habits were unbusinesslike, and through-

out his travels he was frequently in want of money.

A surgeon named Jacobsen, a strongly-built, athletic man, accompanied Seetzen, but his health broke down at Smyrna, and he was forced to return home. Seetzen himself was of small stature and insignificant appearance, but he possessed great powers of endurance. He suffered intensely from his highly strung nervous system. In his diary he describes how he did not dare explore an interesting cavern on the Danube, for fear lest he should be murdered by his Servian escort. And yet these Servians saved his life when he threw himself into the river in a fit of melancholy. Burckhardt, whom hearsay had inspired with great respect for his character, describes him as a man of plain truth, endowed with a lively fancy, and even considerable poetical talents.

He remained six months at Constantinople, and thence made his way through the heart of Asia Minor, passing a year at Aleppo and a year at Damascus. By the close of 1805, his apprenticeship to the Arab language and customs was complete; and he set out on the series of journeys to which his fame is due. In November 1806 he explored the Dead Sea, making a tour in the disguise of a beggar. He drew up the first accurate map, and dispersed the current collection of fables. From Palestine he travelled to Cairo across the Sinaitic Peninsula. There he remained till March 1809, when his diary ends; and, owing to the loss of his subsequent journals,

it is only possible to reconstruct an outline of his Arabian travels from letters to Zach and other friends.

His intention was to explore parts of Arabia and visit the two holy cities. The title of Haj would be of use to him in more extensive voyages through Mohammedan countries. He started for Arabia by the land route, and on his way examined the traces of the ancient Suez Canal cut by Sethi I. After various delays and shifting of plans he embarked from Suez, with fifteen pilgrims of various nationalities, for Yambu (27th August). Disappointment awaited him. A native merchant, to whom he brought a letter of introduction, informed him that the country was in the hands of the Wahhabis, and he had best not attempt to reach Medina. It was decided, accordingly, to make for Jeddah. When the village of Rabigh on the coast was passed, and the Ihram assumed, to shouts of "Labbayk" (Here am I), he thought of pre-Islamic ages, when perhaps Bacchus was invoked with similar enthusiasm.

He remained in Jeddah till October, at the house of a merchant friend, Abdallah el Sukkath, completing his initiation into the mysteries of Islam. At last, clothed in the Ihram, he set out for Mecca. He travelled on foot, and found the road safe and easy. It was two o'clock on the morning either of the 10th or 11th that he reached his destination. When it was light he entered the Mosque accompanied by a guide. "Imagine an oblong area, 300 paces long and

200 wide, surrounded by a fine colonnade consisting of three or four rows of marble columns; and picture to yourself, enclosed in this area, half-a-dozen not very large buildings—and you have an accurate idea of this sacred Mosque. All round it the houses of the city rise in tiers, and above them are the hills, so that you may fancy yourself in a majestic amphitheatre, of which the great square of the Mosque is the arena. The whole leaves an impression of which I was not in the smallest degree conscious in any other Mosque."

After spending a month in Mecca and receiving instruction from a resident scholar, he returned to Jeddah, and utilised the interval before the Pilgrimage in a visit to Medina. He left with a caravan, accompanied by a servant; and both rode in a litter. Medina was under a Wahhabi Emir; and as the Wahhabis forbade all pilgrimages except to Mecca, it was necessary to visit the Prophet's Tomb surreptitiously. Seetzen described the Mosque as a building of considerable size, with a large number of pillars, some of them (those in the Garden) encrusted up to a height of nine feet with marble, jasper, porphyry, and majolica, and ornamented with gold lettering. He visited the holy places within and without the city; but was unexpectedly summoned to the presence of the Emir and subjected to a rigorous cross-examination. Who he was? Whence he came? Why he remained so long? Why he brought so many books? The last circumstance had attracted attention,

and it was rumoured that he was a Turk. When the Emir heard that he was no Turk, but a recent convert to Islam, he dismissed him. Seetzen contrived to draw up, unobserved, a map of Medina and the neighbourhood, to make sketches of the town, and, while apparently at his devotions, of the chapel containing Mohammed's Tomb.

He had before now cast longing eyes towards Medain Saleh. Two attempts to reach it had failed; he was now thwarted for the third time. The Jeddah merchant, Abdallah el Sukkath, wrote to his friends at Medina urging them to restrain him from a journey that might be perilous. Others saw ground for doubting the sincerity of his conversion, and reproached him with pursuing ulterior ends. It is the famous collection of inscriptions at Medain Saleh that attracts the European traveller.

Once more Seetzen returned to Jeddah and to Mecca (11th January 1810), for the Pilgrimage. The crowd of camels was so great that his caravan could scarcely enter the town. Over a thousand persons were performing the Tawaf, and many were in danger of being crushed to death when the rush forward to kiss the Black Stone was made. The main street was equally congested with runners between Safa and Marwah. There were Arabs from all provinces, Wahhabis from Nejd, Moors, Negroes from the far interior of Africa, Persians, Afghans, Indians, Javanese, Tartars, but few Turks. Some carried children on their left shoulders, and a Bedouin had his

two wives with him, an arm round the neck of each to prevent separation in the crowd. Companies of fifty or a hundred, holding hands or garments, forced their way along. And here and there, above the compact human mass, wavered the long neck of a camel.

Abdallah el Sukkath had hired a large house at Muna. There, on 14th January, Seetzen watched from a balcony the endless procession towards Arafat of camels, horses, mules, asses, and foot passengers. Next day he rode to Arafat: "a range of bare granite hills, above which the peaks of still higher hills were visible in the distance." The slopes of Arafat were half-covered with pilgrims, but the great crowd was gathered at its foot. All looked fixedly at the mountain, and shouted "Labbayk" till sunset. A cold night was spent at Muzdalifah. Muna, on his return, appeared like a shambles. It was the great festival of the poor pilgrims, and he saw Negroes drying pieces of meat and intestines at a fire, as provisions for the homeward journey.

Seetzen might have returned with the Wahhabi caravan to Nejd or even beyond. It was an extensive caravan, guarded by a hundred horsemen armed with heavy bamboo spears decorated with ostrich feathers. But his Arab friends detested the Wahhabis; he would have lost caste with them, and perhaps exposed himself to persecution.

He remained two months in Mecca after the conclusion of the Pilgrimage, and carried on

untiring observations. Although not a practised draughtsman, he succeeded in making a map of the town and the surrounding country, and a plan of the Mosque, with sixteen drawings of its separate parts. He condemned as beneath criticism all existing drawings, including Niebuhr's. He also conducted astronomical observations from the house of a friend of so many-sided a temperament that he combined the duties of professor, astrologer, almanac-maker, muezzin, spice-merchant, and arbiter in cases of conscience. Yet with all this he could scarcely make a living. This man played Seetzen false. He purposely read off wrong figures, and made worthless his observations.

Seetzen tasted locusts for the first time at Mecca, and found them palatable when fried in butter. He frequently ate them afterwards in Yemen.

He left Mecca on 26th March, and at Jeddah met Shaykh Hamza. It was from him that he had received instruction on his first arrival at Mecca. Hamza was a learned scholar, but his excess of religious zeal led Seetzen to accept with hesitation his proffered company in his journey to Yemen. He might prove a spy, yet he was an honest man without guile, and might be used to forward scientific purposes. Seetzen did persuade him to keep a diary in Arabic of the journey, and, as he had never seen a book of travels, called his attention to what was worth noting down. The result was an excellent journal, which Seetzen hoped to compare with his own.

The travellers reached Hodeida by sea, and started on their journey through Yemen. In the neighbourhood of Sana, Seetzen was seized with serious illness, the consequence of getting drenched in a thunderstorm. He grew so weak that he had to be carried across a stream, but he succeeded in reaching Sana.

From Sana he travelled to Aden, and thence by the unexplored land route to Mocha. His last two letters, dated 14th and 17th November, were despatched from Mocha. He set out from that place with the intention of reaching Mascat, and thence travelling to Bassora; but he had not accomplished more than two days' journey when he was assassinated. Mystery surrounds his fate, but it is generally believed that he was poisoned by order of the Iman of Sana. Doubt had arisen as to the sincerity of his conversion, and he was suspected of magical practices. Above all, a collection of snakes preserved in spirits of wine, was looked askance at. It was believed that through them he could influence the weather, and that he had on one occasion caused a drought.

The few known facts connected with his death were brought to light by James Silk Buckingham, the traveller, journalist, and founder of the *Athenæum* journal. Writing to Burckhardt from Mocha on 9th February 1815, Buckingham states that Seetzen took with him on his last journey seventeen camels. He is at a loss to conjecture what formed their loading, and why Seetzen tempted the Arabs with so much display. Yet Seetzen's "long beard, general aspect, and know-

ledge of Arabic" should not, in his opinion, have aroused suspicion. His botanical and mineralogical collection was found to be of trifling commercial value, and was sent to the Iman of Sana as magic. He had deposited his notes, diaries, and maps in the hands of an Italian, Benzoni, at Mocha. But this man died, and left them to a Hindoo broker of the East India Company. On the news of Seetzen's death, they were seized by the Dola.

But for this, Seetzen might have contested the place of honour in Mecca exploration with Burckhardt.

Some of his latest utterances are worth recording. "As a Moslem," he writes, "I shall carry the Koran with me and follow all its prescriptions, just as in the character of a fetish-worshipper I should hang myself all over with amulets. I do not think that I shall injure my character in the eyes of enlightened people by this confession, or lose their respect, on which I set so high a value ; since they well know how to distinguish ceremonies from good morals, and the husk from the kernel." The last letter that he wrote contains a passage which, in the light of what followed, possesses melancholy significance :—"If I live and keep my health, I shall, after concluding my journey in Arabia, hasten forward with the greatest eagerness to the goal of all my travels in Africa, where I hope that the mask of Islam will do me equally good service."

XI

JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT, 1814–15

(SHAYKH HAJ IBRAHIM)

THE fame of which death and the loss of his papers robbed Seetzen, fell to the lot of Burckhardt. His book is the foundation of all the exact knowledge of Mecca. His description of the Mosque is final. Burton admits that it cannot be improved, and transfers it entire to his pages. The outward aspect of the Pilgrimage may vary from year to year, but he has seized upon the essentials. The note of personal adventure is rarely struck. It is replaced by the collection and co-ordination of facts. We feel no tension of nerve when he enters the holy city, no relief when he quits it. His assumption of the Eastern character is so perfect that we forget his false position. Like Socrates in Zion, to paraphrase Carlyle, Burckhardt is terribly at ease in Mecca.

Born at Kirchgarten in 1784, and educated at the Universities of Leipzig and Göttingen, he became possessed with a disinterested love of knowledge. There are many witnesses to the excellence of his heart, and the kindliness of his disposition. In 1806 he visited England. It was the only country not subject to France, and he



John Lewis Burckhardt, *age* 24.

chose it on account of his father's narrow escape from death in 1796, on the false accusation of being an Austrian spy. He studied science and Arabic at London and Cambridge, and in 1809, in the service of the Committee of African Association, set out on his first voyage. It is of interest that at Malta he read a letter of Seetzen to an English merchant giving a plan of travels. Of the next five years he spent two and a half in Syria, adding daily to his practical knowledge of Arabic; and the remainder in a journey to Nubia and residence in Upper Egypt.

On 15th July 1814, accompanied by an African slave, he arrived at Jeddah. He wore the disguise of a beggar, and so ragged was his appearance that, on presenting his letter of credit, payment was refused. Having taken up his abode in a public khan, he was prostrated by a violent attack of fever; and on his partial recovery, being reduced to straits for want of funds, he sold his slave. The price obtained was forty-eight dollars, enough to defray the cost of his four months' journey in Nubia; but he parted with his slave, of whose attachment he was convinced, with regret. He now assumed the dress of a reduced Egyptian gentleman, and wrote to Cairo for a supply of money. Some months would elapse before he could receive it, and he was almost without resources for the present. He therefore conceived the idea of addressing himself to Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, with whom he had spoken at Cairo. Mohammed Ali was then at Tayf, about to prosecute the cam-

paign against the Wahhabis. Burckhardt addressed a letter to Bosari, the Pasha's Armenian physician, begging him to represent his unfortunate situation to his master. While awaiting an answer, Bosari's Jeddah correspondent, through whom the letter was sent, mentioned Burckhardt's name to Yahya Effendi, physician of Mohammed Ali's son Tousoun. Yahya Effendi made Burckhardt's acquaintance, heard his story, and advanced him money in return for a bill upon Cairo. Shortly after came an answer from Tayf. Mohammed Ali had heard, independently of Bosari, that Burckhardt was walking about Jeddah in rags. He now sent a messenger summoning him to Tayf, ordered a suit of clothes and 500 piastres to be given to him, and, in a postscript, directed the messenger to take the road to Tayf north of Mecca, not the usual road that runs through the city. Knowing the customs of the East, that the recipient of a gift is looked upon with scorn unless he can return it twofold, Burckhardt accepted Mohammed Ali's generosity with diffidence. The meaning of the postscript was clear to him, but afforded him slight concern.

The short time spent by Burckhardt at Jeddah sufficed for him to investigate the causes of its prosperity. He attributed this to its being the port not only of Mecca and the whole of Arabia, but also of Egypt and India. All merchant ships between these countries anchored at Jeddah by order of the Sherif of Mecca, whose income was swelled by the customs duties. In 1814 these amounted to 400,000 dollars. The coffee trade

and the India trade were the chief branches of commerce. For imports, down to the most trifling articles, the town depended entirely on Egypt and the East Indies. The two richest merchants at that time possessed between 100,000 and 200,000 pounds sterling; and yet these men did not disdain to sell in retail. Burckhardt beheld the unedifying spectacle of one of them disputing with a pedlar about an article worth fifteen shillings.

On 24th August he set out for Tayf. In spite of the significant postscript, a part of the road chosen by his guide led through the streets at the extreme north of Mecca. The greater part of the city was hidden by the windings of the valley, so that his view of it was imperfect. He then proceeded along an ascending road between hills and mountains to the foot of the chain called Jebel Kora. He was much struck by the oasis of Ras el Kora on the plateau of these mountains. It appeared to him the most beautiful spot in the Hejaz. Many of the fruit-trees of Europe grew there, among green fields watered by rivulets. The greater part of the journey, to Burckhardt's disgust, had taken place by night; but he was fortunate enough to pass through this oasis when the sun was rising. Every leaf and blade of grass was covered with a balmy dew, and trees and shrubs diffused a delicious fragrance. From this delightful spot he descended with his guide to Tayf (24th August). The distance from Mecca to Tayf is 72 miles.

He at once proceeded to the house of the Armenian Bosari. In reply to questions, he gave

as reasons for his presence in the Hejaz the intention of performing the Pilgrimage. He would then return to Cairo. But, queried Bosari amid many assurances of good will, had he no thought of visiting India? Burckhardt gave an emphatic denial.

Bosari repaired to Mohammed Ali with this intelligence. Returning, he quoted a significant remark of the Pasha's:—"It is not the beard alone which proves a man to be a true Moslem." Burckhardt replied that his feelings had already been hurt by the directions to bring him to Tayf otherwise than through Mecca; and that he would not go to the Pasha's public audience unless received as a Turk.

Bosari had been ordered to conduct Burckhardt to the Pasha's presence. This declaration alarmed him. He succeeded, however, in accommodating matters, and Burckhardt was introduced. Mohammed Ali's conversation ran chiefly on European politics. He had received information of the entrance of the allies into Paris and Napoleon's banishment to Elba; and he suspected that England, now that peace was restored to Europe, would extend her power in the East and invade Egypt. Burckhardt had been wont to pass under an English name, and it became evident that he was regarded as an English spy, sent to ascertain the condition of Egypt and Arabia and report upon them in India. His first step towards clearing himself was a triumphant refutation of the charge of heterodoxy. Two of the ablest professors of the law then in Arabia,

examined him upon the Koran, and declared that he was not only a Moslem but a very learned Moslem.

Still he was not permitted to leave Tayf. Almost daily he had friendly audiences of the Pasha, but he felt that he was closely watched. He was once even asked if he kept a diary. The accusation of being an English spy was not lightly to be shaken off. But his keen brain devised a remedy for this polite imprisonment. He began to act in such a manner as to make his host Bosari anxious to be rid of him. He appropriated the best room in the house, called for meals at odd times, and kept the servants in constant attendance. He announced that he was exceedingly comfortable, that the climate of Tayf was benefiting his health after the fever at Jeddah, and that he hoped to make a long stay. Bosari, forbidden by the laws of Eastern hospitality to resent this behaviour, persuaded Mohammed Ali that the stranger was no spy, and procured his immediate departure for Mecca.

There was in attendance upon the Pasha a Kadi (Judge) from Constantinople, and it appeared to Burckhardt that this man's conduct to himself was regulated by the intention of accusing Mohammed Ali before the Porte of conniving at the visit of a Christian to the holy cities.

As to whether or not he convinced Mohammed Ali that he was a true Moslem, he remained ignorant. When they subsequently met in Cairo, the Pasha maintained that he had not been so convinced, but his friendship for the English

nation led him to close his eyes. Perhaps he feared that Burckhardt, like Badia, might in a book of travels proclaim the imposition to the world, and Mohammed Ali would rather have been thought a bad Mussulman than a fool.

On 7th September, Burckhardt left Tayf for Mecca. Three Arnaut soldiers, met by chance, were his companions of the road. At the appointed place he assumed the Ihram. Shortly after, while traversing a valley called Wady Noman, a violent storm of rain and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning, set in. The valley was soon under water to a depth of three feet, while streams five feet broad foamed across the road. It was impossible to advance, and the travellers took shelter on the sides of the mountain, in constant danger of being washed away by the descending cascades. In about three hours the rain ceased, and the torrents diminished. They were able to proceed, driving their donkeys before them over the slippery ground. Clouds made the night impenetrably black, and they were half-frozen with cold. At last, in the neighbourhood of Arafat, they discovered a coffee hut which had escaped inundation. There they passed the night, having kindled a fire with difficulty. Next day Burckhardt entered Mecca. His companions at once deserted him, so that his position became somewhat forlorn.

At the gate of the Mosque, however, several guides accosted him. Having chosen one, he proceeded to do the Tawaf, kiss and touch the Black Stone, and drink of Zem Zem : the guide

followed close at his heels reciting the necessary prayers. He then ran seven times between Safa and Marwah, and visited the Omrah. Of all these ceremonies he gives the minutest description on record.

He did not readily find lodgings, but at last discovered a poor guide who let him a room for fifteen piastres a day. This man was a disreputable member of his class. Burckhardt was not surprised when a few articles of dress were pilfered from his travelling sack, but he was rightly indignant at a piece of unexampled impudence and charlatanry. On feast day the guide invited his friends to a splendid supper in Burckhardt's room. Burckhardt, likewise bidden to it, was next day presented with the bill.

It was the month of Ramadan. Every night thousands of lamps were lit in the Mosque, and all the foreigners in the city resorted there to walk or converse. The scene appeared to Burckhardt most like a European assemblage.

On 15th September he once more set out for Jeddah, to complete his travelling equipments. He was detained there for three weeks, suffering from inflammation of the legs caused by gnat bites. It was at this time that he fell in with J. S. Buckingham and a young Scottish renegade, Othman. To Buckingham he wrote from Mecca a few months later: "My pursuits are base and degrading because they oblige me almost exclusively to mix and live for many years with whatever is infamous, abject, and wretched in human nature.

. . . It is true, I hope to wrest a wreath from the hands of fame."

About the middle of October he returned to Mecca, accompanied by a newly-purchased slave. The boarding experiment with the guide was not repeated. He hired rooms in an unfrequented quarter of the town. There were actually a few trees before his windows, and their verdure, amid the barrenness, was more exhilarating than the finest landscape in different circumstances. Assuming the character of a Mameluke, he mixed much with foreign pilgrims. Even had he been detected, there was little to be feared. It was common at Mecca, during the Pilgrimage, to assume a false character to escape imposition. He mentions that in no other Eastern journey had he enjoyed so much ease as at Mecca.

The time intervening before the Pilgrimage was utilised by Burckhardt for research. He described Mecca as a handsome town, about 1500 paces in length The absence of walls was compensated by the natural barrier of surrounding hills. The streets were broader than in most Eastern cities, to facilitate the circulation of crowds at Pilgrimage time. Unlike the glaring white of Jeddah, the houses were built of sombre grey stone. Many windows (an un-Eastern feature) overlooked the street. These projected from the walls, and were elaborately carved or gaudily painted. The houses were lofty; each had its terrace; and as the women passed much time on the terraces, they were concealed from view by parapets. So much ruin had been brought

about by violent rains, that no house was older than four centuries. There were no interesting specimens of architecture or remains of Saracenic structures. The streets were totally dark at night and badly kept, refuse from the houses being thrown into them to become dust or mud according to the season.

Burckhardt describes with equal minuteness the various quarters of the city. The chief street is the *Messai*, named after the Sai, or running, between Safa and Marwah, which is performed there. It traverses Mecca from end to end, passing the gates of the Mosque. At this time of the Pilgrimage it resembled a bazaar in Constantinople. There were also in this street many coffee-houses, in two of which "forbidden wine" was openly sold. Here also were the makers of tin bottles in which pilgrims carried Zem Zem water to their homes. The Messai street, on account of its width and size, was also used as a place of execution.

The inhabitants of the city, according to their trades, followed the law of segregation. There was the cheap and dirty quarter near the Mosque, much frequented by Turkish pilgrims. They would rise at night, when disturbed by bad dreams, perform the Tawaf, drink of Zem Zem, and return to bed. There was the quarter of the Metouafs (guides); of the shops dealing in grain, butter, and dates; of the baths. In one street Negro pilgrims had established a market for firewood; in another the camel and cow market was held. Eunuchs who guarded the

Mosque, carpenters, upholsterers from Turkey, undertakers, grocers, druggists, followed the same law. Seven years before, Badia lamented that it was impossible to get made even a lock or key; yet Burckhardt speaks of blacksmiths and locksmiths. Gold and silversmiths lived in "Chinese Street." There was the quarter of the rich Arab, Bedouin, and Indian merchants. One of the latter, worth several hundred thousand pounds sterling, bargained with Burckhardt for an hour and a half about a muslin shawl worth four dollars—a repetition of his Jeddah experience. There was the street of public women, and of course the slave market. The Bedouin, who traded in corn, dates, and cattle, lived in houses like tents. In the south-west quarter were caravan brokers, and Bedouin who carried on the transport trade between Mecca and Jeddah. From here also started the ass caravan that conveyed letters daily between the city and its port, accomplishing the journey in fifteen or sixteen hours. The stationary population of the city was between 25,000 and 30,000. Its recent decrease was due to the Wahhabi invasion.

The inhabitants of Mecca were, relatively speaking, foreigners. Few of the ancient Koreysh tribe, which prevailed in the time of Mohammed, might be found. Every year some pilgrims remained behind; and those who did so, married or cohabited with Abyssinian slaves. The yellowish sickly brown colour of the Meccans was due to this Abyssinian strain. In spite of diverse origins, the people of Mecca had adopted Arabian customs

and dress. Indeed, dress was largely considered. A rich man might possess forty suits; and on feast days each class assumed the style of the one above. "A person would submit to be called a thief rather than allow those of equal rank to exceed him in finery. Families of moderate means possessed Negro slaves. The concubines were mostly Abyssinian. "No wealthy Meccan prefers domestic peace to the gratification of his passions."

Trade was the prevailing occupation. Mecca depended entirely upon foreign countries for daily commodities. Artisans were scarce and of inferior skill: save for a few potteries, there was not a single manufactory. Commerce therefore was carried on upon a gigantic scale, and especially at the time of the Pilgrimage. The Messai street then resembles a fair, where rich pilgrims exchanged their countries' products with each other, or with the Meccans in return for India goods. These India goods were often sold wholesale at a profit of 30 per cent., and retail 50 per cent. Much fraudulent profit was made through recourse to brokers or interpreters by pilgrims ignorant of Arabic. Those of the Meccans who could not afford to trade in India goods, laid in stores of corn, rice, and biscuits. On the approach of the Pilgrimage, with the necessity of providing food for thousands of extra men and camels, the price of provisions rose, and everything was sold at an exorbitant rate.

The reproach of a nation of shopkeepers might justly have been directed against the inhabitants

of Mecca. The most learned Ulema dabbled in trade, as with us many unbusinesslike persons speculate on the Stock Exchange. The service of the Temple provided an alternative occupation. The eunuchs and those attached to the Mosque, not only received fees from pilgrims, but drew regular salaries from the revenues of the Mosque. These were considerable, as it possessed land and houses in many distant countries, and large remittances were sent yearly by the Sultan of Turkey and Pasha of Egypt.

The profession of guide or Metouaf numbered the idlest, most impudent, and vilest individuals of Mecca. Mention has already been made of the trick played upon Burckhardt by one of these men. After his return to Mecca he was unfortunate enough to meet the dishonest Metouaf in the street. This man forthwith became a regular visitor at his new lodgings, and not only shared his meals but took away provisions in a basket.

Strange duties might fall to the lot of these guides. There is a law debarring single women from the Pilgrimage, and requiring that those who are married should be accompanied by their husbands. But it may chance that a rich widow wishes to see the holy places. She therefore contracts a nominal marriage with a guide; and he escorts her to Mecca and Arafat in the character of husband. On conclusion of the ceremonies the guide must divorce the lady: should he refuse, the marriage would be binding.

The large sums of money that flow into Mecca are quickly squandered by the inhabitants in

dress, costly establishments and furniture, entertainments, and sensual gratifications. In the house even of the petty shopkeeper may be seen fine carpets, brocaded cushions and sofas, costly china, and silver-mounted nargyles. He eats good meat every day, smokes expensive tobacco, and his coffee-pot is always at hand. Yet the Meccan of Burckhardt's day had his good qualities. He was lively, intelligent, and suave in manner. He was fond of a joke, and interspersed talk on grave subjects with laughter-producing puns or proverbs. This, joined to innate pride, made him a delightful casual acquaintance. He was exquisitely polite towards a fellow-townsman or stranger. His sense of hospitality was awakened on the slightest pretext. "When will you honour me at home and take your supper with me?" was his formula: a trait perhaps inherited from his Bedouin ancestry. The pride of the Meccan was due to his belonging to a city under the special care of God. This at least secured him against the cringing servility of many Levantine races. He was not cultured. "Learning and science cannot be expected to flourish in a place where every mind is occupied in the search of gain or of Paradise." Yet the language was pure and elegant. It resembled the old written Arabic, and was considered the most important study after the sacred law.

Mecca is the paradise of beggars. They rely entirely on the charity of strangers, as the Meccan thinks himself privileged to dispense with this virtue. Many tales are related of their importunity

and insolence. When their requests are granted, they say: "It is God and not you who gives it to me."

While Burckhardt was engaged in these researches, he found the time pass pleasantly enough. He had formed an acquaintance with a perfume-seller, and passed a couple of hours a day seated on the bench before his shop, smoking his nargyle. Here he heard the latest news. The arrival of a great pilgrim, the movements of Mohammed Ali's army, law-suits, commerce, or European politics and the fortunes of Napoleon, were the subjects discussed. Some portions of the day he devoted to the coffee-houses, where he conversed with the Bedouin. The evenings were passed in the great square of the Mosque. Seated on a carpet, fanned by the breeze that always reigns there, amid sights and sounds of devotion, he abandoned himself to recollections of far-distant regions.

Crowds flocked to the Mosque at sunset for the first evening prayer. To the number of six or eight thousand they disposed themselves round the Kaabah, in ever widening circles. Then the Iman took his place near the gate of the Kaabah, and his genuflexions were imitated by the whole multitude. Such a sight, and the recollection of the distances whence they came, impressed Burckhardt with awe.

Not only was the Mosque illuminated by thousands of lamps, but each pilgrim had a private lantern. "The brilliancy of this spectacle, and the cool breeze pervading the square, caused

multitudes to linger here till midnight. This square, the only wide and open place in the whole town, admits through all its gates the cooling breeze,! but this the Meccans ascribe to the waving wings of those angels who guard the Mosque." A solitary Darfour pilgrim, after a long desert ride, once came suddenly upon this scene. Overawed by the black Kaabah amid a sea of lights, he fell prostrate. Rising after a time, he exclaimed: "O God, now take my soul, for this is Paradise!"

Only at the hours of prayer did the spirit of holiness pervade the Mosque. At others it echoed to the conversation of idle persons and the laughter of boys. Poor Indians passed all their time under the colonnades; merchants met to discuss business; the presence of the sick imparted the air of a hospital. Cooking, according to Burckhardt, was not allowed, but other European pilgrims have remarked it. Servants carrying baggage to different parts of the town, made a short cut across the square. Nameless indecencies and criminal acts were perpetrated within its precincts.

On two separate occasions Burckhardt visited the interior of the Kaabah. The crowd of people made impossible the orthodox eight prayers and sixteen prostrations within the holy of holies. "While one prays, another walks over him." Sobbing and moaning filled the room, and he seemed to perceive heartfelt emotions and sincere repentance in many of the visitors. The heat was so great that several were carried out sense-

less. Burckhardt heard many pilgrims condemn the greed of the officials on the most holy spot on earth. He himself considered the Meccans invulnerable to such reproaches, and he remarked the sticks of the eunuchs at the entrance fall heavily on those who put no fees into their hands. At the time of his second visit, the Kaabah had been decked in the new hangings brought from Egypt by Mohammed Ali. The old were sold to pilgrims at the rate of a dollar for a piece six inches square.

The months of August, September, and October, which he spent in Mecca, were excessively hot. The rocks which enclosed the valley intercepted the wind and reflected the sun's rays with redoubled heat. He seldom enjoyed good health, but was fortunately free from disease during the five days of the Pilgrimage. He had previously suffered from lassitude and depression, and their effect was to make him pusillanimous, and fill his mind with apprehension of fatigues and dangers.

At last the great pilgrim caravans arrived. The war with the Wahhabis and disturbed state of the country may have been responsible for their numerical falling-off compared with former years; but everywhere Burckhardt read decline of Mussulman zeal. Many came by sea to avoid the hardships of the land journey. In olden days these hardships were said to increase the merit of the Pilgrimage. Commerce, in his opinion, was now the chief inducement to make it at all.

The Syrian caravan led the way to Arafat; then came the Egyptian. They were followed by the remaining pilgrims, and by the populace of Mecca. The streets became so congested that hours passed before the crowds were clear of the city. Some pilgrims read the Koran as they sat on their camels, others prayed, others cursed the drivers or quarrelled with their neighbours for choking the passage.

At Arafat was a long street of tents fitted up as bazaars to furnish provisions. The pilgrims issued from the valleys and dispersed over the plain, searching for their tents. "Numberless fires were seen lighted on an extent of ground of three or four miles in length; and high and brilliant clusters of lamps marked the different places of encampment of Mohammed Ali, Soleyman Pasha, and the Emir el Haj of the Egyptian caravan." All night praying and chanting were heard, mingled with jovial songs of the Meccans and clapping of hands. Crowds swarmed in and out of the coffee-houses scattered over the plain.

Next morning Burckhardt ascended the mountain, and looked down upon the plain whitened by the pilgrim encampment between three and four miles long and one and two broad. There were 70,000 pilgrims, and during the day he heard forty languages.

The sermon began at the usual hour of 3 P.M. A slight hitch in the ceremonies may have troubled the rigidly orthodox. The preacher was unable to sit his camel because of its restiveness; he

therefore alighted, and delivered the sermon on foot. At intervals he stretched out his arms to implore blessings, and also, as the Law commands him to show feeling, wiped his eyes. The pilgrims in reply shouted "Labbayk," and waved their Ihrams over their heads till the mountain resembled a cataract. Those below on the flat, seated upon their camels, held green umbrellas that together gave the appearance of a verdant plain. As the sermon continued, some of the listeners beat their breasts and cried out, denouncing themselves as sinners; others stood in silent adoration with tears in their eyes. At a distance, natives of the Hejaz and Turkish soldiers conversed and joked, or ridiculed with violent gesticulations the ceremony of waving the Ihram.

After a time the enthusiasm of the pilgrims cooled, and many descended the mountain. But no general move took place before the conclusion of the discourse. Then the vast assembly, amid salvoes of artillery, lighting of torches, and flying sparks of fire, swept along the road to Muzdalifah.

On reaching Muna, its single street was found converted into a market. From diversity of sellers and national products contracted within a smaller space, it surpassed the Messai street. At night the whole valley blazed. Houses and tents were lit up; the Pashas' encampments were brilliantly illuminated; and bonfires, made by the Bedouin, glowed up the heights. The discharge of guns and rockets continued till daybreak.

After the three days spent at Muna, and per-

formance of Devil-stoning and sacrifice, Burckhardt returned to Mecca. He found the chief street impassable. Pilgrims were purchasing provisions for their homeward journey, and beggars, with even more than their usual importunity, were soliciting alms to enable them to reach their own countries.

The cloisters of the Mosque presented a sight that contrasted with their former animation. The strain of the long caravan journey, followed by the fatiguing rites of the Pilgrimage, told heavily on the poorer pilgrims. Hunger, disease, unhealthy lodgings, exposure in the Ihram, filled the colonnades with corpses. For those who felt the approach of death dragged their emaciated limbs to the Temple, to look their last upon the Kaabah. The good Burckhardt himself soothed the last moments and closed the eyes of one of these poor derelicts.

He had intended to proceed to Medina, but was forced to delay another month in Mecca. The caravans hesitated to set out, for it was rumoured that Mohammed Ali was about to take the field in person against the Wahhabis. Should he be worsted, Mecca would be the only safe place in the Hejaz. It was also rumoured that the Pasha meditated seizing camels belonging to pilgrims, to convert to his own use in the war.

In due time came the news of Mohammed Ali's brilliant victory at Bissel. Uncertainty was at an end; Mecca unwound itself of caravans and became a deserted city. Of the pilgrims, only a few plaintive beggars might be seen in

the streets. Buckhardt left for Medina on January 15, 1815, in a small caravan of fifty camels. They followed the road nearest to the coast. At first it led through valleys of firm sand, where the camels walked in single file, between irregular chains of low hills. Then came a stony plain with masses of rock lying across the road. Or the camels sank in loose shifting sand and struggled over detached rocks. Once the sight of date trees and green plantations offered a pleasing contrast to the barren and sharp-pointed mountains on each side. Nearer Medina, as they ascended through rocky valleys full of thorn trees, a storm burst upon them, and torrents crossed the road.

One incident of this journey deserves mention: it reveals Burckhardt's kindly nature. A poor Malay, caught straying from the caravan by Bedouin, was held to ransom for twenty piastres. His countrymen refused to pay; the caravan was about to proceed and leave him to be stripped and kept prisoner, when Burckhardt intervened. Seizing the leader's camel, he made it couch; then by force of argument and exposulation he exhorted a contribution from him. He did likewise to the second man, and so on down the line till the amount was complete. He carried the money to the Bedouin, and, having induced them to accept half, handed the remainder to the Malay.

Medina was reached about midnight on January 27th. The gates were closed, so the caravan encamped till sunrise. Burckhardt imprudently slept



SOUTHERN WALL OF MOSQUE AT MEDINA.

From a photograph by Gervais-Courtellemont in "L'Illustration," October 3, 1908.

on the wet ground. He had previously been drenched by the heavy rain; the night was a frosty one, and he woke with fever. On entering the city he found lodgings in the chief street about fifty yards from the Mosque, and at once made his visitation to the Prophet's Tomb. But this was followed by a total prostration of strength. Medina was now under the governorship of Tousoun Pasha; with him was Yahya Effendi, who had taken Burckhardt's bill upon Cairo. It was unfortunate that Yahya Effendi chose to pay Burckhardt a visit, for he was allowed by him to carry off a carefully treasured half-pound of bark. Return of the fever made Burckhardt regret his generosity, but Yahya Effendi had already given away the bark to the last grain. Great despondency now seized upon Burckhardt. Confined to his room, he saw no human being but his guide. The visits of this person were not disinterested: in case of Burckhardt's death, he plotted to seize part of his baggage. He found a slight mitigation in conversing with his aged landlady, and in reading Milton: it was the only book in his possession, and now worth a whole library.

Burckhardt's illness lasted for two out of the three months that he remained at Medina. His description of the town and its inhabitants is therefore less ample than that of Mecca. Medina consisted of an interior town and of suburbs. The interior town was oval-shaped, about 2800 paces in circuit, enclosed by a thick stone wall flanked by towers, and surrounded by a ditch.

The suburbs were on the west and south of the town, separated from it by an open space. Beyond these were gardens, fields, and date plantations.

The town as he saw it was built in the sixteenth century. The houses, entirely of stone, were mostly two storeys high and flat-roofed. The dark colour of the stone imparted to the city a gloomy aspect, heightened by the number of houses deserted or in ruins. The streets were narrow, but the most important could boast the luxury of pavement. The few shops were situated in the chief street, which leads to the Mosque. Medina appeared to Burckhardt like a Syrian city rather than an Arab town.

There were few public buildings, but many pretty private houses having small gardens with wells. The suburbs were mostly inhabited by the lower classes, the Bedouin, and those engaged in agriculture; and yet some of the leading families had country houses there. The copious supply of water caused the fertility of the surrounding plains, where the Bedouin who supplied the town with cattle and butter lived in tents. But the staple industry of Medina was dates. For quality they were renowned throughout the East, and the failure of the crop caused universal gloom.

The inhabitants, as at Mecca, were mostly of foreign extraction, and the population was recruited yearly from visitors. Pilgrims did not turn Medina into a market; commerce was carried on for internal requirements only; it was therefore on a small scale, and there were no great merchants. The provision trade with

Yambu was the most profitable, and subsequent investment in land whereon grew date palms. The dearth of mechanics was more marked than at Mecca. Burckhardt ascribed it to the low estimation in which they were held by the Arabians. Pride, he said, was stronger than cupidity, and prevented a father from educating his sons in any craft. It was a characteristic inherited from the Bedouin, who excluded handicraftsmen from their tribes. When the Mosque was in need of repair, workmen were sent from Cairo or Constantinople. A portion of the Medinites depended on the Mosque for their livelihood—on stipends sent by the Sultan, presents of pilgrims, &c. Of the guardian eunuchs he drew a picture equal to Badia's of those at Mecca. Their bodies were emaciated, their features sunken to such a degree that only bones were distinguishable, their hands like a skeleton, their whole appearance disgusting. They wore thick clothing to hide their leanness, yet they could be recognised at a distance. The Medinites were less cheerful and lively than the Meccans; they had more respect for public decorum; but their morals were on the same level: "as worthless and greater hypocrites." The mass of property was less, but the people appeared richer because they dressed more splendidly. There was an utter lack of culture. The sole occupation was to get money and spend it in sensual gratifications.

It must be remembered that no town had suffered more from the Wahhabi invasion than

Medina. The population had dwindled to about 10,000 or 12,000.

Burckhardt was no less disillusioned at the Prophet's Tomb. "The gaudy colours displayed on every side, the glazed columns, fine carpet, rich pavement, the gilt inscriptions on the wall to the south, and the glittering railing of the Hujra in the background, dazzle the sight at first; but after a short space it becomes evident that this is a display of tinsel decoration and not of real riches." He contrasted the paltry appearance of Mohammed's Tomb with its reputation as one of the holiest spots in Islam. The shrine of the most insignificant Catholic saint would far surpass it in splendour; and he concluded that Moslems, however fanatic, were loth to make pecuniary sacrifices.

Desponding and dejected, Burckhardt left Medina on 21st April. He reached Yambu without mishap, save return of the fever, and was anxious to set sail for Egypt. But Yambu was full of soldiers—none but soldiers were allowed to embark, and their diseased condition made him averse to overcome this regulation by the possible means of a bribe. As he sat in a coffee-house, he remarked an unusual number of funerals; but not till he was alone at night in the room he had obtained with difficulty at a khan, and heard cries of distress in every direction, did the truth flash across his mind. The plague was at Yambu. From Suez it had travelled to Jeddah on ships laden with cotton stuffs, and thence to Yambu. The number of



The Niche before which Mohammed Prayed

From a photograph by Gervais-Courtellemont in "L'Illustration," October 3, 1908.

deaths soon averaged fifty a day. Many of the Arabs fled to the surrounding country, but the plague followed, and they returned. "God in His mercy had invited them to His presence, but feeling themselves unworthy they declined." The great street was lined with sick in the agonies of death, asking for charity.

On 15th May Burckhardt left for Kosseir in a small open boat. He had paid five dollars instead of three, for himself and slave, for the privilege of a small private space. But when the boat started, he found the captain, his brother, the pilot, and steward established in his quarters. He could do nothing but surround himself with a rampart of his own baggage. There was also plague in the ship. Six men were lying ill in the hold, two of whom were delirious; and deaths occurred daily. The Arabs will neither sail at night nor venture into the open sea, so that to the distress on board was added the tedium of a long coasting voyage. The distances accomplished were never more than twenty-five to thirty-five miles a day; and it was often necessary to anchor about midday, as no other port could be made before night. In these straits, Burckhardt, already in a low state of health, was tormented by ague. All food but broth became distasteful to him. At every port he would buy a sheep, make broth, and then give the meat to the crew. In return they filled his water-skins on shore for him. At last Sherm came in sight; and, as it was nearer to Cairo than Kosseir, he paid five dollars to be set ashore.

The chief incident on the road to Cairo was an altercation with a Turkish soldier leading to exchange of shots. The soldier was persuading a slow camel to mend its pace with the aid of a sabre; and, on catching sight of Burckhardt at the head of the caravan, ordered him to dismount and change camels. Burckhardt naturally refused, with the result mentioned. A subsequent meeting and explanation took place at Tor. The soldier maintained that he had fired for the purpose of calling his companions. Burckhardt replied that his shot had quite a different object, and he regretted having missed. The Turkish soldiery, in his opinion, had the cur-like qualities of Macaulay's Appius Claudius, "Who yelps and snaps at those who run, who runs from those who smite."

Burckhardt reached Cairo on 24th June. He had been absent more than two years. Pathetic interest attaches to the hopeful words regarding his own health with which his volumes on the Hejaz conclude. The Arabian travels broke his constitution. He became subject to attacks of fever and dysentery, from which he never recovered. He made a last journey to Sinai in 1816, and was about to start for the countries of the Niger in the following year, when the symptoms of dysentery increased, and on October 15th he died. On his deathbed he spoke freely on all but two subjects—his mother, and the journey he was never to accomplish.

He had transmitted his letters and journals to England, for although he did not learn English

till the age of twenty-five, he always wrote in it afterwards. Considering this, and the difficulties under which his notes were taken, his style has remarkable qualities of vigour and directness. In what way he committed to paper his Mecca impressions is unknown; but the journal of his Nubian voyage was written in the corner of an open court by the side of his camels, hampered by the hot winds of the desert and the sufferings of ophthalmia.

There are few men whose character and whose achievements have won such unqualified applause as Burckhardt's. A page would not contain the laudatory epithets that have been bestowed upon him. Other travellers have written more brilliant personal narratives, and facts have been added to the edifice of knowledge which he set up; but its foundations are unshaken. To this day he remains the Gibbon of the Hejaz and its holy cities.

XII

GIOVANNI FINATI, 1814

(HAJ MOHAMMED)

BURCKHARDT was not the only European at Mecca in 1814. The Pilgrimage was the crowning incident in the adventurous career of Giovanni Finati.

Born at Ferrara in the Pontifical States, of respectable but not rich parents, Finati was brought up to be a priest. His inclinations were not consulted; and he himself looked upon the profession into which he was about to be forced with the utmost repugnance. This was increased by instructions in empty ceremonials from a bigoted uncle priest. Protests and entreaties on his part were either disregarded or drew down punishment.

When Finati was eighteen, Italy fell into the hands of France. The yoke of the conquerors made itself most heavily felt by their unremitting conscriptions; and soon, to the horror of his parents, Finati's name appeared upon the list. The purchase of a substitute restored calm to the house, and he remained quietly in the bosom of his family, always under the strict supervision of his uncle, when an unexpected development

occurred. The substitute deserted, and a warrant was issued against Finati. For a time he lay concealed, but on the confiscation of his father's property, and the seizure of his father's person and that of his younger brother, he gave himself up, reflecting that compulsory service was not more distasteful to him than the priesthood.

He was enrolled and sent to the Tyrol, where he deserted. After traversing forests and wilds by night, he reached home. Again he attempted to conceal himself; but more family persecutions followed; and he was eventually recaptured. With every circumstance of ignominy he was sent to Venice; but in spite of taunts and menaces he always felt a sort of natural elasticity of spirit. At Venice he was saved from execution by an act of grace on the occasion of Napoleon's visit.

After two months' confinement he was shipped off to Dalmatia. His mania for desertion soon reasserted itself. At Scutari, with fifteen other Italians, he left the French army, aided by an Albanian captain-merchant. They were kindly received by the Turks, but difficulties of a religious kind arose. Refusing to apostatise, they were set to work in quarries.

At length, on the advice of one of their number who pointed out that Mohammedans believed in God, they gave in. Finati became pipe-bearer to a Turkish officer, was treated with great indulgence, and allowed, among other privileges, the scarcely conceivable one of entering the harem. He repaid this kindness by prosecuting

an intrigue with one of his master's wives, the Georgian Fatima. The envy of the household was aroused, slanders were circulated; and he was degraded to a hewer of wood. The intrigue nevertheless continued, until discovery became inevitable. Then Finati resolved to fly. He feared either execution, or at least infliction of the Malekite rite, which he had hitherto escaped. It cost him a severe pang to leave Fatima, and he could not summon courage to bid her farewell. His escape to Alexandria was effected through the agency of the same Albanian captain-merchant who had helped him to desert.

Finati reached Cairo, and enlisted as an Albanian soldier. Mohammed Ali had been made Pasha of Egypt in 1805. Finati was proud to serve under so extraordinary a man, and eager to distinguish himself. He considered him the regenerator of Egypt, commended his large views and enlightened understanding, and, except for his conduct towards the Mamelukes, praised all his actions. The outlook was not a promising one. Abroad, the Wahhabis had interrupted all commerce and hindered the Pilgrimage. At home dissensions reigned between the Turkish and Albanian soldiery. In the provinces, the Mamelukes, who regarded Mohammed Ali as a usurper, levied contributions on the inhabitants and ravaged the country up to the very gates of Cairo. Against them the Pasha first turned his forces.

Finati served in the campaign against the Mamelukes. They made a brave resistance, but had no means of recruiting their forces, and their

numbers steadily diminished. Driven beyond Assouan, the frontier town of Egypt, southward into Nubia, they took up a strong position at Ibrim, 145 miles above the first cataract. Mohammed Ali, leaving a sufficient number of troops to cope with the disheartened enemy, recalled the majority to Cairo.

Finati was among those recalled. They sailed down the Nile in barges, and at a place called Benysoucf there occurred a strange and tragic incident. A company of about forty soldiers had gone on land to dine in a grove of palms. Cards and dice succeeded the dinner; stakes grew high; and the losers were in no temper to leave off. When night fell, lanterns were hung from the trees, and the soldiers, each with a little pile of gold before him, engrossed in the game, failed to notice suspicious-looking strangers hovering in the deep shadows beyond the ring of light. These were Arab thieves, who, creeping close up, knocked out the lights, seized the money, flung sand in the players' eyes, and took to their heels. A scuffle ensued. Each thought his comrade had robbed and insulted him. Unfortunately weapons were at hand, and the maddened soldiers were soon stabbing and cutting wildly. Not till nine of their number lay dead and many were wounded, did they desist. Then, with shame and remorse, they heard from the bystanders what had taken place. Finati's share of wounds was a sabre-cut on the arm. "There was no help for what had happened," he says, "so we mourned over our companions and got them buried."

Meanwhile Mohammed Ali, fearful of Mameluke intrigues, issued a proclamation of general and complete amnesty, and invited the chiefs and principal persons to live in Cairo under his protection. Between five and six thousand availed themselves of this offer. But whisperings of a plot to overthrow him soon came to his ears. Whereat, like Hamlet, he contrived to delve one yard below their mines and blow them at the moon.

His first care was to summon Saim Bey, the Mameluke chief, to an audience. Together they discussed the part to be played by the Mamelukes in the coming campaign against the Wahhabis; and so unguarded was Saim Bey's speech, that Mohammed Ali became convinced of his ambitious views. There followed a general invitation to all capable of bearing arms to the Citadel, on the following Friday. A Mameluke, possessed of keener insight than Saim Bey, exclaimed, "We are betrayed!" but he was silenced by a look. Friday arrived, and, amid beating of drums, 500 Mameluke officers marched in procession to the Citadel. They were received with compliments and civilities; coffee and pipes were produced; and a lengthened conference took place between themselves and the Pasha. When at last Mohammed Ali withdrew, he ordered the gates to be closed, and gave other grim instructions. Saim Bey and the two Mameluke generals, finding he did not return, inquired the reason; but it was whispered that he had entered the harem. They therefore prepared to seek their own quarters. Saim Bey stepped into the courtyard, and was mounting his

horse, when the sentinels fired a volley upon him. Simultaneously, every soldier posted on guard in the fortress, took aim at the Mameluke who was nearest him. Saim Bey contrived to mount, and, although reeling in the saddle, spurred to the nearest gate. But it was fast closed, and he fell riddled by bullets. His comrades shared his fate, save one who leapt his horse over a rampart and down a precipice forty feet deep. The horse was dashed to pieces, but the rider escaped. The tidings spread through Cairo ; a high price was set on every Mameluke's head ; and they were shot or stabbed without mercy. Houses where they lay concealed were even burnt. Wailing and lamentation filled the town. Many who were not Mamelukes, either from mistake, malice, or for plunder, were seized and killed.

Finati shed no blood. He was posted at an avenue where none of the proscribed attempted to pass. His share of the booty was a saddle mounted in silver-gilt, and a slave-girl who had brought off from the harem trinkets and money concealed about her person. This girl he afterwards married.

Having disposed of the Mamelukes, Mohammed Ali thought to end the dissensions of the Turks and Albanians by uniting them in the expedition against the Wahhabis. The redemption of Mecca was the inspiring motive of this expedition. It was commanded by the Pasha's second son, Tousoun, a youth of seventeen, but possessing many qualities. Kind, generous, humane, affable, and capable of doing good to his very enemies—

was Finati's verdict. At this time, when many lurking Mamelukes were being hunted down and put to death, their families invariably threw themselves upon his protection. In no instance did he refuse it. He provided for the widows and became a father to the children. We have the weightier testimony of Burckhardt that he was the only one of the family whose breast harboured any noble feeling; but that he was intellectually as inferior to his father and brother Ibrahim as morally superior.

An opportunity soon arose of testing his kindness. Finati's regiment was encamped to the north of Cairo. One morning he was on sentry duty before daylight, and espied a figure crouching and occasionally moving. It was the sergeant, whose habit was to pray an hour before sunrise; but Finati mistook him for a thief and shot him dead. He was overwhelmed with horror when he discovered the nature of his act; and meanwhile, as different versions of the story had circulated through the camp, it was believed by some that he had wilfully committed murder. In this strait he sought the tent of Tousoun, and made a full confession. Tousoun not only absolved him from blame, but paid the ransom to the family of the dead man. Finati was thereby freed from fear of vengeance.

The transport in which Finati's regiment sailed from Suez was of an awkward type, with a large hull, one mast, and yards and sails of different figures according to the wind. It was manned by a lazy crew. One sailor was posted at the

mast-head to look out for reefs and shoals, and to shout directions as to the course that should be steered. The wind was still and the water clear. In the shallows, weeds and corals grew to such a size and were so disposed that they appeared like groves and gardens. Large and beautiful shells were lying cast up on the beach—such as furnish mother-of-pearl to Arabia and Palestine, and at Mecca are used for chaplets, at Jerusalem for figures of saints and inlaying crucifixes. The purity of the atmosphere was such that the sight could range beyond the bounded strip of cultivation along the coast, over the arid and uninviting face of the interior. No untoward incident occurred between Suez and Yambu, except that the vessel struck upon a sandbank ; but the prudent inaction of the crew allowed the tide to rise and float it off.

Arrived opposite Yambu, the Egyptian army proceeded first to bombard and then assault the town. The walls were mounted with scaling ladders, and a cannon-ball killed the chief Wahhabi engineer, rendering their battery useless. The enemy determined to retreat rather than surrender. Everything precious and portable was carried out of the Medina gate ; and Tousoun became master only of an empty town. Operating from Yambu as a base, he inflicted a second defeat upon the Wahhabis at Cara Lembi a few months later. Retreating towards Medina, they took up a strong position at Jedeed Bogaz, a narrow defile between two high and steep mountains, where no more than ten could pass

abreast. It commanded the road to the holy city.

Daily they added to the strength of the position, building rude breastworks of loose stones on the sides of the precipice. In the plain below, Tousoun was haranguing his men and exhorting them to become the redeemers of Mecca. After a few days' skirmishing he ordered a general advance against the enemy, who appeared in great numbers upon both mountains. A sharp and sustained fire broke out ; Tousoun threw himself into the hottest of the fray, calling on many by their names. Inspired by his example, the troops pressed on and captured some Wahhabi breastworks. These, however, were commanded by others built higher up the mountains ; and the enemy poured down a hail of bullets with impunity. At midday began a truce that lasted several hours. The heat of the sun reflected from the arid mountains made exertion impossible. Many of the soldiers lay under palm trees on the lower levels and ate dates. No water could be discovered, and the cravings of thirst became so intolerable that the signal for renewal of action at four o'clock was received with a desperation like joy. A much hotter contest ensued, and long after sunset the issue was doubtful. Then, for a reason that Finati cannot explain, the tide turned against the Egyptian army. Repulse engendered panic, and panic led to rout and disaster.

Retreating to their camp, they found it vain to attempt to hold it without trenches or fortifica-

tion. The victorious Wahhabis advanced across the plain; and in this extremity, Tousoun ordered the tents to be burnt, abandoned the military chest, and set out for Mobrek, the nearest point on the coast to Jedeed Bogaz, where the ships from Yambu were lying at anchor. Finati had a narrow escape, having become entangled with the enemy. As soon as he could free himself, he climbed, with a comrade, a detached eminence. A scene worthy of the Inferno met their gaze. Fires had been kindled by the Wahhabis on the adjoining heights to light the pursuit. In the bands of light and shade that trembled over the desert, scouring parties were going up and down cutting off fugitives. In the hollow, a broad sheet of flame marked the Egyptian camp. At midnight, Finati and his comrade descended trembling and on all fours. They passed close to groups of the enemy, but succeeded in reaching the camp, still glowing in its ashes. They were fortunate in finding some provisions, and, at a short distance, a well where they slaked their thirst. They then started on the road for Mobrek, and overtook stragglers like themselves, all in a state of hunger, thirst, and misery. A group of them sat round a well where the water was too deep to be reached. At last, one in desperation threw himself in and perished. When Finati reached Mobrek, he swam out to the ship on board of which Tousoun chanced to be.

The army, reduced by half, returned to Yambu. Finati had been imprudent enough to bathe in the well from which he had drunk on the

terrible night of Jedeed Bogaz. He now began to suffer racking pains from rheumatism. Although at such a time a single man could ill be spared, he was graciously allowed by Tousoun to return with other invalids to Cairo. There, finding that his wife had been guilty of light conduct, he divorced her. At this time also, a letter reached him from Fatima with the tidings that she had given birth to a boy.

Meanwhile, Mohammed Ali in person left for Arabia. He found the pass of Jedeed Bogaz feebly guarded and forced it. He then sent forward a detachment to occupy Medina, and himself sailed for Jeddah. Mecca opened its gates. His first action was to send Sherif Ghaleb, convicted of double-dealing, a prisoner to Cairo.

News of these successes, and the sight of large levies, inspired Finati with a wish to re-enter the service. He again enlisted in an Albanian corps, and was despatched to Confuta—a village to the south of Jeddah, close to the edge of the sea. At one extremity was a castle, built of mud, and in appearance weak and crumbling, yet solidly constructed. The Wahhabis, driven from the village, took refuge in the castle. The balls of the besiegers sank into the mud walls and bastions, while from the countless unseen loopholes a galling fire was directed upon them. The siege was converted into a blockade, but the Wahhabis at last made a sortie. Forcing a passage through the first line of the Egyptian army, they were hemmed in between two fires. The gate of the castle was taken, but

the Wahhabis continued to fight with desperation. The smallness of space and closeness of contact produced savage scenes of carnage. Not only swords and knives, but teeth and nails were used. Several of the combatants were torn to pieces, and the Wahhabis were exterminated to a man.

The tide rudely turned. At a distance of three hours' journey from Confuta was a spring of water that required a guard. Four hundred soldiers, among whom was Finati, were told off for the purpose. Suddenly the approach of a force of Wahhabis was rumoured. Succour could not be obtained in time; a battle was fought, and the Egyptian troops defeated with great loss. The remnant escaped to the coast, spreading exaggerated reports of their reverse and the Wahhabi numbers. There was a rush for ships; Confuta was abandoned; and the Wahhabis, who followed hard on the heels of the beaten foe, repossessed themselves of it. The Egyptian army now sailed for Lid, another village on the coast, similar to Confuta. Murmurs began to break out among the troops; the spirit of insubordination gained ground, and the commander was severely blamed. The Wahhabis surrounded Lid, making egress perilous. Great suffering from want of water ensued.

Four officers had been sent to Mohammed Ali at Mecca, with despatches that minimised the losses of the Egyptian army. The soldiers watched their departure regretfully, and several desertions took place. Finati was sensitive to

suggestions of this nature: it is not surprising that he followed the example. For a foreigner to set out alone in an enemy's country was a resolution conceived and acted upon in despair; but as he lifted his water-skin on his shoulder, he was conscious only of the wretchedness he was leaving behind. He thought of Italy while tramping wearily over the desert, and felt a longing for his home. The cravings of thirst soon began, but the Wahhabis had polluted the wells. From each one emanated the same pestilential odour, and there was the same loathsome spectacle of carcases of soldiers floating in the water. At last he came upon a well so deep that it had not been thought worth the trouble of pollution. Throwing off his sash, turban, and all his clothes, he twisted them into a rope, and, attaching his water-skin, succeeded in filling it after a labour of two hours. To thirst succeeded the pangs of hunger. All night he pushed on with no means of appeasing it, but immediately before the dawn, he saw fires burning upon the heights. It was a Bedouin encampment. The sons of the desert received him kindly, gave him food, and, mounting him on one of their camels, conducted him to the outskirts of Mecca.

Exulting in his escape, Finati was in the condition to receive strong impressions. Mecca appeared to him neither large nor beautiful, but calculated to strike a kind of awe. It was the Pilgrimage season; the Damascus and Egyptian caravans had arrived; and 40,000 pilgrims were assembled in or round the city. He performed

the various rites, and remarked the surface of the Black Stone worn by the kisses of the Faithful. He ascribed the small number of candidates for admission to the Kaabah to the stringency of the regulations to be subsequently observed. "It is not easy," he says, "to find in the same person sufficient competence with sufficient forbearance to fulfil these conditions." At Arafat the pilgrims were surrounded by a force of soldiers to prevent a possible attack from the Wahhabis.

Finati's object at Mecca was an interview with Mohammed Ali. He wished to tell him that he had survived the rout of Confuta, and now sought his protection and enrolment in his army. For this purpose he had a memorial written in Turkish, and stood with it facing the window of Mohammed Ali's residence. On the sixth day he caught the Pasha's eye. Mohammed Ali read the memorial, was enraged to hear of the disasters imperfectly told in the official despatches, and asked for an account. Finati gave it, and was dismissed to Tayf with a present of 500 piastres, to enrol himself, but not to speak of the reverses.

Meanwhile, there had been no cessation of hostilities. That gallant man but ill-fated commander, Tousoun, was defeated at Taraba. Finati was now sent among a force one thousand strong to relieve Barusce, a fort held by an Albanian officer. News came, while on the march, that the defenders of Barusce had been driven out by the Wahhabis. The advance of the relieving

column also became known; it was attacked in a valley by the enemy, who swarmed upon the heights and poured down shot from every side. A retreat with great loss was effected. Some who fell into the hands of the Wahhabis were not killed outright, but mutilated; their arms and legs were cut off, and they were left to die.

The depression caused by these reverses, and the disquieting news of co-operation between the Wahhabi forces at Taraba and Barusce, was dispelled by the intelligence that Mohammed Ali was to take command. His power of infusing spirit into the troops and conciliating their affection by open-handed generosity was unique. The day of his arrival was ushered in by firing of guns; and a detachment of soldiers marched two hours along the road to Mecca to meet him.

The decisive struggle in this desperate campaign took place at Bissel. On a plain encircled by a chain of hills, the Wahhabis had assembled stores in great quantities, and even private property. Narrow gaps, strongly guarded, divided the hills. On the eminences all about, the infantry was posted; while the outer base of the mountain rampart was assigned to the cavalry. The Egyptian army left its camp at Ciulla at midnight, and after five hours' march reached Bissel at dawn. The rising sun disclosed them to the enemy, and at once preparations for resistance were made. Mohammed Ali delivered

an inspiriting harangue. He assured his troops that the eyes of the whole Mohammedan world were fixed upon them, and that the security of Mecca depended on their exertions. He himself would not survive a reverse. When the army had advanced a certain distance, he ordered his carpet to be spread on the ground, and, calling for a pipe, announced his intention of waiting there for victory or death.

The Wahhabis mistook the halt for hesitation. They descended the rocks, and, forming on the plain, drove in the Algerine advanced guard. But their left wing was not only defeated by the Egyptian cavalry, but cut off from the main body and their mountain base. They continued to fight bravely for five hours; but the skilled generalship of Mohammed Ali carried the day. A great slaughter took place; the mountain position was carried; and the spoils fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Panic seized the Wahhabis, and in their retreat they abandoned one position after another. At Bisce, in a narrow gorge, they constructed a mud wall and essayed to stem the tide; but a shell dropped within their rampart set some combustibles on fire and drove them out. After some insignificant skirmishing, the Egyptian army reached Confuta and affected a junction with the fleet. It was now agreed that the cavalry should return to Jeddah by land, and the infantry by sea. Finati was among the latter but various delays expanded the voyage to

fifteen days. They reached Jeddah, and finding that Mohammed Ali had left for Mecca, they followed. A badge of distinction, to be worn in the turban, awaited every soldier.

But feelings of elation were soon checked by the tidings that they were destined not to return to Cairo, as they hoped, but to do garrison duty at Taraba. Their complaints reached the ears of Mohammed Ali, and he promised that the term should not exceed three months. It was a weary three months, embittered by sickness and badness of provisions. On their expiration, the joy natural to homeward bound soldiers was once more clouded by ill news. The plague was at Jeddah. It was a mournful procession that set out from Taraba. Mecca was in the line of march, so that for a third time Finati trod the streets of the holy city. The murmurings that had broken out at the "open and gratuitous peril" into which they were being sent, gathered strength as they neared the coast. "How much better," exclaimed an officer, "would it have been to have died in the field than to go thus to perish like rotten cattle!" They found the streets of Jeddah empty and the shops shut. Corpses were putrefying on every side; compassion and decency were at an end; there was no care to bury or remove the dead. Finati was attacked by the plague, but his spirits, "naturally cheerful and sanguine," supported him, and he recovered. For the last time he left the shores of Arabia.

Plague, overcrowding, and other hardships, decimated his companions; and, out of a company of 550, only 109 reached Suez. They started on a last desert march, and the first sight of the minarets of Cairo was hailed with rapturous delight.

Finati's career of adventure was over. He received eighteen months' arrears of pay and quitted the service. He now met with an Englishman, by name William John Bankes, whom he accompanied as interpreter through Nubia, Syria, and Palestine, and ultimately to England.

Burton withholds all praise from Finati except that he was a traveller to no ordinary extent. Whether or not we agree with this verdict, it is impossible to deny that he must have had considerable charm of manner. The real source of charm of manner is kindness of heart. Ordinary good manners consist in imitating the external indications of natural benevolence. The person who successfully acquires only these, has qualities akin to the actor. Finati may or may not have possessed only the externals, but he did possess them to a remarkable degree. I do not allude to the kindnesses of poor Fatima; rather to the extreme favour shown him by his Turkish master, and generous treatment from such exalted personages as Tousoun Pasha and even Mohammed Ali.

Burton also ascribes the circumstantial narrative of his repeated desertions, and betrayal of Fatima, to the absence of sense of shame rather than candour. But from this we may also deduce

that he acquitted himself like a man in the many desperate battles in which he took part. And if Finati was his own Boswell, he certainly had the unfailing spirits and power of enjoying life of his immortal prototype.

XIII

LÉON ROCHES, 1841–2

(HAJ OMAR)

"You would deserve the most terrible punishment should you ever cease to walk in the ways of God, after the direct signs of His protection that He has shown you." So said a woman of devout nature to Roches; and the facts of his career, including two miraculous escapes from death, cannot but make us ponder upon her words.

Roches was born at Grenoble in 1809. His mother died when he was a few years old, and his father migrated to Algeria, where he invested his money in land. His childhood was spent with an aunt. This adopted mother was the lodestar of his most troublous times. Although, thanks to his affectionate and expansive nature, he was never throughout all the strange chances of his life without friends, the earliest ties never ceased with him to be the strongest.

The legal studies which Roches engaged in after leaving college had few charms for him. He was attracted by commerce and its opportunities for travel. But the course of his life was suddenly changed by a summons to join

his father in Algiers. He was in his twenty-third year, and it cost him a bitter pang to leave France. His home-sickness was of long duration, and he had other causes for anxiety. Even to his inexperienced eye, the prospects of his father and his partners seemed unpromising. They were "anything but farmers."

Social distractions were suggested to Roches as a cure for low spirits. He was sent to visit a Moorish lady, the widow of a former Dey of Algiers. He returned charmed with her conversation and the distinction of her manners. The visit was repeated, and this time she was not alone. Her companion was a beautiful girl of fourteen. Khadidja was of a Caucasian type, with blue eyes and black arched brows. She was timid and ill at ease in the presence of Roches: it was the first time she had seen a Christian.

The following year they again met, and he was struck by her rapid development. She shyly blamed him because he had not learnt Arabic. The inevitable resulted. Soon after, he succumbed to an attack of fever, and in his delirium called upon her name. But when he rose from his bed of sickness, it was to find that Khadidja had vanished. Her parents had removed her. There remained the consolation that she knew of his love.

From these tender scenes and regrets Roches was roused to a life of action. He became an officer in the National Guard created by the Duc de Rovigo, Governor-General of Algeria,

and he entered into the social pleasures that such a position offered. Suddenly there came a flash of light from the past. At a dinner party where he was a guest, a lady gave as excuse for her late arrival, attendance at a marriage in a leading Moorish family. From her further remarks, it was borne in upon Roches' sinking heart that the bride was Khadidja. He also learnt that she was married against her will, and that she loved a young Frenchman.

He now set himself to learn Arabic, and to overcome his first repulsion for its guttural sounds. A professor was engaged to teach him; and as Roches had one of those rare natures that find good in everything and every one, the professor soon became his friend, and the recipient of his confidences concerning Khadidja. This man's wife then obtained an interview with Messaouda, a Negress who had been Khadidja's nurse, at the baths; and although both agreed that a meeting was impossible, Messaouda undertook to carry letters between the lovers. At last an interview of five minutes' duration was made possible. Across the narrow street that divided the terrace of Khadidja's palace and that of a house Roches contrived to enter, the lovers exchanged a pressure of the hand. "May God reward you for learning our language," she said. Thenceforth, from a kiosk upon the terrace, she would watch through glasses as he rode along one of the distant roads that led out of the town. He, dismounting, sat in the shade of a fig tree and returned her gaze, likewise

through glasses. It was a spiritual affection, possible to a man of pure heart with high ideals like Roches.

He now held, thanks to his extraordinary progress in Arabic, the post of interpreter on the occasion of sales of land between natives and Europeans. This did not cut him off from military duties. He joined the expedition to Medeah for the purpose of installing a Bey. Doubtless he hoped to win glory in the eyes of Khadidja, thinking, with Sir Toby Belch, that nothing in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. On his return he obtained several interviews with Khadidja in her palace, during her husband's absence. It was too venturesome a line of action to be long pursued. The husband's suspicions were aroused, and he carried off Khadidja to Milianah.

Milianah was the stronghold of that remarkable man Abd-el-Kader, the central figure in the history of Arab resistance to French domination. Turkish rule, long grown feeble, and dependent for its continued existence on the feuds of Arab chieftains, had collapsed before the French invasion of 1830. But although Algiers, Oran, Constantine, and other towns along the coast were subject to France, the inhabitants of the interior, of the mountains and the desert, still maintained their freedom. The treaty of Tafna, signed in 1837, gave rise to hopes of permanent peace. In France, Abd-el-Kader enjoyed the reputation of a man of genius who wished to civilise and regenerate his country,

like Mohammed Ali in Egypt, and who dreamt of a fusion between the indigenous race and the European.

Roches saw his opportunity. He had been in the habit of dressing as a Mussulman for the past two years. His duties as interpreter had familiarised him with Arab customs. His professor and friend had initiated him into a thousand details unknown to Europeans. Why should he not, in the guise of a Frenchman converted to Mohammedanism, seek out Abd-el-Kader, endeavour to gain his confidence, and become the intermediary in his vast schemes of reconstruction? He would not formally abjure his religion; such an act repelled him, although he was not of a religious nature. If successful in winning over Abd-el-Kader, he would endeavour to persuade him that peace with France would more surely effect an awakening of faith in the minds of a people brutalised by Turkish misgovernment. Lastly, having become all-powerful by reason of the Emir's friendship, he would improve his father's affairs, obtain a divorce for Khadidja, and marry her.

We can picture the young Frenchman, "daring in love and dauntless in war," turning his back upon civilisation and riding out alone among the wild mountain passes of Algeria. Some time elapsed before he reached the camp of Abd-el-Kader. He spent it in the camps of lesser chieftains, proclaiming himself a convert, and becoming an adept in his new character. His task was no light one. Not only did his conscience prick

him when he performed the Moslem rites of prayer and fasting, but his patriotic spirit was sorely chafed by the remarks of his new companions. They boasted of the Frenchmen whom they had killed. They told him that should the holy war again break out, he would be in their ranks and must strike even his own father. The French, they said, were cowards who only fought when they were drunk. On one occasion Roches was so galled by their words that he defied twenty of the speakers to mortal combat. In consideration of his recent conversion this rash act was condoned, but it had important results later.

Abd-el-Kader, born in 1808, was a year older than Roches. The guiding principle of his every act was belief in the unseen. The success of all enterprises, he said, depended on the faith of those who undertook them. He claimed descent from Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. When Roches at last entered his camp and obtained the first interview, he was much struck by his personal appearance—by the Emir's fair skin, blue eyes fringed with dark lashes, fine arched brows, thin aquiline nose, and thin lips. His hands were small and blue-veined. In height he was little more than five feet, but muscular and vigorous.

The camp of Abd-el-Kader consisted of 15,000 men, with 12,000 horses and 1000 camels, besides mules and donkeys. The cone-shaped tents were disposed in a vast circle. The Emir was then prosecuting a war against the Coulouglis—a race sprung from the intermarriage of Turkish men

and Arab or Moorish women—on the ground that they had had dealings with the Christians. The Turks had been masters in Algeria for three hundred years, but with the above exception, there had been no fusion between conquerors and conquered. No Turkish women had settled in Algeria; and, as Turks and Arabs belong to a different sect of Mohammedanism, their quarrels were acentuated by religion. Roches was kindly received by Abd-el-Kader, and permitted to take part in the battles against the Coulouglis. He acquitted himself well, and rose rapidly in the Emir's favour. Abd-el-Kader himself conducted his religious education.

The conversion and abandonment of his country by a man of Roches' rank could not pass unnoticed. The lofty soul of Abd-el-Kader was free from petty suspicions; but there were not wanting bearers of tales and whisperers in dark corners. To Roches it came as a surprise when, having been ordered to Mascara on a mission, he was conducted thence to Tlemcen, ostensibly to complete his study of the Koran. He realised that he was suspected as a spy. A room ten feet square in a caravanserai became his lodging. On the evening of his arrival, opening his door in answer to a tap, he beheld a tall thin man, haggard and white-bearded. This was Haj Bechir, his instructor.

Roches possessed one of those sunny natures which cause all who come within its radius to melt into kindness. With Haj Bechir he soon became on terms of cordial friendship. The

change was not all for the worse : he was free from the inquisitive glances of the Arabs. But the net tightened round him. Haj Bechir was suspected of undue partiality and removed. Feelings of depression began to rise in Roches, and depression was succeeded by fever. Abandoned and ill among a strange people, for the first time in his life he had recourse to prayer.

At this juncture he was joined by his faithful French servant Isidore, who, without knowing a word of Arabic had disguised himself in Arab dress. Feeling his present position intolerable, Roches meditated escape to Oran. Master and man, mounted respectively on horse and mule, set out ; but after having traversed a forest infested by lions they were captured and brought back by a force of one hundred horsemen sent in pursuit. Only Roches' ready wit saved him from execution ; he demanded to see an order from the Sultan.

Abd-el-Kader was then at Medeah : thither Roches was sent. Forcing his way into the room, he vehemently reproached the Emir. He swore that his conduct had been that of a True Believer, and that he had been ill-treated by those who were only Mussulmans in name. He reminded the Emir that he had left country, family, and ease to serve him. Signs of compunction appeared on the face of the Arab chieftain. He asked forgiveness of Roches, and promised to make reparation for his injustice.

Abd-el-Kader was ill at ease at Medeah. The exchange of his tent for walls and a roof was

to him no pleasing one. He spent much time questioning Roches on European politics, and was ill-pleased at the frank answers he received; especially concerning the attitude of France towards Algeria. Once more Roches renewed his persuasions that lasting peace would be best for all. The Emir replied that he still judged like a Christian. Roches felt in his heart that the war would soon break out, and he resolved, on the first signs, to return to his countrymen.

The study of the Koran was not neglected in the meanwhile; but it had a strange effect Never before had Roches realised to the full the divine beauty of Christianity. He experienced an indefinable joy at praying to the Christian God in a mosque. The Mohammedans were making him a Christian.

Another memorable incident at Medeah was a meeting between Roches and his father. It was Abd-el-Kader's suggestion that the elder Roches should become his agent in Algiers; the son's presence with himself would be a guarantee of zeal and devotion. Roches had grown so accustomed to hide his thoughts that he dissembled his joy at the prospective meeting. He did likewise when it took place in public. Only in privacy did he give the rein to his pent-up emotions. He saw in his father the personification of his country, his family, and all his dear ones. A painful scene took place in the presence of Abd-el-Kader. The father spoke of his loneliness, and the grief caused him by his son's absence. Abd-el-Kader replied that if he

swore to live like a good Mussulman he might return. Roches, who acted as interpreter between the two, was overcome by emotion. Silence followed, broken only by the sobs of the old man. Then, gathering all his energies, Roches refused. His action made a profound impression upon Abd-el-Kader, whose affection for him seemed increased tenfold from that day.

One more subject of importance was discussed between the Emir and Roches at Medeah. With the treasure taken from the Coulouglis, Abd-el-Kader meditated organising a mission to France. He hoped to bribe deputies, or even a minister, to speak in the Chamber against the retention of Algeria. Roches convinced him that this was futile, and pointed out that already unpaid orators were thundering against the annexation. This will readily be believed by us who have seen the phenomenon of the pro-Boer.

The precarious nature of the peace was not Roches' only cause for anxiety. He had no news of Khadidja. Her husband was a Coulougli, and Abd-el-Kader had exiled the Coulouglis from Milianah, and forced them into the interior, that they might be as far removed as possible from French influence.

Abd-el-Kader, anxious to extend his authority over the country between Tunis and Morocco, was planning an expedition against a powerful Marabout named Sidi Mohammed El Tedjini. Ain Madhi, the stronghold of Tedjini, was in the desert. Abd-el-Kader ignored its powers of resistance; he had counted upon submission, and made

none of the necessary preparations for laying siege to a fortified town. About a day's march from Ain Madhi he halted in perplexity. Then Roches came forward, and offered to proceed to the town in the character of a pacific envoy, and, having entered it, collect any information that might be of use in an assault. Abd-el-Kader objected that he was going to certain death. "Have you not taught me," replied Roches, "that the hour of our death is written in the book of God, and that man can neither advance nor retard the fatal expiration?" Thereupon Abd-el-Kader delivered to him a letter authorising him to treat with Tedjini.

Roches set out for Ain Madhi, and, before he was many hours on his way, saw for the first time in his life the immense horizons of the desert unrolling before him. He soon came within sight of the oasis, whose vegetation stood out strongly against the pale and uniform colour of the ground which surrounded it on all sides. The town was built on a small hill, enclosed by a wall about fifteen feet high and two and a half broad, flanked by forts. The north gate was closed. In answer to his summons, Roches was informed that no strangers might enter: he had best give up his letter. He was turning away, when a strange thing happened. A voice cried out in French: "Wait, Monsieur, I will get the Marabout's leave for you to enter." At the same moment a rope was thrown over the wall. Roches seized it, hoisted himself up, and dropped down into the city. Now the mystery of the voice was

explained. It was that of a French deserter, who had persuaded his master to admit Roches on the ground that he would likewise desert. There was no time for the compatriots to salute each other. A crowd surrounded Roches and carried him off to the palace.

Left alone on a courtyard, he remarked a grille at the farther end, behind which were women of the harem. Suddenly a boy entered, and put into his hands a rosary. It was that, he stated, which his father the Marabout sent to those to whom he gave *aman* (protection). Whoever held it had nothing to fear. Dazed by the extraordinary sequence of events, Roches watched his departure, when there entered a band of Negroes, strong and fierce-featured, who dragged him to the presence of Tedjini. At the far end of a vast hall adorned by arabesques, he saw a divan, and upon it a man of about forty-five reclined among golden cushions. Dignity and distinction appeared in his bronzed face. He told Roches that he served a thankless master, who had sent him to death. He must die unless he consented to leave his master and enter his service: then he would gain wealth and honour. The shouting of the mob, who had gathered without and called for the head of the spy, added terrible significance to these words: "Neither threats nor promises," replied Roches, "will make me betray my master. Let your servants murder a man who has come to you without suspicion, and who holds the gage you send as a sign of *aman*." With that he raised the rosary above his head.

The effect surpassed his expectations. Tedjini was dumfoundered, and only after a time stammered forth a query whence he had obtained the rosary. "I asked your son for it," was the answer, "and he did not dare refuse." Tedjini assured him that his life was saved, since it was the will of God; but to prove how lightly he regarded the threats of Abd-el-Kader, he invited him to inspect the town.

A company of Negro soldiers became his escort for the purpose. He reckoned the population to be about 800; and the immense stores of food within the walls convinced him that the town could stand a lengthy siege. In his investigations he was followed to and fro by the crowd who cried out or glared at him, and pressed upon the black bulwark of his unwilling protectors. He was conducted back to the palace, and thence at nightfall to the place where he had climbed the wall. Many thoughts thronged upon Roches as he wended his way to the Emir's camp. Although nothing warranted such a conclusion, he was persuaded that he owed his escape to Khadidja.

Tedjini had refused to treat; therefore Abd-el-Kader prepared to besiege Ain Madhi. Ill success attended his first efforts. Bombardment produced no effect; unexploded shells were scornfully returned by the besieged. The engineers attempted to mine, but the presence of a ditch within the wall made their works useless. Abd-el-Kader's prestige began to wane. His convoys were pillaged by neighbouring tribes; and the bad

food to which his troops were reduced caused an outbreak of fever and dysentery. Roches, prostrated by fever, was also wounded. An application of boiling butter cured the wound; and he almost ascribed his cure of the fever to Abd-el-Kader's prayers: never had he seen before such an expression of religious ecstasy as upon the Emir's face alone in his tent.

The fall of Ain Madhi was eventually brought about, after many months, by the engineering skill of a Hungarian deserter. He contrived a mine which avoided the ditch round the rampart. The siege, begun on 1st July 1838, terminated on 2nd December of the same year.

Roches had no need to recall his instinctive divination that it was Khadidja who had saved him from the consequences of his perilous exploit. All through the weary months of siege the fear had racked him that she was within the town. After the capitulation, an aged Negress sought and obtained an interview with him. It was Messaouda. Briefly she told him Khadidja's history since she had left Milianah with her husband. They started for Morocco, but had made Ain Madhi their temporary home. It was she who, from a window of the palace, had seen Roches escalade the wall, and devised the stratagem which saved his life. "Where is she now?" was the feverish question. The silence of Messaouda froze his heart. Was it the worst? It was. She had died of anxiety during the siege, and to Roches she left her blessing.

The months following this tragic occurrence

were spent by Roches in travelling in the desert with Abd-el-Kader. Once he returned to Ain Madhi to pray upon Khadidja's tomb. In Abd-el-Kader's name he wrote letters to the King and Queen of France, to Thiers, and to Marshal Gérard; but no result was achieved. Abd-el-Kader then announced that he intended to live at Tagdempt; that he, Roches, must also live there, and must marry. He had chosen a bride for him, and a house was being prepared.

These unwelcome tidings were reduced to secondary importance by others of a more startling kind. France had infringed the treaty of Tafna. French troops had invaded the plains of Mitidja. An army under the Duke of Orleans and Marshal Vallée had crossed the passage of the Bibans from Constantine, and was marching towards Algiers. Abd-el-Kader regarded the passage of French soldiers over his territory as a declaration of war. He expressed himself pleased that it was the infidel who had broken the treaty, and he took Roches to task for his sad looks. Roches admitted repugnance to fight against his countrymen, but was told that he had spoken impious words. "On the day when you embraced our holy religion," said Abd-el-Kader sternly, "you burst all the ties which bound you to infidels." Then Roches, harassed and desperate, burst forth with his fateful avowal: "*Well, then, no, I am not a Mussulman.*"

His subsequent surmise that he now owed his life to the affection with which he had inspired Abd-el-Kader, and the proofs of devotion that he

had given, was probably correct. At the moment, he thought Abd-el-Kader was about to summon soldiers and order his execution. He was mistaken: the Emir wished to assure himself that no ear had heard the terrible words. Then he said: "Go. I leave the punishment of your soul to God. Let your body disappear from my sight. Go, and beware of repeating before a Mussulman the blasphemy my ears have heard; for then I should no longer be master of your life. Go." Accompanied by Isidore, Roches fled from the camp. For two years he had lived among Arabs; he now yearned for his countrymen. There was no attempt to pursue him; and he imagined that the Emir, touched by his courage in confessing, had feigned ignorance of his flight. After some days and nights of wandering and missing his way, he suddenly saw a ray of the sun light up the summit of the mountain above Oran.

As he rode into the French camp, his fine white linen robes, beautiful weapons, and splendid back courser, richly caparisoned, caused him to be mistaken for an Arab chief. The officer discredited his story, and had him put under arrest. Except that the effusion of joy on return to civilisation was checked for the time, no harm resulted. He soon succeeded in proving his identity, and on 16th November 1839 he left Oran for Algiers.

His father's affairs had proceeded from bad to worse. He had now sold his land, and was heavily in debt. Roches remained in Algiers till January of the following year, and then, for the

first time in his life, paid a visit to Paris. His reputation had preceded him; he became the man of the hour. All flocked to see the famous Abd-el-Kader's private secretary; he was presented to the Duke of Orleans; he had an interview with Thiers; and no fashionable gathering was complete without him. Roches estimated the process of lionisation at its true worth. He derived a fuller joy from reunion with the aunt who had been a mother to him. Her life-history had been a stormy one since their parting. Her only daughter had died from cholera; a breakdown of her faith ensued; and she was face to face with the Everlasting No, when the Abbé Lacordaire won her over to trust in God.

For the first time since he had reached manhood, Roches tasted the joys of family life. He looked forward to the time when the pleasures of the hearth would be his own; and before his return to Algiers he became engaged.

He landed at Algiers on 4th April, holding the official appointment of a first-class interpreter. But his position in the army was changed. Evil tongues had wagged in the interval; and reports of his dealings with Abd-el-Kader seemed likely to exert a prejudicial influence on his career. Marshal Vallée described him to the Duke of Orleans as a renegade, and he was forced to leave the Duke's staff. Further signs of official coldness followed. His advice was not asked on matters where, from familiarity with the country, his knowledge was unique.

When Vallée was recalled, and General, after-

wards Marshal, Bugeaud appointed in his place in February 1841, the cloud tended to lighten. Bugeaud was favourably disposed towards Roches; but when Roches returned to Algiers in July, after the campaign, he saw that his good name was not restored and evil whispers prevailed. His pretended conversion, his acceptance of office under Abd-el-Kader, were known; his motives, and his flight to avoid fighting against his country, were ignored. At the same time came the news from his aunt that he must no longer count on the fulfilment of his project of marriage. Farewell to his hopes of domestic happiness.

Roches was too sensitive and dependent for happiness on the good opinion of the world to ignore these buffets. He began to wish for death. The few clouds on the horizon of his youth had increased and united till his whole sky was turned to uniform grey. He had traversed the fateful decade, from twenty to thirty, and missed the tide that leads to fortune. His father's ruin, the death of Khadidja, the miscarriage of his mission with Abd-el-Kader, the unjust suspicions of which he was the object, the collapse of his engagement—all these contributed to shake his confidence in his star. Inevitably followed the decline of animal spirits, and the doubt that anything but failure could ever afterwards attend him.

His longing for death led him to solicit a dangerous mission. He was convinced that the Arabs continued their resistance because they

believed eternal damnation awaited those who lived in peace beneath the infidel. Abd-el-Kader had strained certain verses of the Koran to this meaning. Roches believed that, provided the conquerors respected the religion of the conquered, no such direful results need be anticipated. His opinion was supported by Tedjini, Abd-el-Kader's enemy, with whom he exchanged views on the subject. Tedjini added that, to convince the superstitious Arabs, a *Fettoua* (religious decision) must be drawn up and signed by those learned bodies known as *Ulemas*.

General Bugeaud approved of the plan, and appointed Roches to carry it out. He supplied him with funds, and gave a municipal post to his father. Roches also relinquished his salary of interpreter to his father's creditors during his absence. He disclosed the object of his mission to none. When he left Algiers in 1837 to join Abd-el-Kader, he felt sad at leaving his father and his country, but he retained his illusions, and he had hopes of Khadidja. Now cruel reality had taken the place of such illusions, and he left with the idea of seeing his country and friends no more. He was stifled by the "positiveness" of life, and by sombre forebodings for the future.

Accompanied by Tedjini's delegate, known as a *Mokaddem*, Roches proceeded to Kairouan (ancient Cyrene). He carried letters of introduction from Tedjini to the Ulemas of the ancient and renowned University founded by Sidi Okba. The gold, liberally provided by Bugeaud, played

its part. If it did not buy the consciences of the Ulemas, it at least moderated their fanaticism. The Fettoua was written on a long roll of thick glazed paper, and it concluded thus:—

"When a Mussulman people whose country has been invaded by infidels, has fought them as long as there is hope of driving them out, and when it is certain that the continuance of war can only bring misery, ruin, and death for the Mussulmans, with no chance of conquering the infidels—this people, while cherishing the hope of shaking off the yoke with the help of God, may elect to live under their rule, on the express condition that they may retain the free practice of their religion, and that their wives and daughters will be respected."

Roches was informed that this document would have a tenfold greater influence if approved by the Ulemas of the great Universities of the East. It was the first premonition of his journey to Mecca.

From Kairouan he proceeded to Malta. There he met Prosper Merimée, and to this meeting he ultimately owed his salvation. Merimée gave him a letter of introduction to his cousin Fulgence Fresnel, French Consul at Jeddah, but then at Cairo. Fresnel was a great Orientalist of the school of Sylvestre de Sacy, the most consummate master of the Arabic language and literature of his own or perhaps any age. His books written in Arabic had been adopted in the

most celebrated Eastern Universities. He had devoted forty years, he said, to the study, and it would require another forty to attain perfect knowledge: that is, the power of assimilating at first sight the works of poets and writers of all times. Fresnel had been one of his most distinguished pupils; but for the present purpose it is more important to record that he was a close and beloved friend of the Sherif of Mecca.

Roches met Fresnel and many other celebrities at Cairo. Casual acquaintance, as usual with him, soon ripened into intimacy and affection, and he looked forward to prospective parting with a pang. He was presented to Mohammed Ali, and he contrasted the Pasha's leonine aspect—the symbol of a will founded on material force—with Abd-el-Kader's ascetic face and supramundane sources of power. They spoke of the war in Algeria. Mohammed Ali expressed wonder at the protracted resistance of the Arabs, and compared it with the speedy pacification of Egypt. Roches reminded him how largely the natural features of the two countries differed. Algeria was traversed by inaccessible mòuntains whose passes the Kabyles had guarded for centuries; while fierce and martial Bedouin eluded pursuit in the desert. Egypt was a flat country inhabited by a sedentary and agricultural population. His candid speech fluttered the attendant courtiers; but Mohammed Ali, save for an occasional knitting of his terrible brows, did not seem ill-pleased. Roches fancied he saw reflected in

his eyes the mood in which he ordered the massacre of the Mamelukes.

Roches' business at Cairo was to submit the Fettoua of Kairouan to the Ulemas of the university of El Ezhar. The council lasted from 6 P.M. till midnight. Two of its members went round and took down the opinions of all present. These were read aloud by the President, and many books were consulted. The fine old men, with their long white beards and impassive faces, lit by the flickering light of lamps hung from pointed arches, were an imposing sight. All round was the immensity of the Mosque; its arches, adorned by arabesques, rested on hundreds of pillars with gold capitals.

For the second time it was intimated to Roches that the supreme sanction of the Ulemas of Medina, Damascus, and Baghdad, assembled at Mecca for the Pilgrimage, would be required. The desire of death was no longer paramount with him. Although he had no wish to return to a country where he had suffered so much, the future appeared less black. His kind reception in Malta and Egypt, and contact with distinguished men, had exerted a soothing influence over his impressionable nature. His vanity was of the kind described by Leslie Stephen, which springs from a craving for sympathy and a confidence in the sincerity of one's fellows. To his reviving spirit, the voyage to Mecca seemed less a method of shaking off the burden of life than an interesting experience.

Another mission, only less important than the

Fettoua, was to be his: the improvement of the conditions of Algerian pilgrims, who were treated like cattle on board the Red Sea ships. He would be a witness to the barbarous methods of the Egyptian and Turkish authorities, and cause representations, supported by facts, to be made to Mohammed Ali, to the European Consuls in Egypt and Jeddah, and to the Sublime Porte through its French diplomatic agents.

The ways and means of the journey were then considered. A resourceful Arab of Roches' acquaintance, by name Shaykh Tounsi, informed him that his brother-in-law, Sid el-Haj Hassan ben Ibrahim, was again about to go to Mecca, with his wife and four slaves. Roches, in his character of European convert, welcomed the chance of travelling with a former pilgrim, who was also a *Mufti* (doctor of the law). An agreement was drawn up whereby he defrayed half the expenses of the journey.

Roches wished to visit Medina, and reach Mecca a few days before the Pilgrimage. Instead, therefore, of joining the Egyptian caravan, he communicated with the representatives in Cairo of the Ouled-ben-Ali: a north-coast tribe in the neighbourhood of Alexandria. A contract was made before a Kadi (judge), with a Mekowem for the hire of twelve camels as far as Yambu, at a cost of £80. On 6th November 1841, Roches, accompanied by the Mokaddem of Tedjini, Ibrahim, his wife, two Negro slaves, and two Negresses, the Mekowem—a man of Herculean proportions, armed to the teeth—and an escort of four Nubians,

set out to join the Ouled-ben-Ali caravan. It was composed of 400 pilgrims and 1000 camels. Roches was received with great courtesy by the chief.

The outer incidents of the journey were few. Roches, preoccupied with his mission, refrained from observations. He apologises for the detail with which he has described the Fettoua, on the ground that it may possess historic value. Should a champion of Islam arise in the future and threaten European supremacy, it might be possible to learn from the past the best means of moral and material resistance. An occasional skirmish with Bedouin interrupted his meditations; or a more than usually startling feature of plain or mountain. Among the last was the western chain of Akaba: the aspect of the rocks suggested the image of chaos.

At Yambu Roches conversed with some merchant friends of Ibrahim, who gave him information on the treatment of Algerian pilgrims. He was himself shocked at the appearance of those who arrived by sea. Two hundred were packed into a ship that could scarcely have contained fifty. They were fed upon dry biscuit and sufficient water to prevent death from thirst. Those who died of hunger or suffocation were despoiled and thrown overboard.

The agreement with the first Mekowem now terminated. Another was hired for £44 to provide camels to Medina and Mecca. When Medina came in sight, and the indented towers that flank the walls appeared through the trees,

Roches sedulously repeated the same prayers as Ibrahim, and imitated his pious actions. They entered the Mosque at night, and walked along the colonnade to the Prophet's Tomb. Lamps, hung from the arches, shed a mysterious light on the painted columns, the gilt inscriptions, and the carpet. He is the only pilgrim to admire these external adornments; yet he remarked the absence of fervour in the worshippers. To this he ascribed the decline of the city, and the ruinous condition of many of the houses.

Three days later he started for Mecca. On the ninth day (22nd December) enough progress had been made to allow of the Ihram being assumed. On entering Mecca, he proceeded to the Mosque and performed the Tawaf. Among the familiar rites he remarked pilgrims pressing their chests against the Kaabah, between the door and the Black Stone, and with upraised hands asking pardon for faults. The Tawaf was followed by draughts of Zem Zem water, the Sai, and, later, by the Omrah.

Roches remained a fortnight in the city. He lodged in a house built into the eastern wall of the Mosque, and the windows of which overlooked the court. His room was on the second storey, and he paid eight francs a day for rent. The spectacle of pilgrims walking round the Kaabah in the evening by lamplight, reciting prayers in loud voices, would have predisposed him to pious ideas, were it not for the cries and laughter of hundreds of men, women, and children, packed beneath the colonnades, playing games, and committing abominable

acts. Many women cooked in the colonnades; bread, dates, and coffee were sold; and barbers plied their trade. "Comparing the richness and splendour of venerated Christian sanctuaries," he writes, "with these places considered the most holy in the Mussulman world, one gets an idea of the confusion that reigns in all branches of Mussulman administration. No doubt their faith is as strong as that of Christians; but it is faith without works." It will be remembered that Burckhardt used almost identical language concerning the Mosque at Medina.

After waiting three hours, Roches gained access to the Kaabah. "You must pay as you mount the steps guarded by the eunuchs, pay as you enter, pay as you leave, when the Agha gives you the key of the door to kiss, pay as you descend the steps—always pay. It is pitiful to see how the wretched pilgrims are treated who cannot satisfy the innumerable functionaries of the Mosque." The vessels in which Zem Zem water was dispensed were a further device for extorting money. Of pointed shape, they could not stand upright; and a Zemzemi was required to hold that from which a pilgrim drank. The eunuch guide selected by Roches was so well satisfied with his fee that he volunteered his escort to places the reverse of holy. Roches, mindful that he must maintain the character of a dignified and serious personage, declined.

He had forwarded to the Sherif of Mecca, at Tayf, Fresnel's letter of introduction; but no answer had yet reached him. On 1st January

1842 he thought how the "jour de l'an" would be celebrated throughout France and French colonies; how his father and adopted mother would shed tears for their lost son; while he, without a single human being to whom he could open his heart, pursued among fanatic peoples a venturesome mission whose fatal ending he foresaw. "Such moral sufferings," he reflected, "should expiate many faults."

At last an answer came from the Sherif. On 8th January, Roches set out for Tayf with the Mokaddem. By contrast with the sterility of Mecca, he was much impressed by the greenness of the oasis of Ras-el-Kora in its setting among granite mountain peaks. As a friend of Fresnel he was certain of a warm reception from the Sherif; and he acted on Fresnel's advice to flatter the Sherif's desire to play a prominent political part, and attract the gaze of European diplomacy. With regard to the treatment of Algerian pilgrims, the Sherif promised readily to use his influence with the Egyptian and Turkish authorities, and with the captains of the Red Sea ships.

He then proceeded to lament the decadence of the Pilgrimage. In old days hundreds of thousands flocked to the holy cities. Six caravans arrived from all the cardinal points. Sovereign princes were among the pilgrims, followed by whole populations. The last of the Abbassides encamped at Arafat with 130,000 camels. The Pilgrimage was considered an act commanded by God Himself. The pilgrims thought only of prayer and reading the Koran. Now there were at

most 40,000 or 50,000 pilgrims and three caravans, from Syria, Egypt, and Yemen. Pilgrims devoted themselves to commerce; piety was replaced by speculation. And what conduct during the holy period! May God preserve your eyes from the spectacle of their shameful actions.

The Sherifs, he admitted sadly, had contributed to the decline of faith. Their luxury and avarice excited the hostility of the Wahhabis; and to resist them it was found necessary to call upon the Turks. Instead of allies the Turks had become tyrants. Submission to Christian protectorates had sapped the bases of the Ottoman Empire. Renegades were admitted to high places. It was the inevitable decadence of a people that loses faith.

The faith of the Sherif himself was not strong. Roches made the usual comparison with Abd-el-Kader. One was an Epicurean Mussulman; the other an ascetic warrior.

The Ulemas of Mecca, Medina, Damascus, and Baghdad were now assembled at Tayf, and the question of the Fettoua arose. One member of the council opposed with fury, but he was overruled. Seals and signatures were affixed to the document, and it was handed over to the Mokaddem.

When Roches returned to Mecca he found it invaded by thousands of pilgrims. They were clad alike in the white Ihram; but he was struck by the diversity of languages, types, and physiognomies. Reunion with Ibraham gave him the keenest pleasure; for, as usual with Roches,

close ties of sympathy had been knitted during the journey. The meeting cheered his drooping spirits: when bidding farewell to the Sherif, terrible presentiments had assailed him.

The Syrian and Egyptian caravans, followed by the remaining pilgrims in procession, chanting aloud verses of the Koran, now began to move towards Arafat, narrowing or expanding according to the width of the valleys. A huge market occupied the centre of the plain. Thousands of tents were pitched, and the fires blazing before them made the many belated pilgrims appear like phantoms as they went to and fro searching for their encampments. The shouts of these, religious invocations, songs of joy to the measure of hand-clappings and drums, harsh cries of coffee-stall keepers, the roaring of 20,000 camels, neighing of horses, and braying of donkeys, made up an infernal concert. Three hours' search fell to the lot of Roches and the Mokaddem before they found Ibrahim. A further trial was the excessively cold night.

Early next morning Roches arose and remarked the tents in line like a street, where swarmed a compact crowd, while thousands of camels cropped the stunted bushes on the surrounding hills. Untoward incidents ushered in this memorable day (22nd January). He suddenly came face to face with two Algerians whom, in his capacity of interpreter, he had been the means of condemning to a year's imprisonment. He felt as if he had trodden upon a venomous snake. Further, it will be remem-

bered that he had made no formal abjuration of Christianity and acceptance of Islam. It was now required that the pilgrims should perform the greater ablution before the hour of prayer. Having no tent, he was obliged to comply with this custom in the public view; and, despite every precaution, he fancied that he had been detected. What followed would seem to justify his fear.

The day wore on, and the hour for the sermon arrived. Behind the preacher, the Sherif was stationed on a camel. Negroes surrounded him, carrying green standards fringed with gold and silver that the wind caused to float over his head and the preachers's. The greater number of the pilgrims were in ecstasy, while many sobbed and prostrated themselves. But a strong irreligious element was not lacking. Gambling, smoking, and quarrelling proceeded unchecked in the coffee-stalls; and their keepers circulated among the pilgrims with coffee and cakes for sale.

The sermon was concluding, darkness was gathering, when Roches' meditations came to an abrupt end. Suddenly the shout was raised, "Ho, the Christian! Seize the Christian! Impious one, son of the Impious!" There was no doubt against whom this demonstration was directed. Then, amid the terrible clamour which ensued, six powerful negroes forced their way through the crowd and seized the Infidel. Lifted like a babe in their brawny arms, gagged and bound upon a camel, he was hurried from the

scene. He thought himself lost: he was saved. His captors were emissaries of the Sherif appointed to safeguard his steps, and who by a mock arrest had snatched him from the fury of fanatics.

After an hour's journey on racing camels, during which Roches was nearly stifled by the gag, the constraint of his position, and a cloth that enveloped his face and made breathing difficult, a halt was called. He had prayed for death, yet we can imagine with what a revulsion of feeling he learnt that he was among friends. He was lifted from the camel, freed from his bonds, and taken into a hut. While he ate the food that was offered him, he was told the story that led to his arrest. The two Algerians had informed the Kadi of his presence in Mecca: the Kadi had carried the story to the Sherif. The Sherif was politic enough to profess great indignation, but told off a company of slaves to bring Roches back to Mecca. Owing to the vastness of the assembly at Arafat, they searched for hours in vain; but towards evening, hearing a shout of "Christian," and marking the vociferations of the crowd, they interposed in the nick of time to save his life.

In spite of the Sherif's protecting arm, it was imperative that he should at once leave the country. The racing camels were therefore taxed to their utmost, and in the incredibly short space of seven hours after leaving Arafat, they reached Jeddah. The same evening Roches embarked for Kosseir.

His adventures in connection with Mecca are properly at an end; but their after effects are too full of human interest to be summarily dismissed. He reached Kosseir on 27th January, and set out for Kenneh with a Moroccan merchant. One morning he woke to find his pockets empty and his companion gone. But a party of Arabs whom he fell in with treated him kindly and conducted him the remainder of the way. At Kenneh he sold part of his wardrobe, and made a little money by writing letters for the peasants, and telling fortunes. It sufficed to pay his passage up the Nile to Alexandria.

The excitement of his adventure over, once more he fell a victim to doubt and depression. Again, life stretched before him in monotonous flats. As with the old man of the "Pardoner's Tale," who knocked upon the earth with his staff and asked to be let in, "Death would not have his life." The thought of return to Algeria revolted him; but whither might he go? His existence had been a series of adventures; no connected whole. He began to meditate retiring into a monastery; but this required faith, not vague deism such as his. Then came the thought of his aunt: at least he could return to her.

Not wishing public attention to be drawn to his late adventure, he passed through Cairo without calling upon Fresnel. He wrote to Fresnel from Alexandria, and also to Bugeaud, resigning his post. His strangest adventure in Alexandria was an unlooked-for meeting with Isidore. The

faithful servant had persisted in believing that his master would return unexpectedly, and had refused to proceed to Algeria alone.

Roches and Isidore embarked on board an Italian ship bound for Civita Vecchia. Thence, accompanied by a young Franciscan and a law student, they started on foot for Rome. After Palo, a weary march took place along a monotonous road. Suddenly in the distance they caught sight of a cross shining at the summit of an immense cupola, gilded by the oblique rays of the sun. It was St. Peter's. From that time the energy of the party waxed and waned according as the cross appeared or was hidden by the windings of the road.

It was Easter (March 1842). Like Mecca, Rome was full of pilgrims, but of how different a kind! Different also were the effects produced on Roches by the interior of St. Peter's and the Kaabah :—

"I remained lost in profound meditation, when suddenly I felt myself seized by a hallucination. At a single glance I took in the splendid epic of Christianity. I contemplated Jesus nailed to the cross, dying to redeem man. I followed the Apostles propagating the holy doctrine. I saw the Martyrs confess their faith among tortures. At the same time the spectre of my past life rose before me. I saw the blackness of my ingratitude towards the Saviour. I was horrified at myself. Sobs stifled me. I thought I should die. At last I was able to weep, and the torrent

of tears that I shed, prostrate on the tomb of the holy Apostles, relieved me."

The birth of faith seemed likely to change the course of his life. He thought of entering the order of the Jesuits, and had interviews with Cardinal Mezzofanti and Pope Gregory XVI. But his destiny remained obdurately Algerian. Bugeaud refused to accept his resignation, and brought pressure upon him through the French ambassador at Rome. He ran the risk of being thought a deserter. To official entreaties were added those of his father. Finally, the Pope decided in favour of his return.

On 3rd June 1842 he once more set foot in Algiers. Bugeaud received him with every mark of kindness. He had the surprise of finding intact the clothes, weapons, books, and notes that he had left behind in Mecca. Ibrahim had brought them back to Cairo; and his brother-in-law, Shaykh Tounsi, had forwarded them to Algiers. Ibrahim, having seen Roches swept off in the whirlwind, had sincerely mourned what he believed to be his tragic fate; but he discreetly kept their connection a secret. Delight equally sincere was his on learning that Roches still lived.

The publication of the Fettoua had led many of the tribes to discontinue their resistance; but Abd-el-Kader still held out. At last, driven from Algeria, he took refuge in Morocco, and forced it into war with France. But the defeat of Isly (1844) caused the Emperor to sue for peace. It

was granted on condition that he renounced Abd-el-Kader. After taking refuge in the mountains and continuing a guerilla warfare, he was at length captured and taken to France (1848). He was there imprisoned at Pau and Amboise. Released in 1852, but forbidden to return to Algeria, he spent the remainder of his life at Broussa, Constantinople, and Damascus. His correspondence with Roches lasted till 1883.

After the Algerian and Moroccan campaigns, Roches held official positions in Tripoli and Tunis, became ambassador in Japan, and finally returned to France and lived a retired life. He survived the heart-shaking experience of Arafat for more than fifty years. In 1895 he heard from the lips of Gervais-Courtellemont the story of the latter's journey to Mecca.

XIV

GEORGE AUGUSTUS WALLIN, 1845

(WALI AL-DIN)

An unfortunate conjunction of circumstances prevented a traveller, passionately in love with the East, and an adept at disguise, from transcribing his impressions of the holy cities with the same minuteness as he employed in the rest of his Arabian travels.

Wallin was born in 1811 in the island of Aland at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia. His parents soon after migrated to Abo in Finland, where he received his schooling. As a boy he was distinguished for independence and simplicity, for disregard of convention, for a calm exterior that covered a warm heart, and for love of adventure. He was a good swimmer and bold sailor. He entered with zest into the life of his companions, was the leader in many a student frolic; and for one of these he suffered the penalty of rustication.

He did not neglect his studies. By the year 1836 he had mastered nine languages. The classical and Oriental tongues, especially Persian and Arabic, attracted him above all; but he acquired a knowledge of German, Swedish, French, and

English literature. He also developed his inborn love of nature.

On the death of his father in 1837, he went to St. Petersburg. For two years he studied at the university and the Oriental Institute, acquiring unparalleled proficiency in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. Then the design of an Arabian journey formed itself in his mind, and he gained the university grant to young students who wished to travel. Like Burton, his intention was to appear in the East as a doctor of medicine. He therefore returned to Finland and accomplished a course of medical reading. Like Burton also, the "land of his predilection" was Arabia.

He started on his travels in July 1843, but did not reach Cairo till January 1844, owing to a delay in Paris caused by sickness following an assault and robbery of which he was the victim. In Cairo he disguised himself as a Mohammedan, and in April 1845 set out on a desert journey across Northern Arabia. He was accompanied at first by two Bedouin, but, later, by a single guide. He followed the Egyptian pilgrim way, and at length arrived at Hail. There his intention of crossing the Nejd desert to the Persian Gulf was defeated by his lack of funds; and, as we shall also find in the case of Burton, by the quarrels of the tribes. He therefore curtailed his journey, and accompanied the Persian and Mesopotamian pilgrim caravan to Medina and Mecca.

Hitherto he had taken copious and exact notes of all that he saw. He was compelled to sus-

pend this practice during the Pilgrimage. Often as it has been described, a man of Wallin's erudition would without doubt have added some detail of value. His hazardous position with the pilgrims, he tells us, the hastened and fatiguing march, the incommunicative disposition which for the first time he witnessed among Arabs, and which might be attributed to the cares and sorrows of individual pilgrims, and to the hated presence of the Persians, who are extremely "awkward and tiresome" on desert journeys, prevented him from asking questions or taking notes. The journey from Hail to Medina was accomplished in 85 hours: this was a particularly fast camels' march. From Mecca Wallin proceeded to Jeddah. He was evidently a sufficiently orthodox Mussulman to detest the Persians.

He returned to Cairo and lived in the Mohammedan quarter. The following year he made a journey across the Sinaitic peninsula to Damascus and Beirut. Again in 1847 he set out with the intention of crossing the Nejd desert; and once more the cherished project was defeated. The discovery had been made that he was a disguised Christian; and this would have endangered his life. He travelled in Persia, and at length reached Bassora on the Persian Gulf. There, having presented a bill of exchange that was not met, he was only saved from death by starvation by an English sea captain, who conveyed him to Baghdad.

Wallin returned to Europe and visited London, where he suffered from melancholia: partly, no doubt, from broken health, partly from the unfamiliarity with European customs, which long disuse had engendered; also, from his unappeasable hunger for the East. Straitened means added to his anxieties. However, he worked industriously at writing in English the accounts of his travels. These took the form of papers, which he read before the Royal Geographical Society. They won him immediate recognition as a bold and successful traveller. Through Sir Henry Rawlinson, the eyes of the scientific world became directed upon him. He was honoured by learned societies in France and Germany, and on his return to Finland in 1850, he was elected to a professorship at the university of Helsingfors.

For a time Wallin satisfactorily fulfilled his new duties, but they did not suffice him. The ordered round of academic life was a poor exchange for the vast horizons of the desert. Northerner though he was, he longed to quit the damp and fog of his native land for the splendour of the sunny climates of the East, and the simple ways of their inhabitants. From this wish springs the pathos that surrounds his death. In 1841 he negotiated successfully with the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg to conduct an expedition to Arabia and thoroughly explore that country. He had already obtained permission to draw his salary as professor during six years;

but the project was defeated by a blunder in the document. Not for six years, only once for all, had the grant been made. The bitter disappointment preyed upon Wallin's mind, and developed the heart complaint from which he died in 1852.

XV

SIR RICHARD BURTON, 1853

(SHAYKH HAJ ABDALLAH)

THE greatest name associated with the Mecca Pilgrimage is that of Sir Richard Burton. The story of his venture has been told by himself in three volumes of no mean dimensions, and in the numerous biographies of which he has been made the subject. But such a story is well worth retelling; and when set side by side with that of men of different ages, races, and circumstances, may even gain something of freshness.

On the reissue of his book in 1893, the *Athenæum* hailed the undiminished charm of the brilliant narrative. A recent writer in the same journal alludes parenthetically to Burton's "much vaunted 'Pilgrimage'" as one of the dullest and worst written books of its kind. Warm personal friends of Burton have hesitated to praise his books. A critic of authority assigns the first place among them to the "Pilgrimage," with the reservation that it is not easy reading. The gulf between these opposing verdicts is not too wide to be bridged. The general reader would rise from a perusal of Burton's pages with a feeling of disappointment. The style has not

the quality which is called "winning." But once let the reader's interest be kindled elsewhere, he will return to Burton with ever-increasing profit. As with Carlyle's "French Revolution," previous knowledge is indispensable for appreciation.

Burton's age was thirty-two when he started on the first and in some ways the most interesting of his journeys. He had meditated more extensive travels in Arabia. Having first visited Mecca and secured the title of Haj, it was his intention to cross that appalling southern desert of Arabia, which not even a Bedouin is known to have crossed. Refusal by the East India Company of the required three years' leave of absence was the first hindrance to this project; and it was finally abandoned when news reached him at Mecca that tribal disturbances made the route impracticable. Yet I cannot quite agree with Mr. Hogarth that, but for this project, a man of Burton's scientific pretension would not have thought it worth while to visit the holy cities where Badia and Burckhardt had left him little to describe. Burton had an interest other than scientific in the manners and religion of Islam. He was too good a Mohammedan at heart not to comply with the Prophet's injunction to pay one visit to the centre of his faith.

The facts of Burton's life, previous to 1853, are too well known to need any but the briefest recapitulation. He was born in 1821, and educated in a manner irregular and cosmopolitan. He was destined for the Church; but it was as repugnant to him as it had been to the fellow-pilgrim he

condemns. Unlike Finati, his choice of a military career was undetermined by compulsion. To achieve this end, he contrived to be sent down from Oxford. It was the time of the Afghan war, and a cadetship was procured for him in the 18th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry. Much to his regret, he never saw active service. His first station was Baroda, where his acquaintance with Eastern life began. His regiment subsequently removed to Sind, the centre of Indian Mohammedanism. It was for him an epoch-making change, and proved the most formative educational influence of his life. He acquired a minute knowledge of Mohammedan manners, and first conceived the project of the Pilgrimage. After seven years his stay in India was brought to a close by a breakdown in health following conflicts with authorities and disappointment of serving in the Sikh war. He returned to England in 1849. He had already published several books and articles in journals of learned societies, and mastered a number of languages. Now, at Boulogne, he practised fencing with assiduity, and qualified himself as a *maître d'armes*. But civilisation soon palled upon him, and his brain busied itself with the revived thought of the Pilgrimage. The necessary year's leave of absence was granted, "that he might pursue his Arabic studies in lands where the language is best learned." Burton was a warm-hearted and affectionate man; he had a hatred of the word "good-bye." Only after his departure from Southampton was his family made aware of his

intentions. In a letter to his mother he gave an outline of his scheme, and directed, in case of his death, that whatever valuables he possessed should be divided between her and his sister.

Before setting out, he had felt the need of a "silent friend." He therefore addressed a paper of questions to Wallin; but Wallin was then no more. The silent friendship that was denied him he has bestowed liberally upon others. Every detail likely to help the pilgrim of the future, he records. He tells us that when he left Cairo he took with him £80. Of this, £50 was in Maria Theresa dollars, the most favoured coin in Arabia; and the remainder in English and Turkish sovereigns. The dollars and gold he secreted in a leather belt, keeping small coins for current expenses in a cotton purse in his pocket. His outfit was as follows:—A tooth-stick, piece of soap, and wooden comb, were his toilet articles. His wardrobe consisted of a change or two of clothing. Other requisites were a goat-skin water-bag, a Persian rug, pillow, blanket, and sheet; a "huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold"; a housewife, a dagger, a brass inkstand and pen-holder stuck in the belt, and a large rosary. The wardrobe was packed in saddle-bags, the bed in a bundle, and a green box served as a medicine chest.

He also tells us with full detail how he took notes of his journey. Many pilgrims carry with them a pocket Koran in a red morocco case, slung by silk cords over the left shoulder. To all

appearance Burton did likewise; but the case, instead of containing the sacred volume, was divided into compartments. In one of these were penknife, pencils, and slips of paper so small that they could be concealed in the hollow of the hand. From them he made a fair copy into his diary book—a long thin volume fitting into a breast-pocket. His sketches were made in pencil, and important lines afterwards fixed in ink. When finished, he cut the paper into squares, numbered them, and hid them in the tin canisters that contained his medicines. The interior of the Kaabah he actually sketched upon his white Ihram.

Before leaving England he set himself to imagine and note down every contingency that might arise. He also learned, among other things, to make horse-shoes and shoe his horse. He left London on 3rd April, disguised as a Persian, and was received at Alexandria by John Thurburn, who had been Burckhardt's host. To avoid suspicion he was lodged in an outhouse; and during the month he spent at Alexandria, he was instructed by a Shaykh in prayers, prostrations, reading of the Koran, &c. He soon abandoned the character of a Persian. He was informed that the Persians were looked upon as heretics, and in Arabia he would be beaten and charged treble. He next assumed that of a Dervish. It is a safe disguise, and affected by many of all ranks and ages. This in turn he abandoned; a Dervish who collects statistics might occasion suspicion. His final

disguise was that of an Afghan. To account for any small inaccuracies, he described himself as born in India, where he had resided all his life, of Afghan parents. Besides, "a man from Kabul is allowed to say and do strange things."

The next task was to secure a passport. It was not a light one; and many tedious hours were spent by the would-be pilgrim waiting at the doors of inexorable officials. At last, thinking the matter was in order, he left for Cairo. There he lodged in a caravanserai—a combination of hotel, lodging-house, and store—where he paid fourpence a day for two rooms. It was the month of Ramadan. He made a certain stir in the world as a doctor, and consorted with all sorts and conditions of men: among them, the grave and much-travelled Haji Wali, who had discarded the prejudices of his tribe. He wandered about the streets of Old Cairo by night, described the various mosques, and visited Burckhardt's grave. He made the acquaintance of a jaunty Meccan youth of eighteen, named Mohammed, from whom he bought the Ihram and the shroud, without which the Moslem never undertakes a journey of the kind. The boy Mohammed was on his way home and offered to accompany Burton; but he had visited India, had seen Englishmen, and generally showed signs of "over-wisdom," so that his overtures were discouraged. Burton also bought provisions and packed them in a *Kafas* (hamper of palm sticks), and *Sahharah* (wooden box three feet square). Meanwhile, more passport difficulties

arose. The hardly earned Alexandrian passport required a double *visá*, at the Police Office and the Consulate. This he had neglected, and after knocking at several doors in vain, the matter was set right by the Principal of the Afghan College, in return for a small fee. And so the "month of blessings" went by.

An amusing incident hastened Burton's departure from Cairo. There was staying in the caravanserai a captain of Albanian Irregulars. The recklessness of these men is said to awe even the Bedouin of the Hejaz. When two of their number quarrel, each draws a pistol and places it against his opponent's breast: should one fire before the other, he would be shot by the bystanders. This person saw in Burton only a harmless doctor, and marked him out as one to be bullied. "He cocked his cap on one side in token of excited pugnacity. I," writes Burton, "twirled my mustachios to display a kindred emotion." The Albanian next essayed a wrestling match, but exposed himself to a "cross-buttock," and only the timely intervention of a mattress saved him from a broken head. Having, therefore, failed to intimidate Burton, as any denizen of this planet was likely to fail, he judged him worthy the honour of his acquaintance. A drinking bout was arranged; and the Albanian, whom Burton had never seen sober, now surpassed himself. He became in turn maudlin and ferocious; he tried to corrupt the blameless Haji Wali into drinking wine; and, since dancing girls were forbidden in the caravan-

serai, he sallied out, vowing to make the Pasha himself come and dance for his entertainment. "I followed him into the outer gallery," continues Burton, "pulling him and begging him, as a despairing wife might urge a drunken husband, to return home." Finally the Albanian was overpowered and carried to his room; but next morning Burton woke to find that his character as a serious person was gone. Nothing was talked of for a week but the hypocrisy of the staid Indian doctor!

He could not deny feeling a certain tightening of the heart as he started on his lonely desert ride to Suez. Shaykh Nur, his Indian servant, had preceded him with the baggage. Midway between Cairo and Suez he was joined by the boy Mohammed: this time he would take no denial, and indeed he scarcely left Burton's side during all his subsequent adventures. At Suez the pair joined a larger party of friends. Foremost among them was Shaykh Hamid, Burton's future host at Medina. A perfect specimen of the town Arab was Shaykh Hamid; his only garment an exceedingly unclean ochre-coloured blouse tucked into a leathern girdle. He did not pray from unwillingness to take clean clothes out of his box, and he only smoked other people's tobacco.

The discovery of a sextant among Burton's effects caused a flutter of excitement in this strange company. At a solemn conclave, the boy Mohammed declared him an infidel. But this position was pronounced untenable, and he was

received back to favour, only, much to his regret, forced to leave the obnoxious instrument behind.

One last trial remained before embarkation: his passport was declared irregular. This time it was the British Consul who came to the rescue, and gave him, at his own risk, a totally new passport to Arabia, certifying that he was a British subject.

On 6th July he embarked in a sambuk called the *Golden Wire.* It was an open boat of fifty tons, with no means of reefing, no compass, no log, no sounding-line, no chart. Ninety-seven pilgrims were crowded on board where there was barely room for sixty. On the poop, where Burton had secured accommodation, there were eighteen persons in a space ten feet by eight. The owner, who was sent for, offered to return the money of those who cared to quit the ship. None responded, and he rowed away with a parting injunction to trust in Allah, who would make all things easy.

Many Moors were among the pilgrims, with no resources of their own, but dependent entirely on alms for the accomplishment of the journey. These men organised a storming party against the poop. But its occupants secured ashen staves six feet long and thick as a man's wrist, which they used with effect against the palm sticks and daggers of their assailants. Burton, ever to the front when blows were flying, upset an earthen jar of water weighing 100 lbs. on the combatants, and put an end to the fray.

The journey was indescribably tedious. From

Suez to Yambu is 600 miles in a direct line: the circuitous course of the *Golden Wire* made the distance exactly double. Twelve days were occupied with the journey, the vessel, according to Arab customs, not sailing at night. The heat was appalling. The wind blew from the mountainous coast of Arabia like the blast of a lime-kiln. "The morning beams oppress you with a feeling of sickness; their steady glow, reflected by the glaring waters, blinds your eyes, blisters your skin, and parches your mouth: you now become a monomaniac; you do nothing but count the slow hours that must 'minute by' before you can be relieved. Men are not so much sleeping as half senseless; they feel as if a few more degrees of heat would be death."

There was a poor sick Turkish baby on the ship, and Burton remarked the consideration shown to the mother. The men took turns to nurse it; and if any of them drew forth a little delicacy, such as a few dates or a pomegranate, a share of it was given to the woman's other children.

The evenings passed in comparative enjoyment. The ship lay to in a cove. The crew went ashore, visited the neighbouring landmarks, cooked their meals, smoked, and told stories round the fire. Sometimes they slept on the sands. Burton enjoyed this life as if he had been one of them.

One evening was spent in the neighbourhood of the Ichthyophagi: a tribe of half-naked Arabs, with no weapon but their villainous countenances, who lived in limestone caves, and subsisted entirely

on fish. On another occasion the whole party was in a bad humour owing to shortage of fresh water. One member "solaced himself by crawling slowly on all fours over the boy Mohammed, taking scrupulous care to place one knee upon the sleeper's face. The youth awoke in a fiery rage: we all roared with laughter; and the sulky Negro, after savouring the success of his spite, grimly rolled himself, like a hedgehog, into a ball; and, resolving to be offensive even in his forgetfulness, snored violently all night."

At last the flimsy craft drew near Yambu. "A long line of painfully white buildings," on the edge of a sunburnt plain, rose out of a sea like indigo. Behind were the tawny flats of the desert. Burton felt new life as he bade farewell to the *Golden Wire.* He might have escaped the hardship by hiring a private vessel; but the cost would have been £40 to £50, and the rest of his pilgrimage must necessarily have been conducted on a similar scale. Also, he had wished to witness the scenes on a pilgrim ship.

While wading in the sea he had been bitten in the foot by a poisonous echinus. This made it impossible for him to travel otherwise than in a litter (*shugduf*). Treating for camels at once began; two were hired by Burton: one for Shaykh Nur and the baggage, the other for the boy Mohammed and himself. Various alarming rumours were in circulation: the tribes were "out" between Yambu and Medina, and travellers had to fight every day. But fighting had no terrors for Burton, and he was as little dis-

concerted by the suspicious glances of a set of men who shared a room with his own party during the short time spent at Yambu. He merely displayed the perfect nonchalance of a True Believer.

The one night at Yambu was passed in the airy upper room of a caravanserai overlooking the sea. Even such a short acquaintance with the population revealed its bigoted and quarrelsome character. Persons stalked about armed to the teeth. Among them were grim Bedouin, "wild as their native wastes, and in all the dignity of pride and dirt."

About noon next day (18th July), the camels were ready at the gate. The task of loading them proceeded amidst vociferations from the owners of the animals about the unconscionable weight, and protests from the owners of the goods that a child could carry such weight. About 7 P.M. the caravan of twelve camels emerged from the shadowy streets and launched into the desert. They proceeded in Indian file, head tied to tail, by the light of a full moon. Riding in a litter made easy Burton's task of noting down all he saw.

This caravan attached itself to a grain caravan of two hundred beasts, and so continued on its route. "All was sun-parched; the furious heat was drying up the sap and juice of the land." Marches took place only by night; the day passed in sleep or semi-lethargy. Vast sand plains gave place to a country "fantastic in its desolation." Tumbled blocks of granite encumbered

the road. The ground was seamed with clefts like scars, widening into caves or choked with drift sand. The sky above was like polished blue steel. No bird or beast was in sight. Even the camel grass could not find earth enough for its root.

At El Hamra, the half-way stage, they joined the Mecca caravan, which was protected by an escort of cavalry. At early dawn on 24th July they reached an ill-famed gorge known as the "Pilgrimage Pass." Silence fell upon the company; and next moment thin blue curls of smoke rose among the rocks, and the sharp cracks of matchlocks was heard. A number of Bedouin appeared "swarming like hornets over the crests of the hills, carrying huge weapons, and climbing like cats." All that could be done in reply was to blaze away as so to make a screen of smoke. The loss to the caravan was twelve men besides camels.

Medina being situated upon a plateau, the road from Yambu had never ceased to ascend. On 25th July, having passed through a lane of dark lava, they were rewarded by the sight of the holy city. A tortuous road wound across the plain to its white walls. In the eastern quarter appeared the four tall towers and the flashing green dome under which the Apostle's remains are said to rest.

Burton was hospitably entertained at Medina by Shaykh Hamid. The stranger's first duty is to perform the greater ablution and visit the Mosque. He was unfavourably impressed by its

tawdry appearance. "It is not like the Meccan Temple, grand and simple, the expression of a single sublime idea: the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, and old curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour." With Hamid he visited every corner of the Mosque, repeating prayers at stated places. He traversed the famous Garden, and noted that the branched candelabra of cut crystal which disfigured it were the work of a London house. He saw all that could be seen of Mohammed's Tomb, viz. the curtain said to cover a square building of black stones. He compared it to a large four-post bed, and the railing of the Tomb, made of a filigree work of green and polished brass, to a gigantic bird-cage. Devout prayers were recited at the Tombs of the Prophet, the two Caliphs Abu Bakr and Omar, and the Lady Fatima. Of these, the following, addressed to the first Caliph, is a specimen:—

"Peace be upon Thee, O Abu Bakr, O Thou Truthful one! Peace be upon Thee, O Caliph of Allah's Apostle over his People! Peace be upon Thee, O Companion of the Cave, and Friend in Travel! Peace be upon Thee, O Thou Banner of the Fugitives and the Auxiliaries! I testify Thou didst ever stand firm in the Right Way, and wast a Smiter of the Infidel, and a Benefactor to Thine own people. Allah grant Thee through His Apostle Weal! We pray Almighty God to cause us to die in thy Friendship, and to raise



THE MAIN STREET OF MEDINA LEADING TO THE MOSQUE.

From a photograph by Gervais-Courtellemont in "L'Illustration," October 3, 1908

us up in Company with His Apostle and Thyself, even as He hath mercifully vouchsafed to us this Visitation."

On leaving the sacred chamber, Burton and his party recited another prayer, taking care that their backs should not be in a line with the Apostle's face. They also retired from the Mosque with the right foot first, having entered it with the left. There was the usual swarm of importunate beggars; but the boy Mohammed distinguished himself in their suppression. He displayed a "fiery economy," so that Burton might have more to spend at Mecca when under his roof.

The establishment of the Mosque had changed considerably since Burckhardt's day. The eunuchs now numbered 120, and were divided into three orders: the porters, sweepers, and those who did beadle-duty, involving much use of the cane. There were free servants who dusted, trimmed lamps, and "diligently did nothing"; and water-carriers completed the list of menials. There was also the literary establishment, consisting of a Kadi (judge), Muftis (doctors of law), Imans, &c. And the office of Mezouar (guide) was cheerfully undertaken by almost every unoccupied citizen.

When Burckhardt visited Medina, it was still suffering from the effects of the Wahhabi invasion. The population had dwindled, and many houses were in ruins. To Burton it seemed a comfortable and flourishing city. He describes the streets

as deep, dark, and narrow; the houses well built, of basaltic scoria, burnt brick, and palm-wood. Latticed balconies were a common feature. A wide road separated the southern suburb from the town; a large open space the western. Both suburbs were partially enclosed by a low, mud wall. Built in straggling fashion, they covered more ground than the city, and mostly consisted of courtyards and single-storied tenements, with gardens and plantations laid out between.

The population was about 16,000. Four families claimed descent from the Prophet's Auxiliaries; "offshoots from every nation in Islam" composed the remainder. Burton's friends pressed him strongly to settle in Medina and practise as a doctor. Yet this mongrel population had acquired an Arab physiognomy. Their manners were grave and pompous; their observance of outward decorum Pharisaic; they despised manual labour. There were few store-keepers: and black slaves performed the duties of domestic servants. The higher classes administered their estates or were attached to the Mosque; the middle classes traded in corn, grain, and provisions. Articles of luxury, including the splendid dress affected by the Medinites, were brought yearly by the Syrian caravan. Yet Burton discovered in the inhabitants of this city a manliness possessed by no other Eastern people; and of primitive Arab virtues there remained pride, pugnacity, honour, vindictiveness.

Burton remained five weeks at Medina. He scarcely let a day pass without visiting the

Mosque. The afternoon he contrived to spend alone on the plea of a siesta. Lying on a rug in a dark passage he transferred to his note-book the knowledge he had been at such pains to acquire. The evenings were passed at a coffee-house, or in the street outside Hamid's door. Seated on mattresses, they received visitors, told stories, and made merry.

Towards the close of August the Damascus caravan arrived, and encamped on the open space between the city wall and the western suburb. From his window Burton viewed the town of tents that had sprung up. The plain assumed the various shapes and colours of a kaleidoscope, and the eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details. He was to travel with the caravan down the Darb-al-Sharki, through the Nejd desert, where water would not be seen for three days. It is the most eastern of the four roads between Medina and Mecca, and owes its fame to the Caliph Harun al-Rashid and the Lady Zubaydah. Hamid, who communicated to Burton this itinerary, appeared horror-struck; but no foreboding of danger could agitate Burton's pulse. Rather, he was overjoyed, because no European had travelled by this route.

Burton and the boy Mohammed hastily began to patch the water-skins that rats had damaged. Shaykh Hamid exerted himself to procure faithful camel-men for a journey "where robberies are frequent and stabbings occasional." He returned with an old white-bearded Bedouin and his son. For twenty dollars they agreed to convey Burton,

his servant, and the boy Mohammed to Mecca, and to Arafat for the Pilgrimage. But the old man positively refused to take Burton's large wooden box. It was therefore left at Medina, and the hamper had already been crushed on the sea voyage. Hamid warned his departing guests never to let more than twenty-four hours elapse without dipping hands in the same dish as the drivers, so as to be "on terms of salt." When the time arrived for paying bills, the £5 lent to Hamid by Burton at Suez was remitted in consideration of his hospitable treatment.

At 9 A.M. on 31st August, the gigantic procession, 7000 strong, began to move across the plain towards the thin line of low dark hills that bound Medina on the east. There were several gradations of pilgrims. The lowest hobbled with heavy staves; then came riders of asses, camels, and mules; others were mounted on dromedaries and had led horses; two classes of litter might be seen: the Shugduf in which Burton rode; and the Takht-rawan for the wealthy and noble. "Not the least beauty of the spectacle was its wondrous variety of detail; no man was dressed like his neighbour, no camel was caparisoned, no horse was clothed in uniform, as it were. And nothing stranger than the contrasts; a band of half-naked Takruri marching with the Pasha's equipage, and long-capped, bearded Persians conversing with Tarbush'd and shaven Turks." These Takruri pilgrims carried wooden bowls and filled them with water by begging. Many were lamed

by fatigue or by thorns, and death was depicted in their forms and features.

A parting gaze back at the venerable minarets and green dome of Medina, and Burton congratulated himself that his first danger was over.

The aspect of the country through which they now travelled was volcanic. Basalts and scoriæ abounded ; there were stony paths with thorny acacias, and beds of lava. In a torrent bed with abrupt turns between steep and barren hills, the beasts of burden began to sink. Carcases dotted the wayside ; and vultures or Takruri pilgrims devoured them. About twenty-five Arab miles made up a day's march. Its toils were forgotten under the soothing influence of the pipe, produced and smoked at every halting-place. The pipe even took precedence of the cup of coffee. At 3 A.M. the hateful departure gun sounded, and a march of several hours was undertaken before the large crimson sun burst through purple mists upon the haggard scene. There were many minor accidents in the gloomy passes, camels falling and litters bumping together. In some places shugdufs with their screaming inmates were torn from the camels' backs by the acacias and broken on the ground. In the early morning the plain reeked with vapour from the Simoom, but a white glare reigned during the day. In no other part of Arabia had Burton seen such utter desolation. Over a succession either of rocky flats or plains of gravel and clay, encircled by hills, the caravan progressed. The plains were divided by passes flanked by iron

walls of black basalt. The camels descended the ridges, stepping from block to block like mountaineers, but they moaned piteously at the sudden turns and the yawning holes between the rocks. There were also sand-pillars, called by the Arabs "Jinnis of the Waste," and a camel was at times overthrown by one of them.

Burton contrived to transcribe his notes during the absence of Shaykh Masud, his camel-man, and the boy Mohammed. He would despatch them from the halting-places in quest of water. The wells were frequently at a distance of some miles, guarded by soldiers, and a heavy price was exacted for the precious liquid.

The scenery of the second part of the journey became yet more wild. It was a desert peopled only with echoes, a place of death. Sand columns whirled over the plain, and huge piles of rock stood on either side, detached upon the surface of sand and clay. "Nature scalped and flayed, discovered all her skeleton to the gazer's eye." By night the camels tripped and stumbled, tossing their litters "like cockboats in a short sea." Down the steep ridges the drivers grasped the halters of the animals, and encouraged them with strange cries and gestures. Like phantoms the huge and doubtful forms of the camels moved over the black basaltic plain. Sparks or fiery smoke, whirled from the torches by gusts of hot wind, lit up with red gleams the dusky multitude.

But the culminating scene took place in a gorge or "Valley Perilous" within two days' march of Mecca. The pilgrims, clad in the

Ihram, entered it about 5 P.M. Precipices walled it in so grim and barren, that, although day still smiled upon the peaks, the lower slopes and narrow encumbered path were in darkness. Suddenly a shot rang out and a dromedary rolled over. Panic ensued. All tried to urge their beasts at once through the pass, and the whole caravan became jammed in a solid mass. At each report that followed, a shudder ran through the whole body. Then it was that a party of Wahhabis, to Burton's admiration, dispersed the robbers by firing upon them and swarming up the hills. He himself, to the amazement of the onlookers, called for his supper, saying that in his country men always dined before an attack of brigands, who would otherwise send them to bed supperless. But the scene increased in wildness. Dark ribbed precipices towered above till they mingled with the glooms of night. The host hurried along the chasm, shouting and discharging matchlocks. Above, hung a pall of smoke half-way up the cliffs; in the valley, livid red gleams shot up or died away. Camels, alternately dazzled and blinded, stumbled over rocks that obstructed the path or slid along sheets of mud. Pilgrims and drivers quarrelled and threatened furiously. The whole company was "united in discord."

This Stygian scene was the last trial of the terrible journey. Next day passed in comparative calm, and before sunset the blue peaks of Tayf appeared far to the left. The following morning (11th September), at about 1 A.M., warned

by cries and sobs, Burton looked out from his litter, and saw "by the light of the southern stars the dim outline of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain." Twelve days had been occupied by this march of death.

The boy Mohammed threw off his jaunty manner, and became a grave and attentive host. After resting an hour or two beneath his roof, Burton visited the Mosque. He writes thus of the Kaabah :—

"There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary Pilgrimage, realising the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbarous gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far-north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arabs spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride."

In company with the boy Mohammed, Burton performed the Tawaf. The first three circuits were made at a running pace, the last four slowly. At various points, such as every corner of the Kaabah, the space between the door of the Kaabah and the Black Stone, opposite the spout, and many others, an appropriate prayer was said. Zem Zem water was taken in large quantities internally and externally. "The flavour is a salt-bitter," he writes, "much resembling an infusion of a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in a large tumbler of tepid water." He also found it "heavy" to the digestion. Only the kissing of the Black Stone offered difficulties because of the besieging crowd. At last the boy Mohammed, with half-a-dozen of his friends, cleared a path, and for ten minutes Burton monopolised it. "Whilst kissing it and rubbing hands and forehead upon it, I narrowly observed it," he says, "and came away persuaded that it is an aerolite."

In the evening he paid a second visit to the Mosque. The moon was nearly full, and streaked the "huge bier-like erection" of the Kaabah with jets of silver. It stood out in even bolder relief than during the day; the "little pagoda-like buildings and domes" round it had vanished; and it seemed in its isolation to materialise the grandeur of the One Idea which vitalised the whole of Islam.

Crowds of people were performing the Tawaf: from the Bedouin woman "in her long black robe like a nun's serge, and poppy-coloured face-veil, pierced to show two fiercely flashing orbs," to

the fair-skinned Turk, "looking cold and repulsive." Now a corpse on its wooden shell would be borne through the court; and now a poor pilgrim would appear clinging with passionate sobs to the covering of the Kaabah. Or an African Negro was seized with religious frenzy, uttering shrill cries, throwing his arms about, and waving his head and body. Either the organisation of these men was more impressionable, or their imaginations had been strained to breaking pitch by "the hardships, privations, and fatigues endured whilst wearily traversing inhospitable wilds and perilous seas."

From the court Burton's eyes wandered to a part of the city straggling up one of the grim hills. He mentally compared it to Bath, or to Florence without its beauty. In the bright moonlight the minarets of the Temple became pillars of silver; only the cloisters "dimly streaked by oil lamps" cast horizontal lines of shade that gave a dark framework to the scene of animation. About 2 A.M. Burton and his guide walked home through the streets where people were sleeping in cots outside their open doors.

Next day, 12th September, saw the exodus to Arafat. The road was covered with white-robed pilgrims, walking or riding. It was about six hours' slow march, but many beasts sank by the way, and no fewer than five men. The ease with which they died led Burton to speculate whether from some unknown cause death became easier in hot climates. On reaching Arafat he found a huge encampment on the barren yellow

plain. The main street of this town of tents was converted into a bazaar. Amid the confusion of brawls and shouting for lost members of parties, thieves did a brisk business. Shaykh Masud, the old Bedouin camel-man, surveyed the motley crowd of about 50,000 pilgrims with undisguised contempt.

Awakened next morning by a discharge of cannon, Burton proceeded to explore Mount Arafat. "A mass of coarse granite split into large blocks, with a thin coat of withered thorns," is his description. He ascended the steps cut in its side, narrowing as he advanced, to the stuccoed platform and obelisk at the summit. He then descended to the plain, and at 3.15 P.M. watched the slow and solemn procession of the Sherif. This dignitary took up his position at an elevated point on the mountain, within hearing of the preacher. Behind him were the richly ornamented Egyptian and Damascus Mahmils; and behind these the sea of pilgrims covered the sides and base of the mountain, and overflowed in ever-widening circles upon the plain.

Like many another pilgrim, Burton heard nothing of the sermon. At sunset the great gathering broke up. "Every man urged his beast with might and main; the plain bristled with tent-pegs, litters were crushed, pedestrians were trampled, camels were overthrown, single combats with sticks and other weapons took place; here a woman, there a child, and there an animal, were lost; it was a chaotic confusion." In the narrow road, "double lines of camels, bristling with

litters, clashed with a shock more noisy than the meeting of torrents." The roar of guns and bursting of rockets added to the tumult.

The night was spent at Muzdalifah, but the pious custom of waking in the Mosque was exchanged for the necessity of guarding baggage. However, the seven small pieces of granite for the first lapidation were collected and bound in the Ihram. Next day, at Muna, Burton made a first attempt to stone the Devil. Such was the crowd that his donkey was overthrown, and he found himself beneath a stamping, roaring dromedary. "By a judicious use of the knife" he escaped being trampled upon, and, together with the boy Mohammed, whose nose was bleeding, waited a more favourable opportunity. This soon arrived; the stones were thrown; after which it was lawful to have the head shaved and remove the Ihram.

On the completion of this ceremony, Burton returned to Mecca. He had chosen his time well: the Kaabah was open. Of this he was informed by the boy Mohammed in a state of breathless excitement. The Kaabah was dressed in its new covering, and as Burton drew near, a cry was raised, "Open a path for the Haji who would enter the House." The usual steps that moved on rollers were missing; but two stout Meccans raised him in their arms, and a third drew him from above. Several dark-looking officials stood round the door, of whom the chief inquired Burton's name and nation. He was then allowed to enter. He admits that, looking

at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, the crowd of fanatics below, and the place death considering who he was, his feelings were of the trapped-rat description. However, he carefully observed the scene, and I have already mentioned in what way he recorded his impressions. The cost of this visit was eight dollars, accepted not without grumbling by the officials, whom the indiscretions of the boy Mohammed had led to expect more.

Although Burton returned to Muna, he could not afford to buy a sheep for sacrifice, so he watched his neighbours at their pious work. Five or six thousand animals were slaughtered, and as it is meritorious to give away the victim without eating its flesh, they were devoured chiefly by poor pilgrims. The sky was speckled with kites and vultures, swarms of flies also settled upon the carcases, foul vapours rose from the bloodstained earth, and the heat was terrific. Two more days were spent at Muna to complete the lapidations; after which Burton returned for the last time to Mecca.

An impressive sight awaited him. A sermon was about to be preached in the Temple court. "The vast quadrangle was crowded with worshippers sitting in long rows, and everywhere facing the central black tower: the showy colours of their dresses were not to be surpassed by a garden of the most brilliant flowers, and such diversity of detail was probably not to be seen massed together in any other building upon earth." The sermon was preached by a majestic

old man with a snowy beard, raised above the crowd by the tall pointed pulpit, whose gilt spire flamed in the sun. His words were listened to with the deepest attention, and at the end of the long sentences, the pilgrims intoned a general "Amin." It was the most solemn religious ceremony that Burton had ever seen.

There remained the Omrah, or little Pilgrimage, and the Sai, or running seven times along the main street between ths sacred hills of Safa and Marwah. Both these rites were performed without striking incident; the appropriate prayers were devoutly said, and the due number of piastres handed over to guardians of sacred places and to beggars.

The remaining days at Mecca were spent in intercourse with friends, visits to the Mosque, and transcription of notes. The house in which Burton lodged was the joint property of the boy Mohammed's mother and uncle. The uncle, "a lean old Meccan, of true ancient type, vulture-faced, kite-clawed, with a laugh like a hyena, and a mere shell of body," had let out every available corner of the house. Before his departure for Arafat, Burton had suffered from over-crowding; but on his return he persuaded his hostess, whose heart he had won by praising her graceless son, the scamp of the family, to clear out a small store-room on the first floor for him. There, between the hours of ten and four, he retired. Even then he could not transcribe his notes without keeping one eye fixed upon the door. The heat was unbearable during the day.

The hills that "compacted together" the city, prevented the wind from sweeping it. The houses, strong, well built, and without cooling devices, were like ovens. Lassitude and irritability were the inevitable outcome of these conditions. The flat house-top was the common dormitory.

The few remarks Burton has to offer on the Meccans differ little from Burckhardt's. Pride, bigotry, irreligion, greed of gain, immorality, ostentation, were their worst faults: courage, good manners, honour, strong family affections, intelligence, the redeeming qualities. They looked upon themselves as a sacred race, and despised all inhabitants of less favoured countries and cities. Extravagance was the natural result of the Pilgrimage. Furniture, entertainments, and ceremonies were on the most lavish scale; and the "junketings" of the women made up a heavy bill for their husbands at the end of the year. "More civilised and more vicious" than the Medinites, is his verdict; yet on the subject of morals, in contradiction to Burckhardt, Roches, and others, he says that there was little to offend the eye. He ascribed the dark colour of the Meccans to the number of black concubines. One of his last visits was to the slave market: a large street roofed with matting and full of coffee-houses. The slaves sat in rows, dressed in light-coloured muslins and transparent veils. There were Gallas, Abyssinians, Somals, Sawahilis, &c. The highest price he heard offered was £60.

Now that the pilgrimage was over, homesickness could be detected among the pilgrims in

"long-drawn faces" and "continual sighs." Preparations for departure began; basketed bottles of Zem Zem water, presents for distant kinsfolk, stood in rows in the house. By some the close of Moslem holy week was marked in a manner scarcely edifying. Having performed the pilgrimage, their sins were wiped out, and too many of them lost no time in making a new departure "down south."

Of Burton's journey to Jeddah there is little to record. On 26th September, "worn out with fatigue and the fatal fiery heat," he embarked for Suez. The boy Mohammed accompanied him to Jeddah, and there, "having laid in a large stock of grain, purchased with my money, having secured all my disposable articles, and having hinted that, after my return to India, a present of twenty dollars would find him at Mecca, asked leave, and departed with a coolness for which I could not account." The mystery was explained by Shaykh Nur, now Haji Nur. On board the steamer in Jeddah harbour a suspicion had crossed the boy Mohammed's mind, and he said to his fellow-servant: "*Now I understand; your master is a Sahib from India; he has laughed at our beards.*"

NOTE.—I reserve to a note the well-worn story that, on the road between Medina and Mecca, Burton's disguise was penetrated by an Arab, but that, fortunately for him, this man was found stabbed to death next morning. The story had a sequel. At Burton's wedding breakfast a doctor addressed to him the question, "How do you feel after killing a man?" "Quite jolly, doctor," was the reply; "how do you?"

XVI

HEINRICH FREIHERR VON MALTZAN, 1860

(SIDI ABD-ER ROCHMAN BEN MOHAMMED ES SKIKDI)

WHEN Burton, still in his Arab disguise, returned from his pilgrimage in 1853, he met and conversed with a young German at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo. This was von Maltzan. The germ of a like undertaking had pre-existed in von Maltzan's mind, but it was stimulated and developed by Burton's conversation. However, it required another seven years of travel in Oriental lands before he was sufficiently familiar with Mohammedan habits, and had mastered the Moorish dialect. It was in the character of a Moor that he went to Mecca.

Von Maltzan was born near Dresden in 1826. He studied law at the university of Jena, but in his twenty-fifth year his health broke down, and he became a traveller. Succeeding to his father's property in 1852, he was able to extend the range of his travels, and visited many countries in the Levant. The spell of the East grew upon him, and he began ardently to desire to visit the centre of the Mohammedan faith. The years

following his eventful conversation with Burton were mostly spent in Morocco and Algeria.

The framework of von Maltzan's Pilgrimage is a curious one. At Algiers he met a Moor with an inordinate love of haschish. They became friends; and, in return for a passport to Mecca and the use of his name, Von Maltzan undertook to make the Moor a present of a sufficient sum of money to allow of six months' indulgence in his favourite drug. The bargain was struck: Von Maltzan turned his face towards Mecca; the Moor subsided into blissful stupefaction.

Unlike Burton, von Maltzan did not suffer from the rigour of the passport system. Habited like a Moor, and imitating as closely as possible the outward appearance of the man whose name he borrowed, there were physical discrepancies, such as the colour of the eyes. Yet he eluded the vigilance of the officials without difficulty. He embarked at Algiers for Marseilles, and thence re-embarked for Malta. At Malta he finally assumed his disguise, and sailed in an English ship for Alexandria.

His adventures as a pilgrim now began. He avoided Europeans and made friends with an old Egyptian, Shaykh Mustapha, likewise bound for Mecca. They became companions of the road, lived together at Cairo in the Coppersmith quarter, and on 23rd April started on a Nile boat for Kenneh. A further addition to the party was a Negro slave bought by von Maltzan. Kenneh was reached on 13th May, and a few

more days saw accomplished the desert journey on camels to the port of Kosseir on the Red Sea. Von Maltzan was spared the tedium of a coasting voyage, so graphically described by Burton and Burckhardt. Although the Arabs consider it is unlucky to sail at night, the vessel made directly across the sea for Yambu. The hours of darkness were spent in devout prayer. Fortunately for the disguised pilgrim, there were no Moors on board.

From Yambu they proceeded along the coast to Jeddah. Before leaving the ship, the pilgrims assumed the Ihram. It was thus impossible to conceal their money about their persons. They were forced to deposit it in their boxes; and, as the financial position of each was inevitably exposed to the prying eyes of the Custom House officials, he was mulcted according to his means. Von Maltzan does not allude to the practice of Burckhardt's day, when those who landed in the Ihram carried their money in purses suspended round their necks. His French passport occasioned some trouble, and was made the excuse for an extortion of one hundred piastres. At the same time an unofficial thief lightened him of a further five hundred.

His chief adventure in Jeddah was the ease with which, contrary to expectation, he found a lodging in the crowded port. It was a well-favoured apartment, which, like a certain house in Berkeley Square, in spite of its choice position had been long to let. The reason was not far to seek. Roused from his first sleep by heart-

rending ululations, he became aware that his neighbours were the howling dervishes. For the remainder of his stay in Jeddah he was glad to share a room with the faithful Shaykh Mustapha.

He first saw Mecca in the early dawn, that uncertain glimmering called the Sahor, which is neither night nor day. It is the time when, in the month of Ramadan, it is lawful to eat. It lasts but a minute, but during the minute, when by the soft light a black thread cannot be distinguished from a white one, he saw, against the delicate flush in the sky, a grey mass with an indefinite outline. It was more like a conglomeration of rocks than a sea of houses. A tumultuous shout of joy greeted the apparition of the nine times holy town, of which every stone is holy, the desire of all Moslems—Mecca, where is the Kaabah, the most holy thing in the world, the fortress of God on earth. "There was no man," he writes, "who did not call out his *Labbayk* ('Here am I') with all the strength of his lungs; the strong and healthy thundered it forth, and even the sick and fainting uttered it with convulsive exertion, making use of their last feeble breath at this holy moment. . . . Many fell on their knees, holding out their arms longingly towards the black mass of houses; others threw themselves in adoration on the earth and covered the sand of the desert with ardent kisses. . . . All gave vent to their emotion and enthusiasm in every possible way, but not like Europeans, who embrace each other when full of joy. At such a moment the Moslem

forgets the whole world round him, and also his fellow-men. He thinks only of the holy things, visible and invisible, which lie before him."

The sight of the Kaabah and its adoring crowds produced uncanny sensations in von Maltzan, as it had previously done in Badia. He compared the Mosque to a great citadel of demons. After the first shock, the numerous prayers and prostrations appeared to him merely wearisome. He was so revolted by the filthy condition of the Black Stone that with difficulty he brought himself to kiss it. Of the pilgrims whom he saw performing the Sai, he writes: "It was a sight certainly to be seen nowhere outside Mecca or perhaps a lunatic asylum. All these half-naked people, covered with dust and dirt, panting, perspiring, and groaning, feverish from the heat of the sun to which their shaved heads had been bared for hours, tired to death by the religious ceremonies, and yet frantically excited—all these people, almost delirious from religious ecstasy, ran panting, yet screaming loudly, up and down the street."

During the twenty days that von Maltzan remained in Mecca he lodged in a house at the foot of one of the hills in the north-western quarter. Not howling dervishes, as at Jeddah, but his landlord's harem, occupied the adjoining apartment; and he had opportunities that are accorded to few of studying Arab women. The north-western quarter, or ward, was usually inhabited by Afghan pilgrims. Von Maltzan was

thus unlikely to meet with Moors, who might unmask him; and it was easy to pass as a Moor among Afghans. For the same reason he now affected the Hanefi sect, whereas at Jeddah he had called himself a Maleki. The Moors being Malekis, he would have been in constant contact with them at the pavilion of their sect near the Kaabah. He alludes to Burton's Afghan disguise and sojourn in the same quarter. Owing to the disturbed state of Afghanistan, it had at that time sent out few pilgrims. Had there been the usual number, he doubts whether Burton could have sustained the character.

Von Maltzan saw the Kaabah without its covering: he refrained from seeking access to the interior. He did not attempt to note down his impressions: the many striking descriptions to be found in his pages must therefore have been stored in his imagination. Once, at the risk of his life, he reproduced a Cufic inscription on a column of the Mosque; but, to his disappointment, when deciphered, it was merely the Moslem formula, "There is no God but God," &c. His eye took pleasure in the externals of the great religious festival—in the variety and multiplicity of the mingling race streams, and the kaleidoscopic changes on the surface of the human river that flowed past him. He contrasted the average European town and its monotony of population with the five or six diverse nationalities that rub shoulders in the most uniform Eastern town, which strike the eye and are sharply distinguished from one another by

religion, customs, complexion, costume, by endless gradations of social position, and often by the strangest social contrasts. In Mecca the number of nationalities was infinitely greater: although, if we except the Indians and their secret leaning towards Paganism, there was no religion but the Mohammedan.

The encampment at Arafat was lit up by tiny lamps and coloured balloons, and the ruddier blaze of countless fires before the tents. Next morning von Maltzan watched the glowing rays of the sun reflected from the granite sides of the holy mount. The arid mass of rock, dotted with pilgrims, appeared like a red-hot oven. His good friend Shaykh Mustapha had been steadily failing in health. The desire to hear the sermon at Arafat, and win the title of Haj, had upborne him so far; but he was never destined to realise it. He died a few hours before the beginning of the sermon, and was immediately buried. The crown of martyrdom, accorded to those who die on Pilgrimage, thus became his.

Meanwhile, no other word but *Labbayk* was heard. It filled the air, and was re-echoed from the sides of Arafat. While the sermon was in progress the tide of enthusiasm rose higher and higher. Von Maltzan, though bored as usual, simulated emotion by holding up a large handkerchief to his eyes. In time the less devout pilgrims felt as he did; the crowds began to thin, and there was yawning and stamping of feet as a hint to the preacher to conclude.

His last words were hailed by a loud *Labbayk;* the pilgrims rushed down the mountain like a water-spout; and several who could not keep step were trampled to death. On the road to Muna, von Maltzan's cotton Ihram was set on fire by a torch. So much of it was saved as to enable him thenceforth to describe himself as a quarter instead of half dressed.

Having stoned the Devil, he was anxious to return to Mecca for the luxury of a bath. The astonishment of his guide at this excessive haste was allayed by a reference to the crowded condition of the barbers' shops. He was accompanied to Mecca by the guide, who dignified him by the title of "Prince of Algiers," possibly because he appeared to be well provided with money. We all know that a nickname, used harmlessly among friends, when extended to a larger circle, may appear in questionable taste. What, then, was von Maltzan's horror, on reaching the baths, whither a party of Algerians had preceded him, to hear his guide acquainting them with his pseudo-title. They stared at him, were convinced that they did not know him, and, as Algerians are quick to detect a foreign accent, engaged him in conversation. His monosyllabic answers awakened further suspicions. A whispered discussion took place. "What do you think of this Prince of Algiers?" "How could this wretched man be the son of our Pasha?" "The thing is not as it should be!" Since he possessed ample means, he had not disguised himself to beg. He must be a Christian!

Von Maltzan's hearing was abnormally acute. He overheard the entire conversation, and his hair stood on end at the terribly significant word *Christian*. While the Algerians, with Oriental indolence, proceeded to the baths before denouncing him to the authorities, he made a hurried exit from Mecca. Abandoning his possessions and his slave, he set out for the suburbs, and having chartered a Bedouin and donkey, reached Jeddah in fourteen hours. An English ship from Glasgow was in the harbour, and he secured a passage to Bombay. He was obliged to relinquish his journey to Medina, but he duly sent his passport to his haschish-eating friend in Algiers: and this man doubted ever after whether or not he had himself made the journey.

Von Maltzan travelled to see rather than to know. He wished to visit Mecca, but in all probability would have retired content with a picture in his brain of the forbidden city in its folding of the granite hills, and the sombre outline of the Kaabah with the multi-coloured waves of humanity that surge about it. The little zest with which he entered into the ritual, and the oft-repeated confession that the prayers and prostrations palled upon him, makes us doubt whether he had any genuine passion for the esoteric.

The rest of his life was spent in travels of a more conventional order. His end was tragic. Having long been tortured by neuralgic pains, he died by his own hand in 1874.

XVII

HERMAN BICKNELL, 1862

(HAJ ABD-EL-WAHID)

HERMAN BICKNELL is said to be the only English pilgrim who did not disguise his nationality. He went to Mecca openly as a convert, and his knowledge of Mohammedan customs and religion enabled him to pass without remark among the crowds of all nations.

Author, Orientalist, and traveller, Bicknell was born in 1830. He was educated at Paris, Hanover, University College, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He became an army surgeon, he explored parts of Java, Thibet, and the Himalayas, he travelled in Persia and translated Hafiz, he joined in an expedition to the Arctic regions, and to the Andes. His death took place prematurely in 1875, from hardship, vicissitudes of climate and temperature, and an accident in ascending the Matterhorn.

Bicknell spent the earlier months of the year 1862 in Cairo, and on May 22nd, embarked at Suez in the steamer conveying the Sacred Carpet. On the 25th, the Ihram was assumed. A certain amount of merriment detracted from the solemnity of the proceeding: pilgrims running about and

shrieking the prayer in each other's ears. Next day, at Jeddah, he was struck forcibly by the utter sterility of Arabia, with its dunes and rocky hills. The intense lustre of the water in the harbour coloured the sails of the small fishing-boats that were darting about, an emerald green.

A journey of twenty hours brought him to Mecca. He proceeded at once to the Mosque, "a vast unroofed quadrangle," in the centre of which rose the Kaabah, "a cubical structure of massive stone," whose "funereal shade" contrasted vividly with the sunlit walls and precipices of the town. Advancing, he kissed the Black Stone, and performed the initial ceremonies of the Pilgrimage.

The encircling wall and the terrace on the slope of Arafat gave it an artificial appearance. The tents of the 80,000 pilgrims were scattered over two or three miles of the country. After the stonings and sacrifice, Bicknell departed for Jeddah, "not sorry to relinquish a shade temperature of 120°," and having requested some brother pilgrims to recite a prayer for him at the Prophet's Tomb at Medina. His tranquil narrative concludes appropriately with the recommendation of a trustworthy and courteous guide, to those of his countrymen who might come after him.

"In penning these lines," he remarks, "I am anxious to encourage other Englishmen, especially those from India, to perform the Pilgrimage, without being deterred by exaggerated reports concerning the perils of the enterprise." He

adds that it is necessary to be a Moslem—at least externally, to have an Arabic name, and to be conversant with the prayers, formulas, and customs of the Mussulmans. He admits that the authorities would be powerless to protect one who declared himself to be an Unbeliever; and that a Jew who refused to repeat the creed was recently crucified by the populace.

Burton died in October 1890, and in 1893 appeared the Memorial edition of his "Pilgrimage." It occasioned a controversy in the *Athenæum* between Lady Burton and Herman Bicknell's brother on the respective merits of the pilgrims. In the appendix to Burton's book, Herman Bicknell's account of his journey was reprinted without mention of his name. A. S. Bicknell imputed the omission to jealousy. He contended that Burton's disguise exposed him to unnecessary risks, that he created his own difficulties, and appeared in the eyes of the world like Don Quixote tilting at windmills. It was time, he added, that the drum-beating about the deadly peril of the exploit should be estimated at the true value his brother modestly and exactly assigned to it. Lady Burton retorted that Moslem converts were looked askance at in the Hejaz, were refused information, and forbidden access to the inner sacred places. She asserted that Herman Bicknell had expressed envy for her husband's fuller experience, and concluded with the statement that his father had cut him off with a shilling for renouncing his religion. A. S. Bicknell duly thanked her for these "kind

revelations about his deceased father and brother."

Lady Burton's accuracy was not above suspicion. In no other authority do we find corroboration of her views on the questionable position of Moslem converts. She also once made the astounding statement that the pilgrims at Mecca had secret passwords in order to detect an impostor. But in extenuation of her attitude in the above controversy, it must be remembered that Bicknell's narrative of his Pilgrimage took the form of a letter to *The Times*. He signed it with his assumed Arabic name, and this name only was reproduced in Burton's reprint. The controversy was terminated by a former brother officer of Bicknell's, who denied that the pilgrim claimed any credit, since he went as a renegade. He described him as a Catholic in the West and a Mohammedan in the East; and, although a man of strong individuality and high intelligence, he lacked fixed principles, and was of an emotional and experimental nature. He finally corroborated the truth of Lady Burton's statement that Bicknell's pecuniary position in his father's will had been affected.

XVIII

JOHN FRYER KEANE, 1877–8

(HAJ MOHAMMED AMIN)

THE first of living European pilgrims is Keane. He was born at Whitby in 1854, son of the Rev. William Keane, sometime senior canon of the Cathedral, Calcutta. His career of adventure dates from the age of twelve, when he ran away to sea. Seven years spent among Mohammedans qualified him for the Pilgrimage. The personal note in the volumes in which he has embodied his experiences makes their perusal a delight.

On arriving at Jeddah Keane was at once struck by the helplessness and gullibility of the pilgrims. Besides heavy duties on their baggage, they were charged a rupee a head before they landed, for no apparent reason. He was fortunate in being able to attach himself to the suite of an Indian Ameer who was bound for the holy cities; and thus all minor difficulties were smoothed away.

He assumed the Ihram, and in the most matter-of-fact way found himself, one among a crowd, walking out of the eastern gate of Jeddah between two Turkish sentries. Camels and Bedouin had been chartered by the Ameer; and, sharing

a shugduf with a fellow-servant, he was soon crawling over the sandy plain. Old sailor as he was, he was actually made sick by the jolting of the camel.

Twenty-eight miles was the distance to Haddah, the halting-place between Jeddah and Mecca. It was reached at dawn, and the caravan did not depart again till sunset; but little sleep was possible, owing to the incessant and unmusical chanting of the pilgrims. The second night's journey was more rough and difficult. The camels moved up steeper ascents and through rockier defiles, where their moaning and the cries of the pilgrims were echoed with weird effect. At dawn of the second day Mecca was reached. The pilgrims dismounted and walked through streets wide at first, but becoming narrow and dirty as they continued downhill, to the sacred enclosure of the Mosque.

The house prepared for the Ameer was one of those built into the outer arcades. It had three large recess windows overlooking the Temple court and the Kaabah. Keane's feelings as a "Britisher," within close quarters of the "Hub of the Universe," may well be imagined. However, there was little time for reflection. It was necessary to do the Tawaf and the Sai, and drink Zem Zem water. He was struck by the diversity of races, and compared the procession round the Kaabah to Madame Tussaud's waxworks out for a walk.

Keane utterly denied the saying that commerce and gain played a greater part in the Pilgrimage

than religion. He insisted that those who undertook the toilsome journey did so for the salvation of their souls; and consequently the pilgrims were the fanatical scum. At first he felt qualms of conscience on the subject of his own imposture; but he acted the lie so well that he soon believed in it himself. Self-reproach became of that trifling nature which springs from the infringement of a petty rule such as "Keep off the grass" in a public park. Having attended divine service in a dissenting chapel a few years previously seemed to him infinitely more heinous. He owned that his present expedition was a wild and unscrupulous thing, but there was now no drawing back. Mecca might be full of "inquisitive watchers and self-constituted spies," but he was master of the "thousand little signs and allusive phrases of Mohammedan Freemasonry." To acquaintances he gave out that he came from "a country called North"; but on the few occasions when it behoved him to be explicit, he admitted that he was a recent convert. And this drew forth nothing but praise.

In six weeks he felt as much at home as if he had been a Mohammedan all his life. He had little tiffs and jealousies with his companions of the Ameer's household, and acquired the habit of eating with them out of the same plate. He found rice, the prevailing article of diet, insufficient, and frequently purchased from Turkish soldiers the leavings of their rations. In the bazaars, neither his fair complexion excited curiosity among the "chequered masses," nor

his imperfect knowledge of Arabic among the diverse nationalities. The influx of pilgrims grew daily, and it pleased him to watch the evening prayer conducted at twilight by the Iman. "It was an imposing spectacle," he writes in an eloquent passage, "to see those thousands of bearded, turbaned, hard, worldly men standing, circle widening upon circle, round their sacred Kaabah. I have often stood in my window-recess unconsciously wrapt in the scene before me; every bright-coloured dress or brilliant turban a contribution to an extent of blended colour which the eye could not take in, each wave of prostration as it swept over the rainbow-tinted space making aurora-like transformations." The Kaabah was "a plain, unornamented oblong of closely-pointed, massive, cyclopean masonry." He took measurements by the simple device of a bamboo stick one yard long. "No one would have suspected the zealous devotee, crawling on his hands and knees at night round the holy Kaabah, was, by way of a prayer, mumbling the number of times he moved his stick." He became convinced that the Black Stone was a piece of obsidium, especially when he heard the belief that it will float in water. The most popular legend identified it with the angel appointed to watch over Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, turned into stone for allowing the serpent to beguile them. There were 2860 lamps in the Mosque, lit after sunset; and besides these, many groups of pilgrims sat round private coloured lamps.

He once climbed a hill whence a bird's-eye view of Mecca could be obtained. The whole of the valley was "packed and crammed with buildings of all shapes and sizes, placed in no kind of order, climbing far up the steep side of the surrounding hills, with here and there an outlying house on the summit of some rock, looking as though crowded out and waiting for a chance to squeeze into the confusion below; a curious grey mass, flat topped." "Many of the houses are of great height, large and factory-like, full of little windows; seldom two adjacent houses face the same way or are the same height; nothing resembling a row or street could by any stretch of imagination be extricated from such a chaos of masonry." With the dusky crowds creeping in swarms about the dark lanes and streets, "if such mere tortuous intricacies can be called so," it resembled a giant ant-hill.

A change soon took place in the household of which Keane was a member. The Ameer departed on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He left, with the members of his suite whom he did not take with him, enough money to defray their expenses till his return; and they, having celebrated the event by a much-needed cleaning of his apartment, proceeded to enjoy themselves as they fancied. Keane had already become quite acclimatised to Mecca. Now, as a householder, he felt himself a person of importance: he affected fine clothes and wore resplendent tunics and turbans. Suddenly his confidence was shivered at a stroke. He was walking in the outskirts of

the town, and passed a college where the students were at play, when a little Indian child exclaimed, "Oh, look at the Christian!" What suggested the idea to him will always remain a mystery. The other students took up the cry, and an Arab bully, stepping up, demanded a profession of faith. Keane was un-Mohammedan enough to seize the man by the shoulders, turn him about, and administer a hearty kick. It brought a yell of "Ya, Christian!" and next moment a stone flew past his ear, and another struck him on the head with force enough to fracture his skull, had it not been protected by the thick folds of a turban. A ring was formed round him; stones flew faster and faster; he was hit on the knee, in the small of the back, on his hands which he held before his face. Flight was the only resource; and there was a Turkish guard-house at hand, into which he ran for cover. But a crowd of Arabs and Negroes collected without; and the affair was becoming serious. The soldiers gave him black looks, and an officer, hastily summoned, addressed him in French. However, Keane's presence of mind never deserted him for long. He replied, "I cannot speak Turkish," made the profession of faith, and, borrowing a stick, rushed out upon the crowd, pouring forth a torrent of abuse. His proficiency in Arab swearing turned the scale in his favour. The soldiers helped to disperse the mob, and showed him a back way where he could walk home unmolested.

After this sinister experience, Keane kept his room for three weeks. He had secured for him-

self a small chamber eight feet by four, and there he remained, telling his companions that he was sick, but, in reality, under the influence of opium. He dreaded that the affair might reach official ears; and he knew that, if serious inquiries were made, he would be unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. On the Ameer's return, he discontinued the drug, and found his nerves much affected. He was startled by the entrance of a stranger, and disliked any one to pass behind him. However, the presence of the Ameer was a safeguard.

There were 200,000 pilgrims now assembled in Mecca. This unusually large number was due to the ceremony at Arafat falling on a Friday: it was hence known as the Greater Pilgrimage. Of the various races, Keane deemed the Turk as superior to his Eastern co-religionists as other Europeans were to him. He never saw a Turkish soldier, with his European uniform and accoutrements and shaven chin, without an impulse to shake hands with him. Once he addressed in English a red-haired, blue-eyed sentry; but happily received only a vacant stare in reply. Afghans and Persians were under a cloud: the first, for their tendency to murder and rob; the second, as usual, for unorthodox doctrines. Malays were the "Scotsmen of the East." They never started on Pilgrimage with inadequate means, and therefore never begged. Arabs from North Africa were malodorous and brawling, neglecting religious practices, especially ablutions. Syrian sword-sharpeners toiled across the desert from

Damascus, carrying their large knife-grinding machines on their backs. Tartars and Bokharans came from Central Asia on foot, a journey of five or six months. Wild-looking dervishes thrust forward a half-gourd, in which none but a bad Mohammedan refused to deposit alms. These were "mangy mongrels!"

On Thursday, 16th December, the human stream began to flow towards Muna. There Keane and his friends passed the night, watching from their windows the processions of the Sherif and Pasha. The Pasha rode in a barouche drawn by chestnut carriage-horses that would have shone in Hyde Park. He was habited in a suit of black cloth, and made a strange figure in his Arabic setting. Next morning Keane woke to a scene of general reconciliation. There was falling upon necks, recalling and confessing of petty offences, and tearful forgivenesses. In his usual light-hearted strain he writes: "I at first relied on my imagination for items, but my companions soon reminded me of numbers of ways in which I had offended them, unconsciously or otherwise. They seemed sincere, though, and made very clean breasts of it themselves. I found where numbers of little articles had gone that I had missed from my bundle. This one had appropriated a penknife, another a pair of socks. I, of course, gave and forgave with the best grace possible."

They started from Muna on the second half of the journey. The valley became more open between the rocky hills, and diminished the press of pilgrims. Many dead animals strewed the way—

among them one of the chestnut horses that had drawn the Pasha's barouche. Of the scene at Arafat, Keane writes: "I shall not be surprised if it flits across my mind on my death-bed." When he climbed the mount, he was as if on the stage of a mighty theatre with miles of audience before him. The sides of Arafat were thickly clothed with men, and thence they extended one mile and a half to the south, and half a mile across, "a rippling sea of black heads and white bodies." The distant countries from which they came, and the object which brought them, filled him with awe. "Could all this be of no avail, and all this faith be in vain? If so, it was enough to make a man lose faith in everything of the kind."

The enthusiasm of the audience during the sermon, the waving of Ihrams, mentioned by Burckhardt and Burton, the frantic emotion displayed by individuals, was an eerie, almost a horrible, sight for him, an unimpassioned observer. He felt like a sane man among 200,000 lunatics; yet he simulated rapture with the best of them. When the meeting broke up, although he saw no accident, it was more than likely that such things should result from the indiscriminate firing of guns, and descent of twelve-foot rocket-poles on the congested masses. His patron, the Ameer, "expended fifty rounds of ball cartridge, impartially distributed over the thick-peopled plain."

After a night spent at Muzdalifah, Keane pushed straight on to Mecca. The streets were

deserted and the shops closed. Near the Mosque lay a few beggars, some in the last stage of weakness, others dead and half devoured by dogs. After performing the Tawaf and the Sai, and roaming about the lifeless lanes and passages, Keane returned to Muna, to stone the Devil and sacrifice a ram. About three tons of shingle ballast were thrown at the stone obelisks. There was no lack of butcher's meat during the two following days. A common sight was a gorged vulture which could scarcely flounder out of the way.

It was after Keane's return from Muna that he entered the Kaabah. He waited two hours to force his way up the steps; but the heat within was intense and the atmosphere unendurable, so that he instantly plunged his way out again, as if struggling to the surface after a dangerous dive.

Mecca still had surprises in store for him. One day, riding in a narrow lane, he beheld a sight which nearly sent him over his donkey's head. It was a large black board, and painted on it in yellow, the word LODGINGS. He investigated, and discovered the owner to be a Cape of Good Hope Malay who had learnt English at school. The man was taken aback on being addressed in this tongue, and warned Keane that Englishmen turned Mohammedan to see the Pilgrimage, and then wrote books about it: there were three now, with iron collars round their necks, chained among the hills. "I did not tell him I thought that was a lie," was Keane's

comment; but, not liking the man's manner, he disclaimed his nationality. They spent a morning together, but the Malay knew too much to be pleasant company. To get rid of him, Keane resorted to the infallible device of begging. He began by speculating on the cost of his watch chain, admired his rings, and contrasted his own poverty. The Malay suddenly recollected a business engagement.

But the most astonishing of Keane's adventures was the discovery of an Englishwoman resident in Mecca. The literal translation of her name from the Arabic is "The Lady Venus." A barber, with whom he was in the habit of chatting, told him of her existence, and arranged a meeting at his brother-in-law's house. The thought of a countrywoman buried alive in Mecca was an unpleasant shock to a man in Keane's position. He himself was well content while the novelty lasted, but twelve months of it would kill him. He had experienced little difficulty in reaching Mecca: there might be more in attempting to leave it! His first interview with the Lady Venus was somewhat painful; their conversation was guarded, but she was evidently in tears behind her veil. The barber's rich relation was a genial old man with a pleasant face, ill suggesting the conspirator of his youth. Yet he had been an Indian mutineer, conspicuous at Lucknow, and was an exile from his country. He took Keane into favour, invited him to dinner, and dismissed him with the tip of a dollar. A second meeting between Keane and

the Lady Venus took place in more favourable circumstances. "What a talk we had! How we let loose our English tongues! Sometimes we laughed wildly, sometimes she cried." Her last words were, "I can't make out who you are, child." It was long before they met a third time, but the Lady Venus was then able to unveil herself. Her age was about forty, and she had been twenty years among Mohammedans. Her appearance was that of a reduced gentlewoman. She had been taken prisoner at the siege of Lucknow, and married, against her will, to a leading rebel. This man, like the barber's brother-in-law, and many others on whose head the English Government had set a price, sought an asylum at Mecca. He had died some years since; and she made a precarious living by embroidering skull-caps. Her name was Macintosh, her father had been a doctor, and she had passed some of her youth in Devonshire. It was not without difficulty that Keane extracted these particulars. The poor woman seemed cowed and bullied; and references to her past life pained her. Yet her expression was animated and pleasing, though tears were seldom out of her eyes, even when she greeted his humorous sallies with a sad, indulgent smile. Her greatest treasure was a fragment of an old English almanac. Among other stories, she told Keane of a young Frenchman who had turned Mohammedan from conviction. He had lived in Constantinople, Cairo, and elsewhere in the East; but his friends pursued and endeavoured to kidnap him. At

last he came to Mecca, where he had resided eighteen months, and frequently seen the Lady Venus. A short while ago, he died suddenly. She suspected foul play, and "darkly hinted at a cup of coffee." After this interview Keane met the Lady Venus regularly in the arcades of the Mosque, but there was danger in so public a place. On the last occasion but one, she caused some trouble by a display of emotion. Catching him by the arm, she repeated, "Ah, child, you don't know what it is to me to see you!" and, "I would not hurt you, I would not do you any harm!" Half such a scene in London would have drawn an admiring crowd. Keane was obliged to hurry away, as a sly-looking Arab had used the nasty word, *Christian*.

On his return to England, Keane gave information of the Lady Venus at the Foreign Office. Instructions were immediately sent to the British Consul at Jeddah to make inquiries through a Mohammedan agent. The story was verified, but the Lady Venus had left Mecca for India. The India Office then took up the inquiries. The Lady Venus was traced, interviewed, and offered the chance of returning to England. This she declined, proving to the satisfaction of her interlocutors that she was living at peace and in easy circumstances.

One more remarkable sight Keane was to see before leaving Mecca: the flooding of the Temple court by the violent rains. There was a depth of three feet in the western arcades, and six feet in the lower level round the Kaabah. The

rains were followed by outbreaks of cholera, typhus, and small-pox. Pilgrims died like flies. In one day alone, sixty-three funerals took place.

Keane now began to feel a longing for "Christianity and cleanliness"; he was weary of his Mohammedan disguise. Much against his will, he was chosen by the Ameer to accompany him to Medina. They travelled by the Sultan's road, along the coast, a distance of 500 miles. The caravan numbered 900 pilgrims and 730 camels, in a line three-quarters of a mile long. On both sides of the line walked the poorest classes of pilgrims, who were entirely destitute and begged for food, or who had no money to spare for transport. The road ran through rocky defiles or over sandy plains; marching took place by night. Many ghastly spectacles were revealed in the torchlight: skeletons of camels, or corpses of stragglers from former caravans decapitated by the Bedouin. By the time the halting-place of Rabigh was reached, fifty-two pilgrims and nine camels had fallen by the way.

There was a Turkish garrison at Rabigh, and several soldiers spoke to Keane in the bazaars. As the members of the caravan were mostly Indian, his fair skin was more noticeable. An officer inquired if he were a Malay? He replied in the affirmative.

On another point Keane also displayed great circumspection: his liking for Irish stew. It was an occasional and unpopular dish, and he did not wish to draw attention by favouring it. It chanced to be served up for the last meal at

Rabigh; and he, purposely arriving late, secured an ample portion and retired to a secluded spot to enjoy it. He was rudely interrupted. A Bedouin camel-driver had just concluded a revolting surgical operation on his beast. Wiping his hands in his hair, he walked quickly up, and "dived his loathsome paw" into the middle of the dish. Keane could stand a great deal; at Mecca he had grown used to see a black hand "scratching merrily among his food"; but this was beyond endurance. He dashed the scalding stew, plate and all, with such force into the Bedouin's face that it threw him to the ground.

He paid dearly for this outburst. While engaged in cleaning the plates with sand, he felt a sudden pain in his right thigh, and knew that he had been transfixed with a spear. In vain he strove to staunch the flow of blood. Friends gathered round him; all his clothes were torn up and tied tightly over the wound; but still the blood oozed through. He grew weaker and weaker; the crowd began to go about their business as if no more could be done; and he saw preparations for starting the caravan. The maddening thought that he would be left to die alone in the desert confronted him. With great difficulty he scribbled on a piece of paper, "The bearer of this will give further information. No blame whatever to any one." This note he made his remaining friend promise to deliver to the British Consul at Jeddah. The effort greatly exhausted him. He did not then know that a hole

had been hastily scraped in the sand to inter his yet breathing body, to avoid delay; but he did see, before his eyes closed, two or three vultures wheeling in the air above him.

Fourteen hours later he woke up, or rather returned to life. He was in his litter on a camel, being fed with water-melon. A fellow-member of the Ameer's suite had ridden off to a neighbouring village, where dwelt a renowned *hakim* (doctor). This man applied a styptic to the wound in the shape of a plug of raw cotton, which stopped the bleeding. He also recommended a water-melon diet. Six days later, Keane was able to enter Medina on foot. The hakim's fee was *one guinea*, a current coin in the Hejaz, grumblingly paid by the Ameer.

After such a journey, and as a contrast with the unrelieved sterility of Mecca, "Medina the Honoured" impressed Keane and his fellow-pilgrims as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. As seen by the wayworn pilgrim, "its tall, snow-white, uninterrupted walls, and numerous gilded minarets, with the morning sun gleaming over them, and the broad green belt of cultivated ground encircling it," made it appear like "a fresh, bright jewel bounded by a vast, grim barrenness of desert, an opal and pearl mosaic set in a brilliant border of shining green enamel." There were walled habitations, running water, and every blessing the Eastern mind could desire.

A bright and roomy apartment awaited the Ameer's suite; but Keane still suffered much

inconvenience from his wound. He was able to pay but one visit to the Mosque; and it impressed him much as it had done Burton. He contrasted its tawdry, "dirty-flash" appearance with the grand simplicity of Mecca. I have mentioned how Joseph Pitts's patroon was robbed in this place. The custom had persisted through the centuries: the Ameer now had the silver clasps cut off his belt while at prayer.

Of the Tomb, Keane saw all that was possible. He looked through the hole, at the stone wall hung with five red screens. He then inserted his arm and waved it about, "that it might absorb by contact the more of the hallowed excellence." He confessed himself tired and disappointed by a sight, after seeing which, hundreds have been known to pluck out their eyes. For the first time there was a diminution of his light-heartedness. He thought of himself as wounded and helpless, alone in a nest of fanatics.

Ten days were spent at Medina, and then the return journey began over the drear miles of rocky and arid desolation. One desert space they passed through was absolutely without animal life. Not a pelican or vulture could be seen; the swarms of flies deserted the caravan; and, to use Keane's inimitable phrase, there seemed even a cessation in the activity of their "inside passengers." Such was the dry heat that the flesh on the carcases of fallen camels became hard as wood; and the corpse of a man was found, distended and light enough to

be lifted with one hand: when moved it emitted a creaking and drumming sound like leather.

Keane re-entered Mecca with feelings of relief. Its steep and narrow streets greeted him with a home-like air. After four days, a start was made for Jeddah. At Jeddah he spent as much time as possible among Europeans. He conceived a repulsion for the life he had been living, and hated the title of "Haj," by which his companions ostentatiously addressed each other.

While at Jeddah, Keane alludes to the treatment of pilgrims in English ships. He narrates some shocking barbarities perpetrated by officers and sailors on men and women alike. He heard the story told as a good joke, how twelve pilgrims were once washed overboard, and the property and supplies of the remainder; and how the captain refused all succour till they began to jump into the sea, and then gave them a few buckets of beans.

Keane did not doff his Mohammedan disguise till he reached Bombay. A few days later he met the Ameer walking in the street, and was cut by him—either through non-recognition or as an undesirable acquaintance!

The Pilgrimage does not exhaust Keane's exploits. He has also been a cane-cutter in the northern cane-brakes of Queensland. In 1903 he worked for 95 days of 12 hours each, to prove that such work in such a climate could be done by a white man.

Even in this commercial and scientific age there are men living of strange experiences. I venture to say that few can equal and none surpass those of him who has heard in Mecca the terrible cry of *Christian*.

XIX

CHRISTIAN SNOUCK HURGRONJE, 1885

(ABD'-EL-GAFFAR)

BADIA, Burckhardt, Burton, Hurgronje, are the four elevated peaks in the story of Mecca exploration. Badia was the first man of scientific acquirements to reach the holy city. The knowledge that he gained, Burckhardt corrected and amplified. Burton's commanding personality fixed the gaze of the world. Hurgronje's social studies completed the work of Burckhardt.

Hurgronje was born in North Brabant, Holland, on February 8, 1857. He was educated at Breda, and entered as a theological student at Leyden in 1874. After the year 1878 he devoted himself entirely to Semitic languages and literature. When he took his degree in 1880, the subject of his doctoral dissertation was the reason which led Mohammed to adopt the pre-Islamic custom of the Pilgrimage. In 1880–81 he studied at Strasburg, and in the latter year was appointed lecturer on Moslem institutions at the Leyden training college for East Indian officials. In 1884–85 he obtained leave of absence to travel in Arabia, and spent six months in Mecca.

Hurgronje's aim was impersonal and scientific.

He wished to study the effect of Islam on social and political life, in a society untouched by Western influences. The perception of a defect in the methods of the European Orientalist, whose knowledge is derived wholly from books, led to his sojourn in the spiritual centre of the Mohammedan world. The effect of this sojourn on his subsequent studies, was a result more important to him than the production of what is now the standard book on Mecca.

An editor once described Hurgronje as "animal disputax" in the highest degree. It is true that he has contributed numerous controversial articles to periodicals; but impersonality is the prevailing tone of his book on Mecca. It is written in German, and he anticipates in his preface the censure of his countrymen for writing in a foreign language. "Our fathers," he says, "wrote in Latin, so as to appeal to a wider audience"; and such was his aim. He did not commit literary suicide for his own pleasure, being aware that it is no more possible to have an equally good style in two languages, than to have two characters.

Hurgronje was a competent Arabic scholar before starting for the East, but, in order to acquire the local dialect, he spent five months at Jeddah in the house of the Dutch Consul. On the evening of February 21, 1885, he left Jeddah with a Javanese and four camels, and travelled by the usual route of Haddah. He entered Mecca on 22nd February, and remained there until August, in the character of student of the Koran.



C. Snouck Hurgronje.

It is not known whether he was unsuspected as a European, accepted as a convert, or as a prospective convert, the object of whose sojourn in Mecca was to study the sacred law. If the last, as he seems to think, it would point to a growth of tolerance unknown in bygone generations. In any case, Hurgronje enjoyed the freest intercourse with his neighbours; and, until an incident occurred, of which I shall have to speak with fulness, excited no suspicion. He writes: "I made acquaintance with modern Meccan society at first hand, heard with my own ears what that international population learns and teaches, how they talk politics and discuss the objects of Moslem erudition. I have studied the ideal and the reality, the daring faith and the crude struggle for existence of the most catholic community of the world, in Mosque, divan, coffee-house, and living-room."

He describes the population of Mecca as of heterogeneous composition, but bearing a decided West Arabian stamp. It is derived from the Sherifs and Seeyyids, from other old Meccan families, and from the numerous immigrants from the Hejaz and Harb. The large variety of types is due to marriages between native women and foreigners. The dialect is distinctly West Arabian, although every nation has left its trace in loan words. The distinctive costume of the Meccans is always recognisable, in spite of fashions borrowed from India.

Other subsidiary causes contribute to the growth of the population; to live near famous scholars

or mystics, to expiate sins, to atone for ill-gotten riches by devoting a large portion of them to pious uses, to spend the last years of life on holy ground. Dwellers in the interior of Arabia rarely settle in Mecca: they fear the corrupting influence of its society. Subjects of European powers do not represent themselves as such. Turkish rule is absolute; and yet the various nationalities do not intermingle; and the diversity of language and customs justifies the existence of Metouafs or guides for strangers. Of the various "neighbours of Allah," as the citizens of Mecca are called, those from the east of India excel in piety and are freest from lower motives. There is not a beggar among them.

The prospect of advantageous trade allures many to the holy city; and the presence of imported luxuries in so barren a country seems miraculous to the more ignorant pilgrims. The skilled industries are in the hands of foreigners, so that Badia's reproach of mechanical incompetence would still hold good of the native population. It is a compliment to say of a carpenter or pipe-maker that he is from abroad, from the "culture lands" of Islam. Numerous beggars have followed both artisans and rich pilgrims to Mecca: their dress is a patched cloak of many colours; in one hand they hold a begging-bowl or cocoanut shell; in the other, a staff, and the wooden instrument with metal rings whose rattling accompanies their monotonous litanies. Each beggar has his own cry, ranging from humility to impudence. A certain number of

them drift into poorly paid and despised employments, such as doorkeepers, or perform odd duties neglected by slaves. There are several settlements of poor Bedouin in Mecca who are known to be trustworthy and honest. It is melancholy to think of a son of the desert filling the office of doorkeeper. Others contract for camel transport, or sell sheep, milk, butter, dates, &c., which they procure from their relatives of the Black Tents. South of the town is a settlement of Negroes, free Takruri, and emancipated slaves, who work as porters, sweepers, potters, and makers of palm-leaf mats and brooms. Finally, of those who settle in Mecca for secular reasons, are women, especially from Egypt, who offer themselves to men willing to marry, and in some cases contract marriage of a doubtful character.

Between the different quarters of the town faction fights take place. They spring from the most trivial causes, such as quarrels among boys, and occasion standing feuds. The weapons used are stones, daggers, and cudgels ; and a proud man is he who can exhibit scars on his shorn scalp. On feast days such fights are numerous, as crowds assemble in remote places. If a man is killed, the Shaykhs of the two quarters settle the amount of blood-money. The lowest figure is 800 dollars, to which every inhabitant of the guilty quarter is forced to contribute. Foreigners, officials, and men of high rank, stand aloof from such affrays.

The faction fight is on the decline. A pious

but uncultivated Meccan once lamented the degeneracy of the times, in Hurgronje's presence. In the old days, he said, it was inconceivable that the festival at the end of the month of Ramadan should pass off without a fight; but now, "a tedious solemnity" has taken the place of such lively doings.

The chief occupation of the Meccans, from the Sherif to the poorest beggar, is the exploitation of pilgrims. Thus, the "guests" of Allah see only the worst side of the "neighbours" of Allah. Pious men with lofty ideals are disillusioned by the universal, feverish striving after gain. Hurgronje pleads in extenuation that Mecca has no other source of revenue, and competition is on the increase. During the pilgrimage, the Meccans become like merchants on 'Change; but at other times they are affable, hospitable even to lavishness, intellectual, and fond of social intercourse, of entertainments and picnics. Among the good families are men of noble character and sincere piety. In religious zeal they fall short of the people of Medina. A proverb describes the Medinites as all for the other world, the Jeddani for this, the Meccans between the two.

To some privileged persons the holy places are an assured source of gain. The Sheba family are hereditary guardians of the Kaabah. They sell the disused Kiswah, or covering, in small pieces, and charge fees to the pilgrims who enter. The authorities determine the date on which it shall be opened; but they make an exception at times in favour of a distinguished visitor. "The Kaabah

must have been opened to-day," is a saying of the Meccans, if a contented look is seen on the face of a Shebi.

The Abbassides, whence Badia claimed his descent, were formerly guardians of the well of Zem Zem. The lapse of their claims made it nominally free to all, but has led to the formation of a guild of Zemzemis. The office is so lucrative that an order to carry it on must be obtained from the Sherif. Each pilgrim goes to the Zemzemi recommended by his guide, and buys a water-cooler for a dollar. The Zemzemi inscribes it with his name, and keeps it filled for him. There are some pilgrims who have water from the well delivered at their lodgings every morning.

There are guardians of other holy places who recite prayers to be repeated by the visitor. There is the most important guild of all—that of the Guides. But it is in the letting of lodgings (there are no inns) that the average Meccan enriches himself from the Pilgrimage. The practice is universal: those who live in flats crowd their family into the smaller rooms. I have already mentioned that a householder, during the Pilgrimage, may make enough to pay his yearly rent.

When one family occupies a house, the master receives his guests in the hall. There is no risk of meeting women on the ground floor. A stranger should not venture upstairs without a member of the household. Where a house is let off in floors, a visitor to the upper ones makes his presence known by calling upon some

title of Allah, and so warning any woman who may be about of his approach. Custom obliges mutual help among families who occupy the same house: rooms, furniture, even clothes, are lent. This explains the proverb: "Inquire after the neighbour before you ask after the house." The terrace is the most private part of a house, and is partitioned off for each family.

Women enjoy greater freedom in Mecca than in most Eastern cities. A guest may even converse with his host's wife in the next room, with the door ajar. Under certain conditions, a man may allow his wife free intercourse with his friends: he adopts them as *her* relations, so that marriage would be impossible were both parties free. Divorces are easily obtained; and most Meccan women are married one or two dozen times during their lives. Marriages for love are by no means rare. Up to the age of eight or ten, when they are veiled, girls are permitted to associate freely with boys. Attachments, ending in marriage, frequently result. Polygamy is the custom only of the rich; looseness of the marriage tie is a more noticeable feature of Meccan society.

Hurgronje has a high opinion of the mental endowments of these women. A few examples convinced him that great results might be produced by education. The men insisted that such exceptions were miraculous phenomena, and that systematic education would be casting pearls before swine. We of the West who have seen the unfolding of the Suffragette

banners, and have read the laments in the daily press of men crowded out of the labour market by women, cannot help drawing a certain inference from these words. And yet, the Meccan husband frequently consulted his wife on his affairs, and had great confidence in her experience and knowledge of human nature. The following text of the Koran was universally known among Meccan women: "Either retain them with humanity or dismiss them with kindness." It was quoted to the husband who complained of extravagance.

Hysterical attacks are common among the fair population. Ascribed to possession, and known by the name of *Zar*, they were exorcised by old women. The occasion is made the excuse for a musical entertainment, and the evil spirit, before departing, frequently stipulates for an article of jewelry or a new dress, as essential to the patient's recovery. A friend of Hurgronje, a doctor, when his young wife showed symptoms of an attack, treated her with a rigour worthy of the selfish husband in one of Balzac's novels. He ordered a chafing dish to be brought in, heated the cauterising irons, and muttered to himself that devils were created by fire and could be expelled by fire. The difficulty was to locate the exact spot of skin, but it might be solved by cauterising the whole body. The terrified wife at once recovered, and promised to have no more attacks. The husband completed his victory by an interview with the professional exorcist on the stairs, in which he threatened her with death if she entered his house again. This is an exceptional

case; but orthodox divines look askance at the ceremony of Zar exorcism, which is made up of a dance, drumming, and the sacrifice of sheep.

The superior freedom of women in Mecca extends even to slaves. Hurgronje makes the curious statement that slaves are more valued as wives than free women. There is a preference for Abyssinians, who have many good qualities, and abound, of all shades from light yellow to dark brown. Circassians, of whom a few are brought from Constantinople, and sold otherwise than in the open market, at high prices, are little valued on account of their enormous pretensions. The children of the slave wife are equal to those by free mothers; and a stranger can see no difference in their treatment. Circassian slave boys, who become the personal attendants or favourites of men of high rank, are freed when grown up, and started in business. More important, as workers, are the African slaves. They come mostly from the Soudan, and are set to the heavier tasks of building, quarrying, &c. They live at the rate of fourpence a day, spend their weekly holiday in drumming and dancing, and are fanatical in their attachment to Islam. When emancipated they work as water-carriers, or at odd duties, but they prefer to remain in slavery. Negro women, from their superior strength, are selected for cooking and housework. The numerous slaves in the houses of the rich are lightly tasked: even the man-of-all-work in a modest household is not overworked; and all slaves are treated as

members of the family. A slave dissatisfied with his position makes no secret of it, and his unceasing requests to be sent to the market and offered again for sale, soon lead to the fulfilment of his wish. Courtesy to inferiors is enjoined upon children; Hurgronje heard of a boy who was beaten by his father for behaving rudely to a slave. The family tie remains after the slave's emancipation, and he is provided with a house by his late master. It is true that the slave market at Mecca is the largest in the world; but Hurgronje concurs in the opinion of all visitors to the Hejaz, except Badia, that the lot of slaves is a mild one, and that the repressive measures of European powers have produced more harm than good.

Learning has made steady progress. Shortly before Hurgronje's arrival, the Turkish authorities set up a printing press. Books had previously been procured from Egypt, and the works of Meccan authors published there. Although there are several lecture halls, the Mosque is the great University building. After each of the five daily prayers, lectures take place in the cloisters. The subjects are the law, grammar, logic, and dogmatic theology. History and profane geography are of minor importance.

Although it is usual for a son to adopt his father's profession, a boy who shows aptitude for learning is allowed to follow his bent. The concession is not made readily, on account of the expense. There is the obligation of maintaining him for years; and divinity may at last

bring honour, but little profit. Most boys of the middle class are eager to become guides.

The study of the Law takes precedence of all others. It is impossible for the Meccan to devote too much time to its religious side. The artisan need only have a knowledge of its essential doctrines; but the scholar, in the interest of the community, must arm himself with dialectics and philosophy, against the unbelief and heresy that have spread of late years. This alone does not suffice for the attainment of true faith. It must be won by discipline in the mystic life, for which various religious exercises are prescribed: fasts, vigils, concentration of the mind on the divine essence. But the highest stage is only conquered under the guidance of a *Murshid*, or advanced teacher. Popular ideas differ from those taught by the learned. Hurgronje was present at a lecture where the Mufti informed his audience that wine had not always been forbidden by Allah, and that in the days before the abrogation of the Christian revelation, even religious people could drink a glass with a clear conscience. "Was the Christian religion ever lawful?" asked the company in consternation. "Is not wine by its very nature a product of the devil?" The Mufti explained with a smile, adding that it was sufficient for them to believe that Islam was true and all else false.

A much venerated art is that of reciting the Koran. On an uninitiated ear the effect is comparable to Pandemonium. Hurgronje was convinced that one recital would thus impress a

European; and that only after many repetitions would the spirit of harmony be apprehended amid the din. There are famous Koran reciters; and performances take place weekly on a Thursday evening.

Through his doctor friend, Hurgronje was able to obtain information on the medical profession. It is learnt like any other trade; a doctor gives practical instruction to son, nephew, or pupil. A barber may bleed or cup, but is regarded as a quack if he prescribes for internal ailments. But a doctor need not concern himself exclusively with medicine. Hurgronje's friend was a physician of standing, yet he repaired watches and fire-arms, distilled perfumes, gilded jewelry, made fireworks, understood how to coin money, and was an expert in opening up gold and silver mines; it will be remembered that a friend of Seetzen's possessed an equally varied assortment of faculties. This doctor was the owner of a small electrical machine, to which he owed his high medical reputation. And yet he was curiously ignorant of the physiological function of the organs, and of the effect of his own medicines. He was shrewd enough to learn from foreigners, but, in his own interests, he encouraged the general opposition to the Frankish methods of the Turkish army surgeons.

Inadequate knowledge of exact science may account for the numerous superstitions, such as amulets, charms, &c. There was a belief in spells that cause sickness or misfortune; and much of the infant mortality is due to the fumigation of

children to save them from the evil eye. Malays, Javanese, and African and Indian slave women have introduced many of these superstitions; but much has been handed down from the past —as seen in the pre-Islamic stone worship, the rites of the Black Stone, and the three cairns in the valley of Muna.

"It is Islam," concludes Hurgronje, "the official religion, which brings together and amalgamates all the heterogeneous constituents of Meccan society, which is unceasingly in process of development. On the other hand, this society itself welds into a chaotic whole the prejudices and superstitions of all countries."

Like every other visitor to Mecca, Hurgronje praises Burckhardt. He thoroughly studied his book, and without it could scarcely have written his own. The few changes, since the Switzer's time, he duly underlined; and on one noteworthy point the two are at variance. Burckhardt remarked that the Meccans rarely used terms of abuse; Hurgronje found them uniformly foul-mouthed. Even children of six, on the smallest provocation, uttered the coarsest expressions. Both writers agree on the blatant immorality which pervades the streets and even the Mosque.

There was a further change, since Burckhardt's day, of a physical character. The depression in which the Mosque stood had become greater; or, more exactly, the level about it had been raised by the detritus washed down from the mountains by the torrential rains.

Hurgronje's social and topographical studies

were brought to an abrupt conclusion. Through no fault of his, he became involved in the network of intrigues that surrounded the Teima Stone or Stela. To explain how this came about, with the result that his life was endangered in Mecca, I must tell the story of the famous stela.

In 1878, Charles Huber, the ill-fated French-Alsatian, was commissioned by the Ministry of Public Instruction to explore Nejd. The following year he was at Teima, and was the first to set eyes upon an inscribed stone which Doughty had heard of but had not seen. It was used to wall up an old well, and the surface was damaged to such a degree that he could only decipher a few lines. But no doubt could be admitted of its value. In 1883 he returned to Teima with Julius Euting, a Strasburg Orientalist. It is believed that they were not the best of friends; they nevertheless jointly purchased the stone, although the larger amount was contributed by Huber. It records the introduction of a new religion into Teima, and represents the god standing before the priest. It is among the three or four most valuable Semitic inscriptions. The travellers took impressions of the stone, and then sent it to Hail with their personal effects. They themselves separated at el-Ala. Euting set out for Jerusalem, and reached it after a skirmish with the Bedouin. Huber returned to Hail, thence proceeded to Jeddah, and, in spite of warnings, once more turned his steps towards Hail, when he was assassinated by his guides. His servant,

Mohammed, related the story of his death. It was Huber's custom to make detours with his two guides for the purpose of observation. When Mohammed arrived at the agreed halting-place, he remarked his master lying at full length under an Arab cloak, as if asleep. But he was dead: he had been shot in his sleep. The motive of the crime was robbery. Mohammed was overpowered by the murderers and dragged away. The corpse remained unburied for several days. At last some passers-by dug a grave for it. From Jeddah, Huber had sent his copy of the stone to Renan in Paris; but Euting had done likewise to Nöldeke in Berlin: he accompanied it with a letter saying that he had discovered the stone and was sending it to Germany.

It happened that the French Vice-Consul at Jeddah, Felix de Lostalot, was in Paris, and his assistant, the student interpreter, at Aden. An Algerian exile, named Si Aziz, then living at Mecca, seized the opportunity to take the matter up. He was a cunning and not over-scrupulous man, yet he far excelled de Lostalot in practical good sense. He offered his services to the Netherlands Consulate, by which France had recently been represented. But soon after, de Lostalot arrived at Jeddah, charged by the French Government to secure the punishment of Huber's murderers, and to recover his effects, including the Teima Stela. He was bound to conduct these negotiations in secret, as Huber had undertaken his journey in opposition to the will of the Turkish authorities. No man was less suited to

the task than de Lostalot. He was wanting in tact, spoke neither Turkish nor Arabic, and was inexcusably ignorant of Oriental manners. He corresponded with the Wali of the Hejaz in such terms of discourtesy that he was ultimately compelled to apologise.

De Lostalot's most intelligent act was the acceptance of the offer of Si Aziz to deliver the stela and Huber's effects at the French Consulate. In return for this Si Aziz was naturally to receive his travelling expenses. The sum he stipulated for was 5000 francs, but it was wrung with difficulty from the "dry" (stingy) Vice-Consul; and Si Aziz had to resort to the common Oriental device of stating that *another* had offered twice the amount. Whose name he thought fit to use in this connection will shortly transpire.

Of Hurgronje's sojourn at Jeddah, previous to his departure for Mecca, a word has already been said. He had then taken no part in the "affaire Huber," except to translate a letter or two for the French Consulate. He also wrote to his old friend, Professor Euting, to reassure him about his property and its probable safe arrival in Jeddah. From that hour, de Lostalot suspected him of complicity in the design to secure the Teima Stela for Germany. In vain Hurgronje protested. With charming frankness de Lostalot affirmed his opinion that no *savant* had any scruples about appropriating the discoveries of a colleague: he knew these *savants*, they were all alike, &c. Fearing that suspicions of this kind might compromise his

safety in Mecca, Hurgronje, on the eve of his departure from Jeddah, wrote a letter to the Vice-Consul in which he pledged his faith that neither he himself wished to gain possession of the stela, nor was he commissioned to do so by others. The letter met with a friendly reception. De Lostalot promised in return to make no mention of his residence in the holy city.

Hurgronje and Si Aziz became acquainted in Mecca. Si Aziz was about to leave for Hail to prosecute his mission. It was then that he complained to Hurgronje of the "dryness" of the French Vice-Consul, and borrowed from him 200 francs for his expenses. This sum was afterwards repaid, and the two men did not meet again until June. By that time Si Aziz had accomplished the object of his journey, and had delivered up Huber's effects. Ibn Rashid, the Emir of Hail, had honourably kept the property of his foreign guests intact during their long absence, and he handed it over to Si Aziz as the representative of the French Government. Hurgronje listened to his friend's narrative, and reassured him, as he had done on more than one occasion before, that his expenses would be reimbursed by the proper authorities. The stela was despatched to Paris, and is now in the Louvre.

Such was the extent of Hurgronje's connection with the Teima Stela. It did not immediately occur to him that from it sprang the mortifying episode in his career that I shall now

record. In August he was summoned before the Kaimakam (the Wali was absent at Tayf), and an order was read to him in Turkish to leave Mecca at once. A few hours were allowed him to pack; he was then escorted to Jeddah by two soldiers.

At Jeddah the reason became apparent. On 5th July, an alarmist article had appeared in the *Temps* describing the fate of Huber, and accusing Hurgronje of an attempt to steal the Teima stone. The information had been supplied by de Lostalot, and the article was translated into Turkish and Arabic.

It stated that Huber had discovered the stela at Teima, imbedded in the walls of a house. He had bought the house, extricated the monument, and resold the house. There follows the account of his various journeys, ending in his murder, and of the news reaching de Lostalot in Paris. Before de Lostalot returned to Jeddah, the story of the stela was noised abroad; and it was eagerly sought by Euting from Damascus, and by another scholar, Doctor Snouck Busyrouse (*sic*), who was at Mecca under the name of Abd' el Gaffar. When de Lostalot reached Jeddah, he commissioned Ṣi Aziz to get possession of the stela. The journey was attended with peril at every step. He reached Hail, but after starting for Medina, was deserted by the Arabs who accompanied him. At Medina he was searched and imprisoned by the local authorities. Only when he gave an assurance that his luggage had been despatched to Baghdad, was he

released. After leaving Medina, he evaded his pursuers by doubling on his steps, and taking a southward course. By this means he escaped assassination. The utmost excitement prevailed, and the whole country had risen.

Of this article, Hurgronje says that more than half is untrue. Its false version of the discovery and purchase of the stela, and the extraordinary account of the journey of Si Aziz (differing from his own sober narrative to Hurgronje), justify such a verdict. However, false or not, and although Hurgronje was able to exonerate himself with the Turkish authorities, whose action he cannot blame, and for whose politeness he has nothing but praise, it made his continued residence in Mecca impossible. The article had mentioned him by name. It would soon be noised abroad that he was no Moslem convert given up to the study of the Sacred Law, but a Christian in disguise, whose object was the stealing of antiquities. Needless to say what fate overtakes the Frank detected in Mecca.

De Lostalot attempted to vindicate and excuse his act. He denied that the article in the *Temps* was wholly inspired by himself; and by means of misquotation, he employed against Hurgronje a phrase in his own letter. Hurgronje had promised "de ne pas s'occuper" with the Teima stela. The substitution of "plus" (no more) for "pas" (not at all), by de Lostalot gave a widely different signification. Finally de Lostalot adduced the testimony of Si Aziz that the counter offer of Fcs. 10,000 for the stela had emanated

from Hurgronje. Si Aziz had indeed used Hurgronje's name, never thinking that the falsehood would injure him. And, according to Arab standards, this method of sending up prices was a permissible one. Now Hurgronje vainly endeavoured to extort from Si Aziz an official denial. Si Aziz was an exile from Algeria by command of the French Government from whom he received a pension. It was paid by the Vice-Consul, and he dared not risk the loss of it. "It is from them I receive my sustenance," he pleaded; "how can I testify whether truly or falsely against the Consul of the French Government?" The utmost he could do was to promise, if he came face to face with the Wali, to speak the truth.

Return to Mecca was impossible; therefore Hurgronje sailed from Jeddah. His studies were cut short, and he was unable to be present at the Pilgrimage. He took with him Huber's skeleton, except the bones of the hands, which were never recovered. The skull, in the left temple of which was a perforation from a bullet, was buried at Jeddah. De Lostalot's modesty in allowing so much praise to fall to the lot of Si Aziz was fitly commended by two eminent fellow-countrymen.

XX

GERVAIS-COURTELLEMONT, 1894

(ABDALLAH)

"BEYOND the East known to Europeans, far away in the heart of Arabia, enfolded in the depth and mystery of deserts, lies Mecca, the holy town of Islam. It lies in the hollow of a savage valley, straitened between two sharp and arid mountain chains, as if Nature had conspired with the Mussulman faith to hide its secrets from the profane."

This subtle suggestion of a profounder mystery that the East held in its keeping, began to haunt the French-Algerian photographer, Gervais-Courtellemont, when he had exhausted the countries that are easy of access. He had travelled from Tangier to Constantinople; and the fruit of his travels lay before him in five volumes. He longed to make Mecca and Medina the subjects of a sixth.

To him the fascination of the East resembled the delight of an old man in childish recollections. Our old races crave a return to the countries which gave them birth, and to their gaily bedizened peoples, whose towns are sad and whose cemeteries are gay. Religions, lan-

guages, the noblest races, perhaps all humanity, have issued from the East. But the inhabitants of countries where the tide of life was once strong are now as though asleep. They pass through life as in a dream.

And yet the East is unchanged: the blue sky, the tawny sands, the camel, the wandering Arabs, uncorrupted by contact with Western civilisation, in their garments of many colours, supple of movement, and proud-featured.

Steeped in these sensations, Courtellemont nursed his project for years. At last came an exceptional opportunity of carrying it out. In 1890, at Algiers, he was the means of saving from imprisonment an Arab named Haj Akli. Cholera had broken out in the Hejaz, and the French Government had forbidden its Algerian subjects to make the Pilgrimage. Haj Akli had already visited Mecca eighteen times. It was his custom to purchase stuffs there, which he afterwards sold in France, Egypt, and Algeria. Being at Damascus, he joined the Syrian caravan, and, in defiance of the prohibition, proceeded to Mecca. On his return to Algiers he was arrested, and, but for Courtellemont's intercession with his friend the Prefect, he would have suffered the privations and humiliations of a prison. A less fortunate pilgrim was made to endure the penalty. His heartrending letters, and the stories he told on regaining his liberty, convinced Akli, a man of proud spirit, that he would never have survived the ordeal. He, therefore, overflowed with gratitude towards Courtellemont; and, hear-

ing of his Mecca project, offered himself as guide.

It was unfortunate that a delay of two years intervened before the journey could be attempted. Akli already suffered from a liver complaint, and his energies steadily diminished with the lapse of time. Meanwhile, Courtellemont's Mussulman friends warmly urged him to venture. They knew that his love for them was sincere, and that more intimate knowledge would enhance it. He applied to the Ministry of Public Instruction for a scientific mission; but this was refused because of the hazardous nature of the undertaking. The Government, however, provided him with a passport under an Arab name, and warmly encouraged a journey whence unique information on the Hejaz would accrue. He also, like Roches, received a private commission from the Government, the nature of which he is unable to disclose. Its satisfactory fulfilment earned him, on his return, the appointment of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

On 14th July 1893, Courtellemont reached Suez. He was there to meet Akli: but Akli could not be found. Inquiries elicited that a person answering to the description, but with the appearance of a walking corpse, had been seen in the town. He therefore repaired at night to a caravanserai where Arabs of West Africa were wont to lodge. Admitted to a large, low room, smoky and sordid, filled with recumbent human figures clothed in rags, he was rebuffed by a suspicious innkeeper. About to withdraw, he cried out Akli's name

aloud; whereupon a woman rose from the ground and asked who called her brother. But it was in vain that Courtellemont endeavoured to extort information from her. All he gained was a statement, no doubt purposely misleading, that Akli had left for Cairo.

Courtellemont was greatly depressed. He thought nothing remained but to return to his country with "drooping ears." He therefore set out by rail for Alexandria. On arriving, to his great surprise, the cadaverous face of Akli looked in at the window. Matters were soon explained. Akli had thought himself dying, and wished to return to Algeria. Meanwhile, hearing of Courtellemont's search, and guessing his movements, he awaited every day the arrival of the train from Suez.

Courtellemont at once took his friend to the leading hotel in Alexandria. As the director and his staff of servants evinced some hesitation in attending to their wants, they removed next day to a humbler domicile. A doctor was convened; and, on his advice, it was agreed to postpone the journey for a year.

They spent the time in travel. At Jaffa Courtellemont associated with pirates and smugglers, lived the Arab life, and generally familiarised himself with its customs.

In the autumn of 1894, the two at last sailed from Algiers, on board the *Glaucus*, bound direct for Jeddah. The voyage was to extend over ten days, and much of the time was spent on a wooden bed. But never-ceasing interest in fellow-

travellers compensated for lack of comfort. The ship was a veritable "museum of ethnology." Two Turkish officers alone stood severely aloof: the remaining passengers, whether natives of Beyrout, Cairo, Medina, Damascus, Upper Egypt, the Soudan, even two Hejaz Bedouin returning to their country after conducting back the Egyptian Mahmil,—consorted on terms of fellowship. At the close of each day, Courtellemont confessed himself gorged with numberless complimentary cups of tea.

A common front was presented to Turkish arrogance. Reminders that Mohammed was an Arab, that their own Sultan was powerless, remarks on their discourtesy, assailed the ears of the two haughty officers.

More than all, the Hejaz Bedouin fascinated Courtellemont. Draped, and crowned with gold fillets, they appeared like true Magian kings. They were attended by a Negro slave, who chanted far into the night the barbaric airs of his native land.

Much confusion attended disembarkation at Jeddah. The experienced Akli would have overcome all difficulties alone; but Courtellemont, left in a corner to guard the baggage, contrived to get himself into trouble. His appearance attracted the suspicions of some Turkish soldiers: he was taken to the police station and interrogated. It was a critical scene on which Akli arrived a few minutes later. The officers, unable to understand Courtellemont's Algerian Arabic, were growing angry and impatient. Akli suc-

ceeded in giving satisfactory answers and disarming suspicion; they were, nevertheless, followed to their lodgings, watched on the next occasion when they quitted them, and questioned in the shops. Akli shook his head, and read in the occurrence a bad omen. He was thrown into a state of indecision, and a mournful first evening was spent at Jeddah.

The flatness and sterility of Jeddah oppressed Courtellemont. It was built on a low sandy plain, without a rise in the ground. Thorn trees were the only verdure. "Nothing can soften the impression of death and nothingness that overwhelms you, as soon as you arrive in this town of a bygone age, this stone oasis abandoned on a barren coast." Yet he remarked fine houses, and animation in the streets and bazaars. He visited the Christian cemetery, small and square, surrounded by a wall. A few European Consuls or travellers, mostly assassinated, like Huber, slept their last sleep in the burning sands.

Akli's reputation stood high in Jeddah, and he had a large circle of friends. But his popularity did not advance Courtellemont in favour. Nothing drew people out of a polite but cold reserve towards him. The Arabs are a hospitable race, yet he received no invitation to meals. At last Akli, a man of many resources, persuaded a friend to invite him to his house. Alas! the entertainment was scarcely a partial success, so many solecisms did Courtellemont commit. He allowed rice fried in butter to slip from his fingers; and he found the flavour of the sauce

served with fish so sharp, that, although it is not the custom to drink at dinner, he persistently asked the slave for water. Akli, whose irritability increased with his complaint, admonished him severely on their return home. "You are not clever," he said; "you do not know how to behave at table!" Sadly the pair went to rest. Late at night they were disturbed by the irruption of an unexpected visitor. It was their host of a few hours ago. "Do not go to Mecca," he pleaded. Bread and salt had created sacred ties, and against all his habits he had left his house after sunset to give this warning. "Do not go," he continued. "You will never return. The sand of the desert is white with the bones of those who, like you, have persisted in penetrating to our holy city." "I have pronounced the sacred formula," replied Courtellemont. "Whoever strikes me will be a bad Mussulman, and God will punish him." The host withdrew in consternation.

"Go to Mecca; the more you know us the more you will love us!" had been the chorus of Courtellemont's Algerian friends. He had complied, and must now have felt something like the home-nurtured boy on his first plunge into school—the realities of which contrast with the ideal picture drawn by well-meaning friends of prize-winning, games, and companionship of open and generous young souls.

The Christian convert was earning unwelcome notoriety in Jeddah. Akli, therefore, determined to start for Mecca the following evening. Donkeys

were chosen for the journey, not the camel—"that animal created specially for the desert, for the desolation of these dead countries and endless solitudes." Clad in the Ihram, the pair, with a few companions, left the town and entered upon a road like a dried-up river bed. Mountains like extinct volcanoes succeeded each other along it. "Masses of rock, black and scorched, chaotic landslips, seem to bar your way. You approach, and suddenly you discern a cleft through which the road winds. You follow it, and again find yourself in a black circus, round and traplike." Night fell suddenly, and the stars and constellations shed a pale, sad light, in which the sinister objects on all sides were vaguely distinguished. Now, the red eye of a lantern marked the post of a Turkish soldier on the hills, with its "wicked silhouette." Now they traversed vast sand plains. The moon rose, and an endless file of camels, treading without noise, and led by phantoms, met them with a mingling of shadows. Again, dark tunnels of rock closed round them. "What shall I be to-morrow?" thought Courtellemont. His mind busied itself with memories of travel and home, of family and friends. Suddenly a halt was called. His companions rolled themselves up in linen garments and fell asleep like inert masses. At dawn they renewed the march, and, at a turn of the road, without warning, entered Mecca.

Courtellemont proceeded through the town and passed into the Mosque, where the Kaabah rose majestic before him. His guide informed him that he was at the centre of the earth, where the

prayers of all Mussulmans converged, and rose straight to heaven. After performing the Tawaf, and kissing the Black Stone, he drank largely of Zem Zem water. The guide's countenance cleared : this was the final test. Water from the holy well would have choked a Christian. These ceremonies were succeeded by the Sai.

Courtellemont lodged with his guide at a distance of fifty yards from the Mosque. Towards sunset he returned to the vast court. Listening to the melodious voices of the Muezzin calling to prayer from the corner minarets, he experienced something like a trance. Everything was bathed in a rosy light, and pilgrims were noiselessly circling round the Kaabah like white phantoms. The horizon was contracted by the mountains which girded the city : almost sheer was the descent of their precipices, on which the light played from the setting sun. A ruddy glow trembled on the rocks. The marble of the domes and arcades of the Mosque threw a fringe of gold on the ground. The sacred buildings were on fire. Only the Kaabah, aloof, majestic in its black draping, was untouched by the transient splendour.

Twenty thousand persons were gathered for evening prayer. The measured slowness of their prostrations added to the impressiveness of the scene.

A rosy afterglow succeeded the gold, and this faded to violet and iron-grey. Then night descended on the mystic things, and in the darkness, white phantoms rose up and began silently to circle round the Kaabah.

Courtellemont returned to his lodgings, worn out by the fatigues of the journey and the excitement of the ceremonies. He reflected on his strange experiences, on his "unreal" voyage, on the mysterious and supernatural city to which he had been conveyed as by a miracle, and where he was living stripped of life's ordinary envelope, and abstracted in a kind of mystic lethargy.

Akli soon became too ill to leave his room; but Courtellemont found a good friend in one Abd-el-Wahad, an Arab from West Africa. They enjoyed long walks together, and it was in this man's company that Courtellemont accomplished the object of his journey to Mecca. Having left the main street and threaded the narrowing lanes past the last house that straggled up the rising ground, they climbed the bare flank of Jebel Gobbis, the mountain which dominates the Mosque. Courtellemont carried a praying carpet over his shoulder, and concealed in it was a camera. The position was a delicate one. On the summit of this hill was a shrine, and the ostensible object of all pilgrims who climbed it was to worship there. To neglect such a duty would arouse the guardians' suspicions: to fulfil it, the carpet must be unrolled and the camera exposed. Quick as lightning, Courtellemont took five views of the city, one of which embraced its entire length in the sinuous folds of the valley. The attention of the guardians of the shrine was fortunately directed elsewhere; and the two swiftly descended the escarpment and were lost in the dark lanes.

Courtellemont began to excuse his strange conduct to his friend. He explained that he was longer-sighted with one eye than the other, and the camera was an optical instrument which he used as a corrective. Abd-el-Wahad replied that he had seen such instruments at Tangier, and knew their nature well. He exhorted Courtellemont to hide his camera, lest they should be suspected as political spies and massacred.

The population of the city in Courtellemont's day was 100,000. The houses were built of good masonry, strengthened by beams, and adorned with well-worked moucharabiehs in Indian wood. The streets were well kept and lighted. Lamps burned all night, and refuse was removed on donkeys. These reforms were due to private enterprise and the spirit of mutual obligation: not to municipal trading. The London householder will hear with a pang of envy that there are no rates and taxes in Mecca. Commerce was almost entirely in the hands of Indians and Jaffans. Of imported articles, English and Dutch predominated.

Books on theology, ancient history, medicine, magic, &c. were brought yearly from India. No printing was done in Mecca; the national press was at a standstill. As Courtellemont passed the silent building which contained it, he mused: "Will these old sleeping races ever awake? Who can tell what these presses may print one day, should the holy war ever break out!"

But the Bedouin quarter had the deepest significance for him. These "black phantoms of the

past" were out of place in a great Arab city. They were men of the infinite desert, of dead solitudes and burnt horizons. The problem of the origin of the Arabic language never ceased to preoccupy him : that it was one of the oldest, perhaps the oldest in the world, he was convinced. And it was the Hejaz Bedouin who guarded the secret buried in the rock tombs of their ancestors. "For a long while yet they will hinder us from penetrating the country of the Queen of Sheba, and lighting up the mystery of that ancient and brilliant Arabian civilisation, which, unlike that of Egypt and Assyria, remains unknown to us."

One of Courtellemont's walks led him to the Maala cemetery, where Mohammed's mother and his favourite wife Aicha are said to be buried. Of this cemetery he relates a charming story. An Indian prince had made Mecca his home, that he might die there and be buried in the holy precincts. He would thus further his chances of attaining Paradise. But a learned friend assured him that he was mistaken, and advised him as a test to spend the hours of darkness in the Maala. The prince complied, and at midnight beheld the cemetery fill with gigantic shadowy forms. They were phantom camels returning from the ends of the earth, bearing on their backs the bodies of the deserving, who had died in distant countries, to exchange for those of the undeserving, who had performed no act of merit except to die in the holy city. All night was passed in unloading

and recharging, and before the dawn, the ghostly caravan went forth. The Indian prince saw how vain was his attempt to cozen fortune and be honourable without the stamp of merit.

Closely connected with this legend is that of the son of a Moorish king, taken prisoner in a war with Christians, and compelled to work as a gardener. There he fell in love with a Christian princess, and his love was returned. Each strove to convert the other, but it was she who finally yielded. After a time their love was discovered. The prince suffered still deeper degradation, the lady was imprisoned. She fell ill and died. In despair the lover visited her grave. He wished to remove from her wrist a plain silver bracelet which he had given her, and keep it as a remembrance. To his surprise and horror, on displacing the earth, the form of an old and white-bearded Arab met his view. By his side was a magnificent pearl rosary. Scarcely aware of what he did, the prince seized the rosary, rearranged the earth, and fled. He wandered over many countries, and at last came to Mecca. As he entered the main street, a young man rushed towards him, crying out: "Violator of tombs! Whence did you obtain that rosary? It was my father's, the only one of its kind, and was buried with him in the Maala." A crowd gathered, the prince was taken before the Kadi and interrogated. With every appearance of truth he told his story. Whereupon, the Kadi and his audience repaired to the Maala, opened the grave, and lo! the phantom camels had done

their work. There lay the princess like a virgin asleep, and on her wrist gleamed the silver bracelet.

His work accomplished, Courtellemont began to feel life at Mecca slightly monotonous. He had no household cares, as he had handed over a sum of money to his guide to meet all expenses. Much time was spent in praying and sleeping; and he was warned not to walk the streets too frequently, or show curiosity on what passed in the town. It was the custom to rise at six o'clock and partake of a slight breakfast; the chief meal was at 11 A.M., and a second on a smaller scale at 3 P.M. Cookery was simple, and would have been appetising, were it not that the butter was made from sheep's milk. This imparted a greasy taste revolting to the European palate. At all times of the day tea was drunk. The substitution of tea for coffee was an Indian custom; and the visitor to the Hejaz who strictly observes social duties must possess a tea-drinking faculty worthy of Dr. Johnson.

Courtellemont's visit to Mecca did not coincide with the Pilgrimage. He thus had greater opportunities to observe, although the risk of being thought a spy might be increased. But this very risk furnished him with a counter-argument: had his intentions been dishonest he would have visited the holy places during the Pilgrimage, and passed unnoticed among the crowds of all nations.

Before leaving Mecca, Courtellemont made an excursion with Abd-el-Wahad to Muna. The houses in the single street were deserted, save for

two black guardian slaves. But that there was no vegetation, it might have been a bathing station in the Pyrenees. He had expected the valley of Muna—the shambles of the Pilgrimage—to present a terrifying appearance, and was surprised to discover no trace of the bones of slaughtered animals. The action of the sand had reduced all to powder. The outbreaks of cholera at Muna he attributed less to emanations from the carcases of victims than to its being the last of the ceremonies. The pilgrims reached it in a weakened condition, from want of hygienic precautions, the deadly climate, fatigue, crowding, &c.

It was not without feelings of relief that Courtellemont finally quitted Mecca. A few days before, he had been accosted in the street by an official, and, as at Jeddah, taken to a police station. His answers satisfied the inquisitor—but at the cost of unpleasant emotions to himself. Had he been followed, his room searched, and the camera discovered, the result might have been disastrous. And if the authorities had determined upon making investigations, they would have done so when he was about to take his departure. It was, therefore, a pleasing experience to exchange the streets of the holy city for the open desert and freedom.

The journey to Jeddah was made with only a few halts at coffee-huts. Courtellemont's chief adventures on the road were seven falls from his donkey. He was scarcely consoled by the would-be conciliatory speech of the accompanying Bedouin: "Do not be angry, my brother; it

is you who do not know how to ride." As they neared Jeddah, the Bedouin himself had a fall. Courtellemont was seized with a laughing fit of two hours' duration. Other causes may have conjoined to promote merriment in a man who had just come scatheless out of Mecca; but he was severely reprimanded by the indignant Akli for the scandal he was occasioning, and for his bad taste.

At Jeddah Courtellemont hastened to telegraph to his mother and to his friends in France. He next paid a visit to the French Consulate; and this he described as "the sweetest emotion of his life." On one of the few days he spent at Jeddah, he visited the Christian cemetery and photographed Huber's tomb. But in wending his way homeward, the camera was detected by a Turkish officer. To the chance that he was well dressed Courtellemont attributes the leniency with which the affair was treated, and he was suffered to go his way in peace.

It was Courtellemont's wish to proceed to Medina, and he embarked with Akli in an Austrian cargo-boat. Yambu was signalled by the strangely indented line of mountains that bound the desert beyond it. The ship glided between coral reefs into the harbour; but by then the Medina project had been abandoned. Akli's state of health made the fatigue of a land journey impossible. Courtellemont's disappointment was keen: he had been told that the entire side of a wall which formed one of the fortifications at Medina was covered with inscriptions dating from the war between Hebrews and Christians.

They set sail for Suez, and thence Courtellemont returned to Marseilles. The weather was cold and rainy as he replunged into the busy world—still haunted by visions of the torrid countries, of the desert, the camels, the gaily bedecked turbaned Arabs.

Shortly after his return, he lectured upon his journey at Bordeaux. Among the audience was no less a person than Léon Roches: living on in a green old age, he still possessed the frame and poise of an athlete.

Note.—Information has reached me that, since his journey to Mecca, Gervais-Courtellemont has become a true convert to Islam. In August 1908 he visited Medina, on the occasion of the opening of the Hejaz Railway, as special correspondent of the *Illustration*.

XXI

MISCELLANEOUS

In Niebuhr we read of three nameless Christians at Mecca. Niebuhr arrived in Yemen towards the close of 1762. Two years previously, an English sailor set out for Mecca with the Sana caravan, on his way to Europe through Turkey. Some years earlier, another Englishman arrived in Yemen from Mecca, and embarked secretly for India.

He also heard of a French surgeon who set out for Mecca to attend the "Emir Hadsje" in his professional capacity. A promise had been made that he would not be molested on account of his religion. However, at a certain distance, he was forced to abjure Christianity, and then proceed upon his journey.

In 1815 Thomas Keith, a private in the 72nd Highlanders, was taken prisoner at Rosetta and forcibly converted to Islam. He became a Mameluke, rose to be an Agha, and was actually appointed Governor of Medina: "the strangest office," to quote Mr. Hogarth, "to which surely even a Scot has attained." He died fighting against the Wahhabis a few years later, after having, in the words of *The Times*, *cannily* administered the holy city.

Keith is no doubt identical with the young Scottish convert, Othman, mentioned by J. S. Buckingham. Buckingham was at Jeddah in 1814, where he met both Burckhardt and Othman. He describes Othman as a native of Perth, and a drummer in a Scottish regiment at the time of General Frazer's disastrous expedition and defeat at Alexandria. Assigned as slave to a Mameluke chief, he succeeded to his property on his death. He had light eyes, a fair complexion, and sandy hair. He still preserved his love of home, and carried with him a pocket Bible; but his attempts to reconcile Biblical and Koranic teaching frequently aroused laughter. When Burckhardt and Othman dined with Buckingham, "forbidden wine" stood on the board. Burckhardt drank of it without hesitation; but Othman refused, until, being gently bantered by his brother Mohammedan, he partook of one glass. He afterwards became sick, and this he attributed to divine wrath.

To Captain George Forster Sadlier belongs the distinction of having seen at least the exterior of Medina, with no disguise of religion or nationality. In 1819 Ibrahim Pasha, eldest son of Mohammed Ali, had inflicted some notable defeats and losses on the Wahhabis, and captured their chieftain Sooltan bin Saood. Sadlier was sent by the East India Company on a mission to Ibrahim. He was to congratulate the Pasha on his victories, and offer the assistance of British ships and men in suppressing piracy in the Persian Gulf, and punishing the Wahhabis. He

landed at Mascat, only to find that Ibrahim had departed into the interior. Then began what has been called a point-to-point race. Ibrahim unconsciously flitted ahead, and Sadlier followed, with a suite of Persians, Indians, Portuguese, and Armenians. At last, on September 7th, the quarry was run to earth at Medina. Sadlier was not suffered to approach near the city, but, by order of Ibrahim, was conducted to Bir Ali, three miles to the west. He felt strongly tempted to enter Medina or obtain a good view, but he remembered that he was in the land of Mohammedan superstition and fanaticism, and prudence forbade him to expose himself to insult. His Turkish guide offered to lead him by a road near the city, but counselled him against it, lest he should be "displeased" by the remarks of zealots or devotees. Strange to say, his European dress did not attract attention, and he safely reached Bir Ali. He had snatched a glimpse of the walls and minarets of Medina, conspicuous, in their dreary situation, by plaster and whitewash. All that he heard of the inhabitants impressed him ill. "The Mohammedan world," he wrote, "contributes to the support of these lazy, idle beggars, who, as they are rich, conceive they have a right to be arrogant, and to treat even their benefactors with contempt and disdain. In their houses they are said to fare sumptuously, although they are proverbial for their avarice." Had Thomas Keith lived two years longer, there might have been an eventful meeting—to quote again from *The Times*—between "the ex-private

and the rather rigid Sahib who held His Majesty's commission." Sadlier left Bir Ali for Yambu. He was the first European to cross Arabia from sea to sea.

Burton tells us that the only European, known to him, to visit Mecca without apostatising, was Bertolucci, Swedish Consul at Cairo. On his way to Tayf, he persuaded his Bedouin camel-men to introduce him in disguise. He naïvely owned that his terror of discovery prevented him from making observations.

Von Maltzan, in his list of pilgrims, mentions an Englishman named Tenett, who went to Mecca in 1863, under the name of Haj Abdul Wahad, and lived subsequently in Algiers. I am unable to discover any record of his journey.

References to the "direful city" are frequent in the pages of Doughty. His setting forth from Damascus on his Arabian travels in 1875 coincided with that of the annual pilgrim caravan for Mecca. He obtained permission to ride with it as far as Medain Saleh, whither he was bound to collect inscriptions. The presence of a Frank (Doughty made no attempt at disguise) attracted unwelcome attention. "Is this one who should go with the Haj?" exclaimed a zealous pilgrim; and a passer-by addressed to those who rode with him the significant question: "You that come along with him, what is this for an Hajjy?" When the caravan encamped, he was advised not to go abroad from his tent, but otherwise he was unmolested. As far as Maan, the Darb el Haj (pilgrim road) consisted of "a multitude of cattle

paths beaten hollow by the camels' tread"; but after Maan, when they journeyed "over the brow of Arabia," not even the appearance of a trodden road remained. All was "sea-room," and they held their course by landmarks. It was then that he heard a "disastrous voice" before him, telling that a Christian had been discovered in the caravan, and "would be dealt with." When he inquired into the facts, no answer was returned, and he heard no more.

During his travels he heard the story of a Christian who missed his way to Kheybar, eighty miles north-east of Medina, and on a sudden discovered that he had entered the holy city. He was arrested in the streets, haled before the Pasha, and ordered to be sent with an escort of soldiers to Yambu. No sooner were the gates passed than a soldier called upon the Christian to abjure his faith. He refused, and was thereupon shot dead. The perpetrator of the act was imprisoned, and the affair referred to Constantinople for the Sultan's decision: with what result is unknown.

We also read of an alien at Medina who confided to an Arab that he was a Christian. "Then tell no more so," was the reply, "and take better heed to thyself; I will not betray thee; and now the Lord be with thee."

Doughty once chanced to be at an intermediate Haj station, when the Damascus caravan arrived on its way to Mecca. Next day he was standing in the "menzil" to watch its departure, when a pilgrim accosted him:—"If I speak in the

French language, will you understand me?" "I shall understand it! but what countryman art thou?" He beheld a pale alien's face with a chestnut beard. The man replied: "I am an Italian, a Piedmontese of Turin." "And what brings you hither upon this hazardous voyage? Good Lord! you might have your throat cut among them; are you a Moslem?" "Ay." "You confess, then, their *None ilah but Allah, and Mahound, apostle of Allah*, which they shall never hear me utter, may Allah confound them!" The Italian's name was Francesco Ferrari, and he intended to publish an account of his travels on his return to Europe. When, "in the favourable revolution of the stars," Doughty was come again to "peaceable countries," he left notice of Ferrari at his consulate in Syria, and vainly inquired for him in Italy. "I thought it my duty," he says, "for how dire is the incertitude which hangs over the heads of any aliens that will adventure themselves in Mecca!"

But the most fascinating of Doughty's stories was told to him by a former custom-house watchman on board ships at Jeddah. This Arab, whose name was Aman, once saw among the passengers of a steamship a Nasrany (Christian) who sat "weeping, weeping, and his friends could not appease him." He inquired the cause. "Eigh me!" replied the stranger, "I have asked of the Lord that I might visit the city of his holy house and become a Moslem. Is not Mecca yonder? Help me, thou good Moslem, that I may repair thither, and pray in the sacred

places—but ah ! these detain me." Under cover of night, Aman contrived that the man should be got ashore in a wherry and mounted upon an ass for Mecca. With the dawn of the next day the "Frenjy" entered the holy city. The few people in the streets looked earnestly upon him and asked : "Sir, what brings thee hither, being, it seems, a Nasrany ?" He replied : "I was a Christian, and I have required it of the Lord that I might enter this holy city and become a Moslem !" Then they broke out into rejoicings, and took him to their houses to perform the rite of initiation. Years after, this "renegade or traveller" was living either in Mecca or Medina. His godfathers had made a collection for him, and he became a tradesman. Doughty concluded : "Who may interpret this and the like strange tales which we may often hear repeated among them ?"

The final act in the drama of Doughty's Arabian wanderings, lasting as they did nearly two years, took place as near Mecca as it is lawful for a Christian to approach. He had set out from El Kasim with a butter caravan that was going down to Mecca. When within one stage of the holy city, the difficulty arose : who was to be Doughty's guide to Tayf or Jeddah ? By chance they met some cameleers from Tayf, with whom they opened negotiations. One of them unthinkingly offered to conduct Doughty to Tayf through Mecca. He was recalled to himself by these words, spoken in a tone of "fanatical strange-

ness": *This one goes not to Mecca.* The cameleer thereupon withdrew; another refused to accompany him to Jeddah; and he found himself about to be abandoned in the "sinister passage." He writes: "I was now to pass a circuit in whose pretended divine law there is no refuge for the alien; whose people shut up the ways of the common earth; and where any felon of theirs in comparison with a Nasrany is one of the people of Allah." They reached Aym ez-Zeyma, the boundary, and there, at last, in a coffee-hut, a guide was found: "a venerable Negro," who, when the agreement was made, rose and took Doughty by the hand. But it was too late. Tidings spread that a Christian was in the neighbourhood. A mad Sherif arrived with a "butcherly sword-knife," and made feints at Doughty's throat; and a throng of loitering Mecca cameleers, clad in coarse blue cotton tunics, gathered in a row before him to see the novelty. His late friends of the butter caravan rode on and left him to his fate. Doughty's firmness overawed the Sherif; and the more moderate among the spectators strove to arrest his murderous intentions. "Remember Jeddah bombarded!" they cried, "and that was for the blood of some of this stranger's people; take heed what thou doest." They decided to lead him to Tayf to be judged by the Sherif of Mecca. The mad Sherif put up his knife, but on the slightest provocation drew it again, or broke out into cursing and reviling, and shook

his fists in the Christian's face. There also came "young men of the place to gaze on the Nasrany as if it were some perilous beast that had been taken in the toils." Before they reached Tayf, Doughty was despoiled of his money and possessions, including his revolver, and brutally struck on the neck with a driving-stick. But once at Tayf, the fate of hanging, which he had been assured awaited him, was more nearly meted to his assailants. The good Sherif received him with every mark of kindness and esteem. His property was restored, he was clothed and fed, and given a safe escort to Jeddah.

Charles Huber, famous in connection with the Teima stone, approached even nearer to Mecca than Doughty. It was on his return from Hail, in June 1884, when he had purchased the stone and parted from Euting. He reached El-Sel, and experienced the same difficulty as Doughty in securing a guide to Jeddah. None would accompany him "from fear of God." The Arabs gave him sinister looks, and he meditated sending his servant to Mecca to telegraph to the French Consul at Jeddah for an escort. At Ateibeh, however, a guide was found. Scarcely had a start been made when he and his company were arrested by a body of thirteen men, a sort of "urban guard." They had been suspected as thieves who did not wish to pass near Mecca: they were now to be taken there and handed over to justice. At 11.30 P.M. they reached the outskirts. The camp was pitched, and Huber

sent two of his men to the authorities to offer explanations. After a weary space of waiting they returned, having achieved nothing on account of the unusual hour. The following day he sent his servant Mohammed with a letter to the Sherif, asking for an escort to Jeddah. Meanwhile he observed all that he could. He did not catch sight of a single building belonging to the city; but this is not surprising when so many travellers have remarked upon its seclusion, and the suddenness with which its streets are entered. His curiosity was confined to the surroundings, and he was impressed by their ugliness. The mountains were barren, and of monotonous shades: a blend of dirty yellow, pale brown, and dull grey. He climbed one of these hills, and saw far off Mohammed returning with a soldier clad in white. This man dismissed the groups of curious persons who had straggled out from the city to stare at the Nasrany. Mohammed brought the welcome news that he had confuted the accusers, and the desired escort to Jeddah was about to arrive.

Lastly, I may mention a story told to me, while travelling in the East, by my Arab guide. A party of pilgrims, between Jeddah and Mecca, remarked that, after a halt, one of their number invariably resumed the march with his right foot. It is the Arab custom to do so with the left. Examination proved him a Christian; but as he had not entered the precincts of the holy city, he was adjudged the lesser penalty of the basti-

nado. His bruised and swollen feet incapacitated him from further exertion, and he died in the desert.

Note.—In 1882 Dr. Morsly, a Frenchman living in Algeria, made the Pilgrimage. He is worthy of mention as a European who has seen Mecca, but he was properly a Mohammedan convert.

XXII

THE HEJAZ RAILWAY

CONCLUSION

In August 1908 the news came that the Hejaz Railway had reached Medina, and that another two years would see it carried to Mecca. Its nominal starting-point is Damascus; but when the last section of the Baghdad Railway, across the Taurus Mountains, is complete, it will be possible to take the train from Constantinople to Mecca. There will thus be a linking-up of the Sultan of Turkey's temporal and spiritual capitals.

The idea of the Hejaz Railway was broached in April 1900, and work was started a few months later. The Sultan, in his capacity of Caliph of Islam, subscribed £T.50,000, and issued an appeal to his co-religionists in all parts of the world. The project was acclaimed with unparalleled enthusiasm; money poured in; and, in spite of proverbial Ottoman corruption, not a piastre subscribed for the railway has been diverted elsewhere. Under the direction of the German engineer, Meissner Pasha, the work went forward with extraordinary rapidity. Military men were

employed upon the line, and, despite the difficulties of scaling sandstone cliffs, and laying miles of track along lifeless wastes swept by scorching winds, a record in the speed of construction has been established. Meissner Pasha's task concluded at Medain Saleh, the frontier of the Hejaz. It was preferred that a Mussulman should undertake the remainder; and the work devolved upon Mukhtar Bey. A formal opening ceremony took place at Medina, attended by many of the illustrious personages of Islam; and the Prophet's Tomb was illuminated for the occasion with electric light. An account of the ceremonies appeared in *The Times* from their special correspondent; and it is noteworthy that the message was telegraphed from the Medina Post Office in English.

It is thus only a question of time before the snort of the locomotive will, in the words of *The Times*, be heard within the precincts of the Kaabah. Inevitably, with the linking of the Moslem holy cities to the world's great life-centres, something of their mystery will be absorbed in the universal circulation. When the branch line is laid between Mecca and Jeddah, a project frequently discussed in Hurgronje's day, the entire journey will be practicable by steamer or train. The caravan will disappear. Should the Christian again intrude, he will not be called upon to repeat such an experience as Burton's wild journey from Medina to Mecca.

Contemporaneously with the opening of the

railway, came the news of great political changes in Turkey. "The Prophet," exclaimed an Egyptian orator at the ceremonies, "did not permit the railway to reach Medina until the Caliph had granted a Constitution to his people."

Whether or not there is a slackening of autocratic ties in the near future, the Hejaz Railway is a strategic base of first-rate importance to Turkey. By means of it she will be able to pour an uninterrupted stream of troops into Arabia. Hitherto, both men and supplies have been despatched by sea to Jeddah; and a threat to blockade that port has more than once silenced the Sultan's voice in the European chorus. The removal of such a vulnerable point should facilitate the settlement of Arabia, and perhaps lead to the opening up of that country to Europeans. The following passage from a writer in a contemporary journal may be a shade too optimistic: "Now that the electric light burns over the Tomb of the Prophet, we may hope some day to see with our own eyes the sacred cities of the Moslems." Let us, however, pray to see his prophecy fulfilled.

Should such things be, should tourists flock to Mecca, and invalids for the benefit of its dry climate, should hotels rise in a European quarter —the traveller, as he sees, framed in the window of his saloon carriage, a picture of the terrifying Arabian landscape, will reflect on what manner of men were those who first took such dangerous paths. Among the thoughts that crowd upon

him, he will recall the small band of Christians, whose stories I have endeavoured to tell, and whose experiences, one and all, have not failed to "graze the brink of horror." He will agree that a man must possess either the mercurial temperament of a Finati, the ready wit and light-heartedness of a Keane, the weariness of life that made Roches despise danger, or be a host in himself like Burton, not to succumb in such a struggle with the forces of nature, and with that race-hatred barbed by religion which is called fanaticism.

It is possible to divide Christian pilgrims to Mecca into three groups. First come those from Bartema to Pitts, inclusive, whom I have already compared to a cloud of light skirmishers. They are followed by the votaries of science—Badia, Seetzen, Burckhardt, Hurgronje. In a parallel column advance those impelled by love of adventure or curiosity—von Maltzan, Bicknell, Keane, Courtellemont. Burton belongs to both the latter groups; Wallin to the first, but he fell on evil days; and it is hard to classify Roches.

It would tax the ingenuity of most of us to find such another heterogeneous collection of men devoted to one theme. It is a far cry from the humble Pitts to the princely Badia, from the scientific Burckhardt to the poetical Courtellemont, from the impersonal Hurgronje to the autobiographical Roches, from the obscure Wild to the world-famous Burton. Such contrasts might be pursued to the written records that

remain: between Burckhardt's orderly accumulation of facts and Keane's rollicking narrative. But suffice it that the members of this select company, differing in time and country, aim and temperament, are united by the single bond of a strange adventure.

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INDEX

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